

EO 9282

THE WORKS

THOMAS HOOD.

THE WORKS

THOMAS HOOD.

COMIC AND SERIOUS, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

EDITED, WITH NOTES, BY HIS SON.

VOLUME IV.

LONDON :

EDWARD MOXON & CO., DOVER STREET.

1862.

[The Right of Translation is reserved.]

LONDON :

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

CONTENTS.

1834.

[Continued.]

TYLNEY HALL :—

PAGE

CHAPTERS XXXVI. TO XLII. 1—118.

1835.

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1835 :—

PREFACE	119
SONNET TO OCEAN	124
To ———.	125
SONNET.	127
LINES ON SEEING MY WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN SLEEPING IN THE SAME CHAMBER	128
STANZAS.—“Is there a bitter pang for love removed”	128
ANNOUNCEMENT OF COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1836	129

1836.

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1836 :—

PREFACE	132
-------------------	-----

	PAGE
A TOAST	136
SONG FOR THE NINETEENTH	137
ANNOUNCEMENT OF COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1837	137

1837.

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1837 :—

PREFACE	141
THE BLUE BOAR	146
LOVE LANE	155
DRINKING SONG	158
THE DESERT-BORN	160
ODE TO DR. HAHNEMANN, THE HOMŒOPATHIST	170
AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS	175
ODE TO MESSRS. GREEN, HOLLOND, AND MONCK MASON, ON THEIR LATE BALLOON EXPEDITION	181
COPYRIGHT AND COPYWRONG.—Letters I., II., III., to the Editor of the “Athenæum”	185—221
LETTER ON “ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQ.”	222
ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQ.	223
ANNOUNCEMENT OF COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1838.	240

1838.

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1838 :—

PREFACE	242
THE GREEN MAN	245
HIT OR MISS	252
HOOD'S OWN.—ADDRESS	264
ANNOUNCEMENT OF COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1839	268

CONTENTS.

1839.

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1839 :—	PAGE
PREFACE	269
A TABLE OF ERRATA	272
ALL ROUND MY HAT	276
BEN BLUFF	279
A PLAIN DIRECTION	283
THE BACHELOR'S DREAM	287
RURAL FELICITY	290
A FLYING VISIT	296
STANZAS.—“With the good of our country before us”	306
THE DOVES AND THE CROWS	307
THE DOCTOR	313
THE VISION	315
TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER BIRTHDAY	318
MORNING MEDITATIONS	319

1840.

UP THE RHINE	322
------------------------	-----

HOOD'S COMPLETE WORKS.

1834.

TYLNEY HALL.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER XXXVI.

“What child have I? Alas! I have but one,
And him you would tear from me.”

The Roman Father.

“Have the Fates, then, conspired, and quite bereft
My drooping years of all the blest content
That age partakes of, by the sweet aspect
Of their well-nurtured issue?”—TAILOR.

It is a curious fact, but one which must be familiar to almost every man's experience, that under circumstances of intense anxiety and excitement, the power of the organs of sight and hearing will become extended in a very extraordinary degree. To the eager watcher and the listener, distant objects and sounds are distinctly perceptible, far beyond the range of any other eye or ear; and the expectant literally receives intelligence as supernaturally exclusive as the announcement to the mourner in the ballad:

“I hear a voice you cannot hear,
That says I must not stay ;
I see a hand you cannot see,
That beckons me away.”

Thus, strange as it may appear, the words, and only those, of the verdict found their way upwards through a substantial oaken floor, and were heard by Sir Mark as plainly as if they had been whispered close to his ear. From that moment, but the occurrence was unmarked below, the tramp of his foot ceased, for he had sunk into a chair, and when the Justice at length entered to communicate the result, a significant nod of the head from the Baronet intimated that it was already known, and checked the repetition of the unwelcome words.

“My good old friend !” said the Justice, advancing to the Baronet, and taking his hand between both his own, “I have no comfort to offer.”

“God forgive them !” said Sir Mark ; “God forgive them ! But I think all Christian charity has left the world ;” and rising up hastily, he resumed his walk across the room. —“It was not for me to fly in the face of the laws of my country and oppose an inquest ; but I do cry shame on the verdict. With my last breath I would speak up against it ; but they have been blooded once, and they would pull down the whole herd.”

“My good friend,” said the Justice, “be composed ; it is a heavy calamity, and the last blow is the worst. But, as Christians, we can only say, ‘God’s will be done.’ In arraigning the decrees of human justice, we impeach the divine code in which all laws have their origin.”

“I can bow to God,” answered the afflicted father ; “I can submit to Him who gave and who took away my first-born—but I cannot bow and submit to man, who would

deprive me of the other. Next to our Heavenly Father, who judges all, I have as a father the best right to judge my own son."

"That is unquestionable," answered the Magistrate; "but, alas! with some rare exceptions, the balance is seldom held so equitably in a parent's hands, but that if crime preponderated in one scale he would throw his heart as a counterpoise into the other."

"Ay, heart and head, and life and soul to boot;" exclaimed Sir Mark, earnestly. "I'd stake my salvation on his innocence! But we live in a cruel world: one would think they were neither fathers nor brothers, to open full-mouthed at such a challenge, as if our whole breed had come from Cain. Why, he was tender-hearted to girlishness, even to bird and beast—and if I had left him to his own gentle ways,—the Almighty forgive me!—his poor brother would be alive at this hour."

"There is but One," said the Justice, "who knows the human heart; and He has told us that it is deceitful and desperately wicked: it is in His power only to know the truth; but as far as human sagacity and penetration, and, I must say, a conscientious exercise of the judgment extend——"

"Enough! enough!" said the Baronet; "I read your mind. But if old Mark Tyrrel stands alone in his own opinion, he will go down to the grave with it—that a murderer never sprang from his loins. That is my judgment on my unhappy boy; and had I a voice that would ring from one end of England to t'other, I would halloo him back this moment to my house and heart."

"I would to God it were possible," said the Justice, "for it would shine like the Scriptural bow of promise on the tears of one who sheds them day and night! Oh, my friend,

you may conceive what a Brutus-like trying conflict there has been between conscience and affection ere I could come to such a decision, when I tell you that the fate of my own, beloved daughter depends possibly on that of your surviving son."

"Yes, Kate told me something of the kind," said the Baronet, resuming his seat in a musing attitude, "but grief makes us selfish: and I forgot there was a child in the world but my own. Poor Grace—poor Grace—Misery has been running riot at old and young!"

"Till to-day," said the Magistrate, passing his hand across his eyes, "we had fears for her reason. That danger, according to the physicians, is gone by; but, for my own part, I still tremble at her hallucinations. One whom I will not mention is too obviously in her thoughts; and indeed his name frequently escapes her in her extemporaneous whisperings."

A flush of exquisite agony passed over the countenance of Sir Mark, as if at the sudden application of an unendurable rack, extorting by torture a confession of the presumptuous emptiness of human schemes, and the utter hopelessness of their defeat. It seemed to the afflicted father, as if a divine jealousy of his designs against the dispensations of Providence, had required of him, like a second Abraham, the sacrifice of his son; but, unlike the Patriarch, he had not averted the blow by a timely submission. In this spirit of humiliation he took the hand of the Magistrate, and addressed him in a style not the less serious or heartfelt that it was associated with old familiar images.

"My good friend, it is through our own fault that we are so dreadfully thrown out—what is past is past—but we should have done better if we had listened to another voice than our own. It was my favourite cast towards Hawksley

with Ringwood, but the Almighty forbids. I shall never meddle with match-making again. I am as good as down. No buck was ever hit more cleanly—straight, straight through the heart.—The world's done with me, but I would have the sun shine and the fawns play in it when I am gone. It may please God some day to turn men's hearts and bring back the wanderer to where he was roused—and if he should come to his father's oldest friend, and say, 'Let me be your son,' would you say him nay?"

The Justice hesitated. That a murderer should go unhanged was to his mind equivalent to a moral earthquake; but the proposal that the felon moreover should marry his daughter, he considered could only have come from a father like King David, "mad with grief;" and he was meditating a suitable answer when the door opened and Mrs. Hamilton entered accompanied by the Creole and Squire Ned.

The Baronet rose up, and with assumed firmness went to meet his sister, whom he embraced, and then placed her in a chair beside his own.

"I know it all, Kate," he said; "it is a cruel sentence, but I can bear it till I believe it. All the world to one is long odds, but if I stand alone——"

"No, not alone," said Mrs. Hamilton; "my voice shall rise with yours for the mildest, kindest being that ever breathed. They are murderers that call him so."

"That is true, Kate," said the Baronet; "as well stab a man as his good name. It was never laid to us before. Bating in a field of battle or fair lists, a Tyrrel was never charged with bloodshed."

"Except Sir *Walter* Tyrrel,—who shot King Rufus," said the Squire; and, as he spoke, he fixed his eye so intently on the Creole, that the latter winced under it. The solitary organ seemed to him as that one eye which painters some-

times use as a type of the Omniscient. It was a searching glance that penetrated his very soul ; and, from that instant, a new alarm was planted in a bosom already beset by all the anxious inquietude that belongs to conscious guilt. The course of crime never did run smoother than that of true love ; it is equally subject to accidents and obstacles, to rumour, jealousy, suspicion, and detection. Thus, Ringwood was dead ; his brother was an outcast, and the father, by his own confession, had received his death-blow : the path to the goal the Creole aimed at seemed straight and open, but at each step unforeseen difficulties arose, unexpected dangers presented themselves, and parties never dreamt of threw themselves in the way in attitudes adverse to his success. Hence he proceeded environed with terrors, like a man who is walking upon ice, which every now and then, by an audible crack, gives him warning of the insecurity of his foundation. It was not, therefore, without some internal shudderings and misgivings that he became the auditor of an earnest consultation, how his fugitive kinsman might be discovered and induced to return to a home where he would be received with open arms.

"It is dreadful to think," said Mrs. Hamilton, "to what rash act this cruel verdict may drive so sensitive a nature : but he ought never to have fled. Had I been you, Walter, I would have clung to his knees ; he should have dragged me through bush and brier, through fire and water, before I would have lost sight of him to his destruction."

"My dear aunt," said the Creole, looking down, "I was unprepared for what I did. Now I should, perhaps, act otherwise."

"And sometimes," said the Justice, "in pity to the individual, we forget our duty to the community. Had you apprehended him, sir, on the spot——"

"For the love of God," exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, "for my brother's sake—for poor Grace's sake——"

"Hush ! Kate," said the Baronet, with a faint smile, such as state criminals used formerly to affect on the scaffold : "it is only the creaking of the wheels of Juggernaut : they must not be locked though I am in the dust before them. But it is the fault of my old friend's head, and not his heart ; for poor Grace's sake, Justice, I would have you speak otherwise ; but for my part, I say, issue warrant after warrant ; pursue him by land and water ; call him a felon, and put him in the dock—and old Mark Tyrrel will stand up for his innocence there as he does now. Yes, if the Judge had his black cap on his head—" and the parent rose from his chair and stood up as if in the very presence he had drawn.

"My good old friend," said the Justice, "I fear your own impression will weigh little against direct evidence ; the same circumstances which have just swayed twelve men in their decision would probably influence twelve others."

"Never !" said the Baronet, with great emphasis, "never ! I think better of my kind."

"So don't I," said the Squire ; "a cross of the murderer in them all—wish you had seen the jury gaping at poor Ringwood : won't shed blood, but like to look at it—like to talk of it—and prefer wholesale to retail ;—wouldn't trust the babe unborn with 'em, though that's known to be innocent—sure to be found guilty—and hanged by Jove !" And the countenance of the speaker took an ascetic expression that matched his sentiment. Grief acts differently on various temperaments, and with Squire Ned, it had taken a querulous tone of discontent with all around him. It would scarcely be exaggeration to say that he felt as much as the parent

himself, but he felt in a peculiar manner. In Ringwood, he had lost not merely a son, but a brother, for whom he had all a father's affection without any of his authority. In his heart Ringwood had no rival ; it might be said that he loved him, but only liked others.

It was an exclusive absorbing devotion, a sort of idolatry, that might have made him exclaim, "one God, one Ringwood," as a lady of quality said of Farinelli, with a less excusable fervour. The loss of such an object was a total bereavement, as though, like Job, he had lost at one blow, house, children, flocks, and herds. But he did not bear his calamity with the patience of the man of Uz : the wound rankled, and in the bitterness of his heart he was ready to curse and rail. He mourned, not as the dove mourning for her love, but with a harsh fretful note at jar with all creation. Hence his harsh sentence on the jury, an ebullition merely of a misanthropical feeling towards the whole race, for surviving his favourite ; and hence the revival of his old suspicions against the Creole, which he adopted with a tenacity that promised he would hate as inveterately as he had loved. To this source must be ascribed a portion of the interest he took in the exculpation of Raby, a person he otherwise regarded with much indifference ; indeed, it was inconceivable to his exclusive feelings, and somewhat grating to them, how the claims of the living brother rose in such rivalry with those of the dead. Such a diversion of the parental grief even excited some dissatisfaction ; but the subdued sorrow of Mrs. Hamilton appeared, to the distorted mind of the Squire, like palpable apathy, not the less irritating that he accounted for it by an old imputed preference for the surviving nephew. With all his sympathies thus out of tune, he was accosted by the Justice.

"As a friend of Sir Mark's, I would request your opinion, sir, what measures should be adopted in this distressing crisis? I mean principally," added the magistrate, lowering his voice, "with regard to the one who has absconded?"

"Raby, eh?" answered the Squire abstractedly, "advertise—post hand-bills—offer a reward—ferret him out any how—and shoot Brown Bastard."

The conscience of the Creole made him start at the latter part of the sentence, and look anxiously towards the speaker; but Ned's thought had no reference to St. Kitts; it had wandered to an act resembling an old heathenish custom, being nothing less than the immolation of a favourite animal to the manes of the deceased.

"Shoot whom, sir?" inquired the Magistrate, his black eyebrows mechanically falling between doubt and disapprobation.

"A horse," answered the Squire, hastily, and casting his one eye towards the Baronet. "None of mine, or he should never be crossed again—nobody after Ringwood."

"Take him, Ned—he is your own," said Sir Mark, "but no more shooting; turn him out for life;" and, at this final disposal of his present to his ill-fated son, the eyes of the father overflowed.

"My dear friend, be composed,—subdue this weakness," said the Justice.

"I have held up," said the Baronet, "till the Squire named his name. It stands for nothing now; but my heart will go towards the sound, though it's a false halloo," and struck by the force of his own comparison, which the fox-hunter will well appreciate, the tears again gushed from his eyelids. "It's all taken out of me," he said, as he brushed away the drops for the second time, "I shall never be a man again," and he recommenced his walk up and

down the chamber, but after a turn or two he stopped short in front of the Justice : "You think I'm womanish ; I know you do ; but I'm dead spent, and out of heart. I've hardly been at rack or manger since he died,—but it's easy for a father who has not lost a son, to say, Compose yourself, to one that has."

"A man, on a quiet pony, calling out 'Hold hard !' to a man on a hard-mouthed, sixteen hands horse, that is running away with him," added the Squire, and having given the Justice this taste of his splenetic quality, he unceremoniously left the room, to resume his station near the beloved corpse, like Isabella, in the Decameron, beside her pot of basil.

"Poor Ned !—as a hare to her form," said the Baronet, as the Squire closed the door after him. "He's at odds with everything ; but he is hit hard and his wound's sore, it will never heal kindly : mark my words, he will skulk away some day, and turn a hermit, or something of the sort."

"He sits by the dead day and night," said Mrs. Hamilton to the Justice ; "and, to judge by his manner, to myself especially, he grudges and resents every thought or tear that is bestowed upon the living. It is like the wonderful love of David and Jonathan, except that I doubt if any love can surpass the love of women. For instance, that of poor Grace," she added, adroitly, "for my unhappy nephew. If I know anything of the female heart, she will cling to him the more firmly, because the world deserts him ; she will attach herself to his fate the more devotedly, because it is unfortunate,—the faith she has plighted will become her religion ; and you may make her a martyr but not a convert."

"If I understand you, madam," answered the Magistrate, his black brows descending till they mingled with his eye-

lashes, "the more reason my daughter has to repent her rash choice, the more obstinately she will persist in it; the more convinced of the correctness of her father's views in the past, the less she will confide in them for the future; in short, that she will love your nephew the more, because, by so doing, she will show the less affection for her parent."

"Indeed, sir," answered Mrs. Hamilton, earnestly, "I am incapable of so slandering our dear Grace. I do not know a daughter less likely to fail in duty and affection than your own; but there is a limit beyond which parental authority ought not to stretch, indeed cannot without presumption: a father may justifiably forbid an improper or imprudent engagement, but, in dictating to the affections, and prescribing a given object, he is infringing on the rights of nature, perhaps running counter to a wiser arrangement."

"How, madam!" exclaimed the Justice; "a wiser arrangement! is experience nothing? judgment nothing? circumspection nothing? that the child can make a wiser selection than the father."

"I was alluding," said Mrs. Hamilton, "to a higher power; the same Being who ordained the tides, and gave the heavenly spheres their direction, may concern himself with the attractions and impulses of the human heart—at least we have reason to think so. Do you not *now* bless Heaven fervently, with me, that Grace's affections were not engaged, irrecoverably engaged, to poor Ringwood?"

The Justice was silent to this appeal, but the Baronet clasped his hands with an emphatic "Thank God! My good friend," he said, "hark to Kate. It's the first comforting note I have heard. But Providence takes care of its own; I am ripe fruit, and should soon have fallen if the bough hadn't been shaken; but poor Grace's dear little heart was too young and too good to be broken along with

mine. Let us bless the Almighty for that mercy. Had our own wills been done, we should have been as cruel as the ancient emperor—Maxentius, wasn't it? that chained a dead body to a living one."

"I confess the force of the comparison," said the Justice, upon whom a classical example was seldom lost. "I fully coincide in the consolatory reflection, and am truly grateful to the source it came from," here he bowed to Mrs. Hamilton;—"but I should still be more thankful at the escape of my dear daughter from such an afflicting destination, if she were not subject to a dispensation quite as hopeless as the other would have been, and still more subject to acute regret."

"Oh not so—not so!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, passionately. "Thinking as you think, it would indeed be a worse fate than the other: it would be desolation and madness—but ask Grace herself, for she had it in her keeping,—ask her could there be a better heart, one more fervent and diffuse in its affection than my dear Raby's. For his father, his brother, for me, or for his cousin there," she pointed to the Creole,—“he would have laid down his life.”

The Magistrate shook his head incredulously.

"He has not common justice," continued Mrs. Hamilton with increasing energy—"why tax him alone? why suspect none else? why not as soon accuse Walter there?"

"I am *here*, aunt," said the Creole, quietly.

"And I would you were elsewhere," retorted Mrs. Hamilton, sharply, "seeking for your wronged, slandered kinsman. If harm comes to him, the blame will lie at your door."

"And at mine, too, madam," said the Justice; "for if your nephew be anywhere within the three kingdoms——"

"My thanks, my best thanks, for your cruel kindness," sobbed the lady, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, she hurried out of the room in an ecstasy of tears.

"After your aunt, St. Kitts," said the Baronet, "and make your peace with her. Poor Kate. There is no generosity like a woman's. Shame on me to say so, but I never loved them both equally, and as she knew the eldest had the call, she gave the best half of her own heart to the other. But I am punished for making favourites,—the one I stood upon is gone—and here I am—ruined, ruined for ever!"

"This is a world of trials," said the Justice, "where our sins bring on us punishments from the supreme tribunal as certainly as in the courts below. I am convinced that all our several chastenings may be traced to some such infractions of the divine laws. As such it becomes us to receive the judgment with reverence and submission, and I feel assured that no man will set a better example of resignation and respect to the Power above us than the best, and oldest, and dearest of my friends."

With these words the Justice again took the hand of the Baronet in his own, and a fervent benediction was exchanged by way of farewell; but when in conclusion Sir Mark attempted to send his love to Grace, it stuck, like the amen of Macbeth, in his throat. Twice he essayed, but the words refused to come, for they conveyed an epitaph as well as a greeting: "see him once again, he will not be with us long," he said in a broken voice; and arm in arm the two fathers descended to gaze upon a face, pale, cold, and still as marble, but alas! without its durability.

As they entered the drawing-room a favourite black terrier, quite a dwarf, that had been watching at the door, rushed in between the Justice's legs, and took his place beside the body, for he rivalled the Squire himself in attachment and fidelity to the deceased.

"Look at Nip," said the Baronet, pointing out the dog to

his companion. "How everything loved him—down to the brutes!"

"More than some Christians," said the Squire, snappishly, perhaps secretly offended at the habitual composure of the Magistrate's countenance.

"Nay, I hope not, Ned," said Sir Mark. "At all events it was a Christian-like hand that strewed these flowers and sweet herbs."

"Deborah's doing," said the Squire still more tartly, "an old fool for her pains!—Don't want 'em—as sweet as a nut." So saying he kissed the cold forehead, and the father followed his example.

"My poor boy, my poor boy!" murmured the latter, as he bent over the remains of his son, whilst for a minute his whole frame shook with a manly struggle to keep down a burst of grief. The Justice in the meanwhile had grasped one of the hands, but not without exciting the peculiar jealousy of the Squire, who watched the action with evident uneasiness; his eyebrows twitched, and he screwed his mouth, as if suffering a pang of bodily pain. "The more he's handled," he muttered, "the sooner he'll change."

The Justice made no answer, but, like the father, turned silently away, whilst the Squire with characteristic eagerness jumped up, to attend them to the door, which he closed behind them, with something of the self-congratulation of a miser whose treasure had been exposed to unhallowed eyes. So diversified are the modes of feeling incident to human nature!

In another, and a distant room, emotions of a very different class agitated a solitary bosom. Instead of following Mrs. Hamilton, as Sir Mark had recommended, the Creole had retired to his own chamber; for the first time breathing freely as he escaped from a conversation, which had kept his

soul in a perpetual pant of anxiety and apprehension. Directly after locking the door, which he did mechanically, he stood stock-still, as if stunned and stupefied, and with fixed eyes tried to recollect every word and sentence, some of which had made his very heart flutter in his throat. Above all, his aunt's bitter reproach, and hypothetical assumption of his criminality, gave him the utmost alarm : he found another person in addition to the Squire, who would watch his future conduct with vigilance, and scrutinise it severely ; his fear even suggested doubts whether eventually their lives might not become incompatible with the safety of his own. A shudder of horror thrilled him as he contemplated that, thus propelled in proportionate progression, the mass of crime increasing like the avalanche in its course, might swell to an enormous amount, involving by necessity the danger of complicated plots and multiplied concealments. The ordeal he had just passed had besides excited in him considerable misgivings as to his own firmness, whether in extremity his conscience could bear the probe without flinching ; nor had he any reason to be satisfied with his skill in playing his part, for, in allusion to his sentimental lamentations over Ringwood, the Squire had told him sarcastically that "he sounded like a muffled drum, dismal but hollow."

The decided opinion, and vigorous measures of the magistrate, made it too probable that Raby would be discovered ; an examination might lead to a different account of the catastrophe, and the peculiar circumstances under which the homicide had been persuaded to flight. Suspicion would thus acquire a decided direction, and a presumptive motive would suggest itself to account for the share that he had himself had in spiriting away his surviving kinsman. Thus the very persuasion of his cousin's guilt, which had at first

appeared so propitious to his schemes, became ultimately a probable source of his own detection, and he felt all the embarrassment and alarm of a thief who finds himself surprised by a fall of snow, wherein he is unavoidably leaving tracks of his own course. Most eagerly he adopted his aunt's suggestion, that Raby might be impelled by desperation to some act of suicide ; but such a termination was too uncertain to have much influence in allaying his fears, and it was therefore necessary to devise some scheme for ensuring the perpetuity of the other's absence. Joined with these considerations, a more intimate knowledge of the character of Marguerite had raised in him some doubts of the genuineness of the certificate of his legitimacy, and the magnitude of the estates would be apt to produce claimants ready to dispute the validity of the document. The wealth he coveted, and which he had reckoned upon as all but within his grasp, might in this manner pass away from him ; whilst, on the other hand, his love promised almost to a certainty a successful issue. Every account of Grace's deep grief, and unshaken adherence to Raby's cause, concurred to establish the correctness of Mrs. Hamilton's prediction, that it would prove an attachment, which would but become more intense under persecution ; and, indeed, this part of his prospect had faded almost into nothingness, as when the broad daylight breaks through the tattered remnants of a morning dream.

Even thus frail are the edifices which the wicked erect on unhallowed foundations : fabrics fair but false as the phantom palaces of the fabled Lamia, "whose furniture was like Tantalus's gold, described by Homer, no substance, but mere illusions." Indeed, the situation of the Creole, enthralled by a similar serpentine sin, closely paralleled that of Menippus Lycius, when before the eyes of the deluded votary of

the enchantress, "she, plate, house, and all that was in it vanished in an instant."

It would be difficult to describe the agony produced by such complicated feelings, especially aggravated as they were by his being alone ; a prey to unavailing remorse, with which none could sympathise, to disturbed fears, which none could allay or depreciate, to unlawful wishes with none to participate, to dark and desperate schemings, unadvised, unassisted, unencouraged. In such a gloomy hour the companionship of a confederate fiend even might be preferable to utter solitude, and as the Creole yearned for the presence of his designing foster-mother, he pronounced her name with a sigh that bordered on a groan.

The invocation was of some efficacy. It is true that Marguerite did not rise bodily before him, but her image confronted him in his mind's eye with her black orbs flashing in scorn, and her lip curling into a sneering smile at his pusillanimity.

"Is this Walter Tyrrel?" she seemed to cry, like one of the weird sisters,—“the Sir Walter hereafter? Is this the future husband of Grace Rivers, who resigns his chance because his rival is an outlaw, driven into the bush! Is this the brave defier of Ringwood, whose courage droops when his enemy lies a clod at his foot? He talked of becoming a cayman, but he is dwindled to a mere lizard: he had the aspirings of a young eagle, but his flight is the puny flight of the bonito. He promised to launch thunderbolts, and is scared at the casting of a squib. Then is he become indeed a bastard, a slave, and the son of a slave, only fit for the buckra to deride with his tongue, to buffet with his hand, and spurn with his foot.”

Thus whispered the devilish spirit of his female Mephistophiles, drowning the small still voice of conscience in his

ear, and deadening all the promptings of natural compunction. Unlike the spectral apparitions that alarmed Macbeth, or the processional phantoms that appalled Richard the Third, the evil influence paraded before him a triumphal pageantry, in which the crowning objects of love, ambition, and avarice, bore conspicuous parts, and the flimsy, fraudulent texture of such unholy shows, base forgeries merely to entrap the living soul, was again forgotten. In a mood fit for such a task, he sat down to write to his friend Woodley of St. James's Street, in whose house, it will be remembered, he had advised Raby to seek a refuge. Between this gentleman and St. Kitts there existed an old college friendship, if such a term may be debased to designate one of those heartless leagues, which owe their origin to a companionship in vice and villany. Some underhand confederacy in a gambling transaction had added to congeniality of disposition the tie of mutual secrecy, and in writing to this party, the Creole knew he was addressing an unscrupulous agent, who would bring to the execution of his wishes both ability and fidelity. Thanks to a triple veil of hypocrisy, and his habitual caution, this feature of the Creole's college character had escaped detection; the remembrance of former successes considerably re-assured him on the subject of his future delinquencies, and his style even amounted to levity, in the course of penning the following billet to his old associate :—

“DEAR DEUCE-ACE,

“To save troublesome explanations, read the enclosed; seal, and deliver it ‘when called for.’ The game is good. I hold winning cards if you play well up to my hand. One deal, and out! and the stakes—better than a slam at SPICY!!!

“A snake stopped the march of a Roman army; but

would it not be pitiful if my progress up the avenue of Tylney Hall, as its *master*, mind, should be stopped by a worm? * Genus, 'book-worm.' You remember a specimen at college. Moreover with a bill of love, signed, dated, and *accepted*, in his hand, he stands between a certain Grace, and a certain graceless.

"You must ship him off somewhere. The sea is not so confined or overstocked, but it may bear another *Gull* on it. I am not so interested in the venture as to require that the vessel so freighted be A 1.

"I must trouble you to stand God-father to him, in giving him an alias, and you may help him to a hundred on my account, but he has means of his own. Scare him heartily, confirm all my *facts*, and enforce all my arguments, I should have said *back my gammon*.

"In serving an old pal, a wealthy one that is to be, you may do better for yourself than even by showing your *pluck* to pigeons at *Fulham*.

"Thine truly,
"ACE-DEUCE."

The enclosure presented a curious contrast to the preceding epistle: it read like the effusion of what certain old women of both sexes would denominate a very good, moral, and decidedly serious young man. *Ecce signum*.

"MY DEAREST COUSIN,

"My heart bleeds to picture the distressing agony that will rend yours on receipt of this painful letter. I have nothing but cruel tidings to communicate, so cruel that I doubt while I write whether I live in a civilised country. Alas! all my worst fears are realised, and even the wildest chimeras of doubt and terror have become real demons

howling for your destruction. Within this very hour twelve men, or I should rather call them fiends in human shape, have outraged nature by pronouncing you "Guilty of Murder," the unprovoked, premeditated murder of the best of brothers. One would expect the common feelings of our kind would come unwillingly to such a degrading conclusion; but so easily and perversely are our weak frail judgments led astray, and so universally is the clamour raised against you for your blood, that I do not believe upon my sacred honour that twelve men could be found throughout the whole county to reverse the unjust sentence. Your abiding a formal trial is therefore out of the question. But worse remains to be told. I would some other pen than my own were charged with such an infliction, but even my affection for you imperiously demands that you should honestly know the truth and the whole extent of your danger. I fear that to assure you that I who was present, and eye-witness of our heart-rending catastrophe, and consequently the best judge, have never ceased to lift up my voice in your behalf, as the author of a deplorable but truly accidental calamity; I say I fear that to tell you this will be but a small alleviation of the afflicting and almost incredible fact, that of all connected with you by ties of blood or affection, I stand almost if not altogether alone in this favourable opinion.

"Your father even has suffered his usual excellent judgment to be warped by the examples of his friends, if they may be called so, who are so much your foes. Mr. Rivers is inexorable; he has signed warrants, and despatched runners after you, but you know his Brutus, or rather brutal propensity to what he miscalls public justice. The Squire is actually outrageous; to convey an idea of it, I must borrow the simile of the tigress robbed of her whelp,—he swears, and I believe him, that he could take your life with his own

hands. As for your aunt, she is wavering, but I could wish, for the sake of the sex, there had been another more steadfast in her first faith. Summon up, my dear Raby, all your resolution, all your fortitude ; all your pride ; you must forget her, who is unworthy of so sincere a passion as must emanate from a nature like yours. The fickleness of woman is proverbial, but till now I thought it was a fable.

“The Allwise Dispenser who never sends pleasure unalloyed, as seldom inflicts pain without mitigation ; and this loss will alleviate the bitter regret you would otherwise have suffered in leaving your own country. My parting words to you were too prophetic : you must leave England, perhaps for years, till this wolfish rage for your blood is appeased, and the popular mania has been cured, or at least subdued. But this will be a work of time—lose none in the meanwhile, I implore you,—I shudder to think of the consequences of your being taken during this feverish delirium. My pen refuses to paint the objects that belong to the horrible picture of your public execution, for it would be not merely a legal murder, but a massacre in which neither young nor old would be spared. You must place the ocean between yourself and such a catastrophe ; but consult my good friend Woodley, there is not a better or abler adviser in existence, and for honour really chivalrous, generosity truly romantic and a sensibility rivalling female tenderness, he is an unique specimen of what man ought to be, rather than what he is. I need not say confide in him, he will direct your course and furnish the means if required. Do not write here, for thereby you would be traced ; enclose all your letters to Woodley, and he will forward them to me ! I will personally take charge of their delivery to the right persons, and I shall urge your interests with all the zeal and constancy that a warm sympathy with your unhappy situation

can inspire. In happier days, He who searches all hearts may see fit to turn them towards you, and restore the tide of natural affection to its proper channel. Remember this, and you will not go comfortless ; but fly instantly for life, and to escape infamy worse than death. It is hard to cry thus with a heart that yearns to you, for believe me, my dear Raby, all former unkind passages between us are forgotten in your afflicting visitation, or remembered only to my own reproach. Religion will of course be your comfort, as it is mine ; and that He who redeemed Israel out of captivity may rescue my dear Raby from the house of bondage, and restore him to our arms in His due time, shall be the constant prayer of your faithful and loving cousin,

“WALTER TYRREL.

“P.S. Trust no reports of the newspapers—the most extravagant rumours are in circulation. Take care of your health. If you think of the Indies, I should say the West, rather than the East ; but consult Woodley.”

“There,” he said as he threw down the pen, “I think Marguerite herself could not have schemed better. I consider him as fairly shipped as if I saw the invoice—‘One Raby Tyrrel,—marked C. A. I. N., from London direct, to nobody knows whither, and consigned, nobody cares to whom.’”

TYLNEY HALL.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

“Here I and sorrow sit.”—*King John*.

“I never heard
Of any true affection but ’twas nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring’s sweetest book, the rose.”

MIDDLETON.

“She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman’s love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him ; when blasted in fortune ; when disgrace and danger darkened around his name,—she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings.”—*The Sketch Book*.

It was not without some anxiety that the Justice returned to Hawkesley, to communicate the result of the inquest to one upon whom the tidings might have an almost fatal effect. In spite of his own theory of love, the words of Mrs. Hamilton had made some impression on his mind, and although, Brutus-like, he was ready to deliver the only son of his friend to the executioner, he was not quite prepared to plunge a knife into the bosom of his own daughter, without having the fatherly motive of Virginus. The state in which he found her confirmed these misgivings.

If you look overhead, on a clear bright summer’s day, you will see the zenith of a beautiful and intense blue ; but towards the horizon the sky grows gradually paler and paler, as if heaven itself became dull and tarnished by intercourse with the earth. Even thus the pure perfect azure of love and bliss, which is only to be looked for above, fades away more and still more as it mingles with that moral atmosphere of tears and grosser exhalations which encircles this nether world, till but a faint tinge of the celestial colour at last communes with the distant trees, the mountainous outline, or the ocean level. To this dull grey

tint, the blue eyes of Grace seemed to have wept themselves, as she turned them with a look of inquiry on her father, notwithstanding that their hue was advantaged by the pale complexion of her cheeks which had lost all their life-like bloom. The lids drooped heavily over the languid orbs, and the fine arches of her eyebrows were broken and depressed, as if by the weighty cares and sorrows that dwelt above them. She had a book in her lap, over which her emaciated body bent with the languor of dejection and exhaustion; her arms hung listlessly by her side without motion even in one long attenuated finger; her very hair had uncurred itself, and instead of the glossy auburn undulations, whereon the sun used to glance goldenly as in the ripples of a brook, the long straight tresses hung from her marble brow and clung to her white neck and shoulders, as passively as the dark brown sea-weed on a mass of chalk.

Even the stern bosom of the magistrate was touched by the sight of his sole beloved daughter, in such a melancholy condition, though his relenting was but as the gradual giving of a hard frost, when the ice changes indeed from a solid to a fluid, but remains almost as cold as before. Unlike those sympathetic natures which receive and transmit kindly impulses with the rapid intensity of the electric spark, he was formed of some non-conducting materials that reluctantly imbibed and slowly communicated the genial warmth of the affections. With a heart resembling the asbestos in fibre, he could not conceive how another of different texture could consume in the fabulous flames of a passion that had made no such scorching impression upon himself; and consequently, although the altered appearance of Grace excited both tenderness and alarm, these feelings were greatly neutralised by his impression that the case was one which chiefly called for medical interference.

"My dear child," he said, at the same time taking her hand and examining her face with something of the grave professional air of Old Formality, "you look pale, you are unwell."

"It's nothing," answered Grace impatiently—"at least nothing *now*. Tell me ——"

"Another time, Grace," said the Justice, with a motion of his hand, that implied a waving of the subject—"another time. We will talk of nothing to-day that may shock your nerves. Keep yourself quiet—go to bed early—and to-morrow you will rise I hope as well as ever. If not, we will hear what Dr. Bellamy has to recommend—a visit to the sea-side perhaps, and a change of scene."

"It must be a greater change, that can do me good," answered Grace in a tone as strange as solemn. "A change of which I have no hope."

"A change beyond hope!"—said the father, with a look of the most unaffected surprise. "Either, my dear child, you under-rate my affection or my ability; but if even a temporary sojourn, or a permanent residence in Madeira ——"

"It concerns not time or place," answered Grace hastily, "or eternity and the grave would be the true remedy. The change I speak of means an alteration in your own modes of feeling, your own modes of thinking—there lies my grief, and one which my heart tells me is incurable."

"My modes of thinking and feeling!" exclaimed the magistrate—"do I not love you more than my own life?"

"And do I not love Raby," asked the daughter eagerly—"do I not love Raby Tyrrel more than mine? If you care for me, you should care for him. Can you fell the tree, without destroying the ivy that clings to it? Let us fall—

let us fall together—but not by the hands of my own father!” and the poor girl pressed her hands upon her eyes as if to shut out the images she had conjured up.

“My dearest Grace,” said the Justice, losing a fraction of his equanimity, “who talks of cutting him off?—he is not even in custody.”

“No,” said Grace, removing her hands from her eyes, and fixing her gaze on the opposite side of the apartment, while she spoke deliberately and with frequent pauses, as if interpreting a threatening hand-writing on the wall. “No—but the hour will come. I ask not to know the cruel verdict—I see it before me in letters of blood—and the name of my own father ratifies the sentence. Oh God! oh God! the picture is no picture. The horrors of my girlhood, the very dream of my childhood, have all come to pass! That awful figure, that pitiless parent, steps out of the canvas, and with a remorseless hand drags me ——”

“Grace!” said the father, rather more hastily than his wont, for his tongue had generally the stately pace of a managed horse, “the physicians had, I thought, cured these delusions. For myself, if my performance at all resembles the model you allude to, it should command your reverence. There is but one who can know and appreciate the pangs I suffer in conscientiously acting as one of the viceroys of the Divine Justice. Possibly the culprit who is turned off at the gallows feels less pain in dying than the sheriff who presides at the execution; but what is the amount of their united pangs to the aggregate sufferings of society, provided there were neither culprit nor sheriff? The many must not suffer for the few. By divine enactment all men are brethren, and if a fatricide kills one of my brothers, for the sake of the rest ——”

“He is found guilty, then,” interrupted Grace, speaking

hurriedly in a tone that scarcely amounted with all its energy to a whisper.

"The law of God must be kept inviolate," said the magistrate, reinforcing his resolution by a text from the Bible. "'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed : ' that is the scriptural statute—and I have signed his warrant."

"And mine too," exclaimed Grace, rising up, "and may it be forgiven you when we all come to judgment !"

"So be it," said the Justice, quietly, "that is the highest court of appeal."

For a minute Grace gazed eagerly at the speaker, as if to discover whether this composure was real or assumed, but the only symptom of agitation she could detect, on the minutest scrutiny, was an almost imperceptible contraction and dilatation of the pupil of the eye ; a symptom of nervousness, be it noted, which the late Sir Thomas Lawrence observed in every one of his numerous sitters, male or female, with the sole exception of John Kemble. Slight, however, as the sign was, it inspired Grace with a proportionate degree of hope, and with a more composed demeanour and voice, she recommended the volume that had been lying on her knees to her parent's perusal.

"My dear father," she said, as she held out the book to him, "this is no time for girlish secrets : read these pages ; they are the faithful records of a heart and mind of rare excellence. Every line breathes peace and gentleness ; an ardent love of nature, and such a tenderness towards the meanest of her creatures"—here she sighed heavily—"as he is not likely to meet with himself."

The Justice took the book that was offered to him, and a faint smile of pity accompanied his discovery that it was a volume of manuscript poetry. The total inefficacy of such

evidence in a court of justice was no doubt present to his mind ; he condescended, however, to glance over a few lines, which, like some of Cowper's, expressed a strong abhorrence of destroying even an insect ; but the sentiment only elicited the disparaging remark :—

“ He is not quite a Nero ;—he doesn't like killing flies.”

“ No, he never took Roman tyrants for models,” retorted Grace, provoked beyond filial patience by the cruel allusion to her unfortunate lover.

Her eye rekindled, and her cheek flushed so vividly, that she seemed to have become another person. Like an exhausted body repaired in energy and animation by the transfusion of blood from a more vigorous subject, the intermixture of the vital interests of Raby with her own imparted to her fresh spirits and strength : her heart rallied, her veins glowed, her nerves were restrung, her mind aroused, and instead of the passive self-abandonment of grief, her feelings took the heroic tone of one prepared to act as well as suffer, on behalf of a life and fame dear to her as her own. In the meantime, her undutiful reply excited the utmost astonishment and anger in her father, to whose ear it sounded like mere blasphemy. He bent on her his severest frown, whilst he addressed her in a tone that implied at once the extremes of amazement, indignation, and reprehension.

“ Grace !”

“ I am deeply sorry,” replied the offending daughter, “ for my irreverence, though my injustice was extorted by your own. But you know him not as I do ; you cannot—you do not.”

“ And will not,” said the magistrate, in a tone intended to convey that the decision was beyond appeal. “ Roman and tyrannical as you please, I fervently thank my Maker, that in his infinite wisdom he did not frame me for my appointed

judicial duties with a heart so flexible, a judgment so infirm, a capacity so limited, and a temper so vacillating, as to be influenced by such idle stuff as this ;” and with the conclusion of the sentence he sent the devoted volume whirling across the room.

This indignity towards her treasured keepsake, now a thousand times the more valuable, as the last relic possibly of the writer, was beyond the owner’s endurance. She started to her feet, and with outstretched arms and flashing eyes, addressed her father in a voice that seemed to tremble at its own unusual vehemence.

“End not there !” she said, “end not there ! Cast me from you as well as my book. Reject me, and all that belongs to me. Henceforth you have no child, and I no father. From this hour I renounce all obedience ——”

“Grace !” exclaimed the astounded magistrate, with as much horror as if the whole three kingdoms had revolted against the ruling powers, whereof he was a fraction ; “have I lived to see this day ?”

“There are worse in store,” answered Grace less vehemently, but with equal determination, “worse for us both. You have taught me my duty—that the claims of everlasting justice are superior to the natural ties between parent and child. Be inexorable in your course, and so will I—though they diverge so that we must part for ever.”

“And what is the disobedient path,” asked the stern Justice, “that your rebellious fancy suggests to you ?”

“A plain one,” said Grace, with the calmness that belongs to a resolved spirit. “You call for justice on Raby Tyrrel, and so do I. Let your cruel verdict find its mark. Load him with chains, brand him with crime and infamy, let the whole world desert him, but one heart shall not fall away from him ! We were affianced before Heaven ! I was his

in love and joy, and I will be his in love and sorrow. Let him hold up his attainted hand, he shall have this"—here she held out her own—"in exchange for it. I will vouch for his innocence at the altar—yes, I will marry him—though it be as the gipsy woman foretold me—the wedding myself to a phantom, a skeleton !”

“You are mad, Grace,” said the father, with a grave shake of the head, as if doubtful whether the words might not bear a literal application to her state of mind.

“Oh, that I were !” answered Grace, fervently clasping her hands, “that this frightful controversy were nothing but delusion, and the unrelenting parent only a harsh keeper. My reason may fail, but as yet it is unsettled.”

“Then it should have reprobated this childish and sinful wilfulness,” said the magistrate, with all his austerity. “I presumed nothing short of insanity could make a young female of ordinary modesty and timidity thus fly in the face of her own father ! Nothing short of lunacy could persuade her to lift up her voice against that of a whole country, and set up her own judgment in opposition to the community ; but nothing less than the crisis of outrageous frenzy could inspire her with the notion of marrying a felon.”

“He is none !” exclaimed Grace, fervently.

“A judge and a jury must decide that question,” said the magistrate. “He will have a fair trial.”

“A foul mockery,” replied Grace, “a compound, maybe, of sordid timidity, gross ignorance, rash passion, and vulgar prejudice. But who can try him like me ? Who can judge him as I can ?—It is for her, who held his heart in her hand, who knew every secret of his soul—to say ‘guilty or not guilty ?’ Try him ! convict him—sentence him ! but I will cry, ‘innocent, innocent,’ till my last breath. One voice shall speak for him—one hand shall be held out to him !

Brand him felon—I will be the felon's wife. The same chaplain that reads the condemned ——”

She stopped abruptly. The father started as he saw her drop into a chair with her hand pressed to her side. The hectic flush had entirely vanished, and her eyes had lost all their transient lustre ; her own energy had exhausted her, and she was suffering under an acute spasm. Unluckily the judicial images she had just conjured up were directly inimical to her influence in her father's affections. The idea of a trial, which would attract the attention of the whole country, only suggested to him a signal opportunity for the display of a stoical virtue unbiassed by the claims of ancient friendship, and unshaken even by the pleadings of filial affection : in short, he was mounted on that desperate hobby, with which he was to trample as inexorably on humanity as the rider of the Pale Horse in the Revelations.

Accordingly he had screwed up his nerves to the task ; he knit his brows, set his teeth, and compressed his lips ; whilst his hands were rigidly clenched, and every muscle stiffened with stern determination. He resolved to be stone—nay, *that* wears away with the dropping of water—he intended to be marble, granite—to become as it were his own statue, and perpetuate himself as the very last of the Romans : but he mistook the material. The block had a soft vein at the core that was fatal to his workmanship ; and the stern figure he had been chiselling fell asunder in fragments. At the sight of his sole beloved daughter, apparently rapidly withering from life into death, his heart relented, not with the gradual melting of a common thaw, but with the violence and crash of an iceberg detaching itself from an arctic region, whence, by an irresistible current, it was separated for ever.

“Grace,” he said, with a voice singularly altered in one brief moment, “I knew you had as fond a father, but I

thought you had a firmer. The battle is over, and victory is on your side—a decisive one, for I shall never strive again on the same field. I feel I am no Brutus. I was born too late to belong to the Romans—in these degenerate days we are as incapable of supporting their cold impenetrable integrity as their armour !”

A deep sigh accompanied this confession, an agonising one for a man of the Justice's temperament, for unlike those other enthusiasts the alchemists, who struggled on hopefully from failure to failure, his first defeat was necessarily his last. It should create a more charitable feeling in this world than is extant, to reflect, that whilst the erring theories of infidels are adopted occasionally with every appearance of sincerity, ingenuousness, and disinterestedness, the sublimer doctrines of Christianity are paraded by professors commensurately and palpably hollow, hypocritical, and time-serving. The essential difference between an enthusiast and a canter lies in their sincerity ; the feelings and sentiments of the first, however exaggerated, demand our reverence ; of the latter, our supremest indignation and contempt. On entering a lunatic asylum, the mistaken views of its inmates, who do not see exactly as we do, excite our commiseration ; but on the outside of that dungeon, in the broad sunshine of liberty, we pursue a wandering fancy like a mad dog, or rather a dog that has got an ill name, and it is persecuted without any allowance or mercy. Nevertheless such stray opinions are sometimes adopted with much of heroism and a chivalrous devotion ; adverse feelings are sacrificed, obvious interests are neglected, and certain penalties are incurred. On this principle, a degree of sympathy may justly be claimed in behalf of the magistrate, whose life-long scheme of reputation had been suddenly reversed. His aim had not been grovelling ; his motive was not ignoble ; he had

aspired upwards, but like Dædalus with his waxen wings, his flight had been frustrated at its highest pitch by an unexpected but natural warmth. He dropped at once from his "pride of place," and the shock was terrible. His balloon had burst like a soap-bubble ; and instead of soaring above the heads of his fellows, he was standing on the common level of mankind. But he had been honest in his views. Stern in his love of abstract justice, he had always administered it with rigid impartiality ; and he did not now cede to his daughter without weighty scruples at the idea of swerving from his usual unity and integrity of purpose.

"If I understand you, Grace," he said, "you desire that on this unhappy occasion, your father should for the first time relax that vigilance and zeal for the interests of the public, which, as the bounden duty of an upright and conscientious magistrate, he has hitherto exerted in the discharge of his duty ?"

"I do indeed beseech you," answered Grace, "to stand neuter in these dreadful proceedings. For your own sake, I would not have you share in a persecution that must be bitterly repented hereafter."

"Then there is but one course," said the Justice, solemnly ; "and I hope, Grace, you will give my love credit for the sacrifice. From this date I resign. I am no longer in the commission."

"Thank God !" ejaculated Grace, fervently, with an involuntary gesture of thanksgiving, conveying but an indifferent parting compliment to a retiring Justice, certainly the most active and zealous that ever sat on the bench. But it had always been one of the first wishes of her heart, though she had never dared to express it, that her father should quit the magistracy, and such an unexpected declaration of an event beyond her hope betrayed her into an inadvertence.

The shade that passed over her parent's countenance warned her of her error ; and she hastened to throw herself into his arms with such earnest expressions of gratitude and affection, that for the moment the ex-Justice felt that the preservation of the public peace had been well exchanged for the fostering of private tranquillity. "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte"—having, once given ground, he relented still farther, and allowed himself to be partly converted by Grace's arguments in favour of the unfortunate Raby.

"I will at least suspend my judgment," he said, "and remand the subject till we have further depositions. But I am talking as if I were still a Justice," he added, with one of his grimmest smiles—which was immediately followed by a sigh.

"My dearest father," began Grace.

"Say no more," said her father, kindly, "you look ill, and I can estimate your struggle by my own. Compose yourself, and let us mutually hope the best. Let the reproach of murder be satisfactorily removed, and since Ringwood is gone, now I am at my confessions, I would sooner bestow you on the son of my oldest and dearest friend, Sir Mark Tyrrel, than any one I know. Let this idea console you, but not mislead and delude you with too sanguine anticipations—the result must depend on the gist of the evidence, that will prove the animus—as we *used* to call it. All turns upon that. Remember, I pledge myself to no opinion ; he may be innocent, or he may be guilty ; and I must warn you, that in the latter case I would not even affix my signature to a petition, interfering with the extreme penalty of the law. On the other hand, let him be cleared by the voice of a jury of his countrymen, and I may be induced to sanction your attachment, provided always, that it be accompanied by a due deference to, and recognition of, the vested rights of parental authority."

During the preceding speech, the colour of Grace alternately went and came, and she thrilled and trembled by turns, according to the tenour of each sentence. The allusion to an ignominious death made her shudder, but the welcome promise in the conclusion produced a shower of tears. Her heart was too full to speak, but she eagerly seized and kissed the hand of her father, as he restored to her the precious volume he had before hurled away from him, an act which imported more kindness than even his words. He affectionately embraced her in return, and thenceforward they enjoyed a communion of love and confidence more perfect than they had ever before experienced.

"I did not expect my career to end thus," said the Justice to himself, as he retired to his study to meditate on what had passed; "I thought I had more nerve, more firmness, more decision of character. I was miserably deceived: perhaps if I had had a son to deal with it might have proved otherwise." Here he ventured to glance at his favourite picture, where, in truth, the sons of the Roman stoic stood prominently in the foreground, with swaggering attitudes and hardened defying faces, as if each was uttering the undutiful boast of the Kentuckian, "My father can lick anybody, and I can lick *him*."

"But in a daughter," continued the magistrate, "there is such tenderness, such softness, she seems so fragile a being, and withal so affectionate, that the hardest heart must be touched to tears like the rock in Horeb. However, my trial is past; I have given way; and my official functions are at an end. Conscience will not allow me to continue in them after such a manifest proof of my infirmity. How can he presume to judge others, who judged so mistakenly of himself?"

Well would it be for the world if every censor in it

would adopt his concluding sentiment. Men are too prone to view their own errors and failings with indulgence, whilst they visit those of others with unsparing reprehension. Every one seems turning as it were God's evidence against his neighbour, as if by impeaching his fellows he was exonerating himself from the penalty. The worst constructions are put upon dubious motives, malicious meanings are extracted from careless expressions, the scratch of a stray jest is taken as a deliberate wound ; in short, if the multitude of our sins depend upon charity for a covering, the fabric is so scarce that the poor peccadilloes cannot have a suit a piece, unless such a one as belonged to the decayed Spanish gentleman, which was all slashes. On the other hand, should the tide turn, the kindly impression is communicated so reluctantly, and adopted so tardily, that the charitable impulse comes commonly too late to be of service to its object. It is generally difficult, besides, to make the amends proportionate to the injury ; indeed in some cases it is impracticable, as was well illustrated by the remonstrance of a foreigner to a gentleman who had horsewhipped him by mistake. "Sare, you apologise at me, you shake hands to me, you beg pardon from me, but can you *unstrike* me ?"

An occurrence in the ensuing chapter will serve to develop this moral.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

“There are a sort of men whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like the standing pool,
 And do a wilful stillness entertain
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
 As who should say, ‘I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.’ ”

Merchant of Venice.

“Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier,
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.”—MILTON.

THE flood rapidly subsided, but left behind many tokens of the extent of its ravages: amongst others, as already recorded, was the destruction of the little bridge between Hawkesley and the Hall, a circumstance productive of some embarrassment to an unsuspecting pedestrian, who had expected the assistance of the ruined fabric in passing over the brook.

“Humph! a regular pull-up, right on my haunches,” exclaimed the man, as he came to a full stop on the bank. It has never yet been explained by phrenologists why men should scratch their heads when puzzled, but it is certain that no sooner did this difficulty present itself to the wayfarer, than his hat was off in one hand, while the fingers of the other hunted through his short yellow scrubby hair, like a team of spaniels in a field of stubble. At the same moment he fixed his eyes on the stream, and with all his might began to ponder what substitute could be found for a bridge, a deliberation to which Lavater would have

assigned a very distant termination, for, of all countenances ever created, that of Master Goff, one of the country constables, had the least expression of sagacity or intelligence. It was certainly no superabundance of brain in the interior that made his two heavy eyes with their lids protrude from their sockets like two well-poached eggs, except that in place of the yolks there were two globes of the dull greenish brown of a fowl's gizzard; his nose was absolutely devoid of character or meaning, a mere mushroom-button; while his mouth, round and open, reminded one irresistibly of a silly fish making itself up to take a minnow. Ponder intensely as he liked, with such a face he could only appear to be going to sleep with his eyes open. To those who are not familiar with the workings of our admirable constitution, it may seem strange that justice should be provided with such a doltish auxiliary, forgetting that, from the days of mythology, she has been notorious for playing at blindman's buff, at which game, with a fillet before her eyes, she must take the first she can lay her hands on, from a Chief Justice downwards. Thus the sapient Peter Goff had been thrown in her way when she was groping about in the dark for a constable; an injudicious mode of selection, by the way, almost equal to pricking for sheriffs with the eyes wide open. At last the cogitator's mind produced its fruit; but like most of his thoughts, it resembled a Michaelmas peach, which takes a weary time in ripening, and is worthless after all.

"Well, I can do as much as most men, but I can't go over a bridge if there isn't none."

After such a specimen of his conclusions it will sound preposterous, but it is true, that this straggler behind the march of intellect was in his own conceit a grenadier striding at its head; but there are no bounds to human vanity, it is one of those features which it is impossible to caricature.

Many a man, as well as maiden, mistakes his forte, and strums upon it with as much self-complacency as an acknowledged proficient. The favourite theme of Goff's sonatas was his own astuteness, or, as he termed it, 'cuteness, in token whereof many a nod of his chuckle-head, many a wink of his dull eye, and many an application of his forefinger to the side of his insignificant nose, hinted at superior shrewdness, whilst his commonplace remarks were enforced by an emphatic thump of his club stick upon the ground. This assumption made him particularly jealous of any attempt to bestow information upon him, which was always met by one of his oracular signs of intelligence. He affected a foreknowledge of everything, and as a natural consequence knew little or nothing; so that, as was sarcastically said of him in reference to his pursuits, "he could hunt a criminal at sight like a turnspit, or pick out the scent like a greyhound," a saying the slow-witted constable construed for the first five minutes into a compliment. As usual, this functionary had a satellite, who, unlike the celestial ones, was considerably brighter than his principal; he was really a sharp active fellow, as superior in sense and sagacity to his master, as a well-trained pointer is frequently to the biped in fustian who plods behind his heels.

"I say, master," cried the follower, as he came up, "here's a pretty obstacle."

"It used to be," answered the other, with a sort of chuckle, "but now it's no part of the prospect."

"It will give Greggry the start, though," answered the man, commonly called Tippy, with some reference probably to his acceptance of an occasional bribe.

"Greggry be hanged," said the constable; "he may do some of your slow ones, but he's no match for me," and thump went the stick.

"But here we are on the wrong side of the water," said Tippy, "and Nick Ferrers told me that Squire Raby ——"

"Thank ye for nothing," interrupted the constable, with a wink ; "I knew it long afore Nick Ferrers."

"He's a shy cock," said Tippy, "but he'll try his old haunts, most likely : I'll lay a gallon Miss Rivers knows where."

"To be sure," answered the constable, with a wise nod ; "say I told you so. I'll tell you what, Tippy, he'll be somewheres about his old haunts."

"I wonder if this water's fordable," said Tippy, with a look of appeal towards his companion.

"If anybody knows, I ought," said the constable, pompously, "I've lived in the parish these forty years, man and boy."

"Where's the ford, then ?"

"Never mind that, Tippy, we won't wet our feet, we'll go round by the road."

"Why, to be sure, if *we* can't cross the water, *he* can't, and so the road will be the likely place to fall in with him."

"Just what I meant, man," said the constable with a wink ; "but you're dull, Tippy—it's a dull day with you," and the oracle gave a grave shake of his head.

"Perhaps if you was to go by the road," suggested Tippy, "and I was to wade across the water ——"

"To be sure," said the constable ; "it's what I've been driving at all along, but you don't take—ain't I a regular deep one—eh, Tippy ? let me alone for a scheme—he's grabbed as sure as I stand here," and his stick again tested the solidity of the *terra firma*. "He's limed, Tippy—he's trapped—mark my words he is—and, in that case, he's as good as caught."

The follower made no answer, but proceeded along the

bank, looking out for a shallow part of the brook where he might wade over, and he had gone about twenty paces when he suddenly stopped, and bending down over the stream, gazed intently into the water. At last, having satisfied himself of the nature of the object, he turned round and hallooed to the constable to come to the spot. Accordingly, with due deliberation, for Master Goff moved bodily as well as mentally as slowly as a tortoise, he arrived at the place, where, stooping down as the other had done, he stared at the water but without perceiving anything except the mere element with his own stolid countenance reflected on the surface.

"Do you see anything?" asked Tippy.

"To be sure I do, I have eyes in my head," and he winked at his own image.

"It's the flap of a man's coat," said Tippy, in an undertone.

"I know it," answered the constable, telling one of his habitual lies, "it's a bottle green one, with gilt buttons."

Unluckily for the speaker's assertion, a strong eddy of the current brought the skirt gradually towards the surface proving obviously that it was a black one. It would probably have sunk down again before the constable had thought of the propriety of catching hold of it, had not Tippy thrown himself on the ground and seized the cloth.

"By the weight," said the latter, "there's a body to it."

"That's just what I expected," said the constable, "and between you and me, I have a notion who it is."

"Who?" asked Tippy.

"That's tellings," returned the constable, "some folks see further than other folks,"—a nod and a wink at once.

"You'll see when he's pulled out."

"Lend a hand, then," said Tippy; and with some difficulty

they raised the body and deposited it on the grass by the side of the brook.

"Poor fellow!" ejaculated Tippy, after a long look at the corpse, "what shall we do with him?"

"Stand him on his head, to be sure," said the constable, "to run the water out—that's the most reviving thing."

"It might have revived him two or three days ago," said Tippy.

"Ay, three days, or three and a half—that's just my own calculation," said the constable; "anybody may see that by his appearance—he's monstrous swelled, *surely*——"

"Is it the man you mean?" inquired Tippy.

The constable nodded, "It's him, Tippy, and no mistake."

"For my part," said Tippy, "his face is so swelled, and bruised, and battered, I shouldn't know him if he was my own born brother."

"Nobody said you could," answered Master Goff; "some folks are slow at guess-work, but others ain't. I know what I knows."

"What's that?" asked Tippy.

"No matter—that's neither here nor there," answered the constable, with a succession of important little nods. "I'll tell you what, Tippy, it's lucky I'm here—two heads is better than one."

"Hadn't we better search his pockets?" asked the sub, obsequiously willing to humour the foible of his superior, a course of conduct which he anticipated would lead to Goff's standing treat at the next public-house.

"The very thing I was a going to propose," answered the constable, "if you had not seconded my motion."

The sub did not reply, but proceeded to examine the pockets of the deceased, giving a verbal inventory of the articles as he proceeded,—

"Here's—no, there's nothin' whatever in his leathers—yes, there is, though—two bullets : left coat flap, a little book in print, called the Fiery Queen—right flap, a white cambric handkerchief marked R. T.—right hand waistcoat, a guinea, and a dollar, and a sixpence—left hand, a silver pencil-case, a little key—name on the pencil-case, Raby Tyrrel——"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the constable, snatching the implement from the other's hand, and poring at it long enough to have deciphered a Chaldee inscription. "Then all I can say is, there never was a worse day's work."

"For poor Sir Mark—God help him!" said the sub, whose calling had not yet blunted all his better feelings.

"That's very true;—but you don't take, mun, you don't take," said the constable; "you don't look at consequences as I do—you've no 'cutehness. What I meant were this. You must sympathise with yourself."

"As how, master?"

"Ay, I knew you would ask me that!" said the Solomon, drawing himself up, preparatory to giving his companion what he called a furbishing. "As I said afore, you never foresee nothing till it's come to pass. That ain't *my* way. But there's as much difference atween men as between calves and kittens—one's born with his eyes open and t'other ain't. I won't name names—it ain't your fault, it's your natur; but though I say it as shouldn't say it, I'm quite the reverse. For my part, I roominate,"—here he fixed his dull eyes in a stare upon vacancy. "I preponderate,"—he put his forefinger to his forehead,—“and that's how I penetrate. For example, here's my thought at this present. A dead man isn't a live un."

"That's undisputable," said the sub.

"Secondly. Drownding isn't hanging."

"That's gospel," said the sub.

"Thirdly. If there's no trial, there can't be no conviction."

"I'll take my 'davit on it," said the sub again.

"That's logic then ; that's what I call knock-me-down," said the constable with a triumphant stumping of his stick. "There you have it ; now you've got my meaning as plain as a pikestaff, Tippy."

"I think I can guess," answered the sub. "You mean the reward ; and sure enough, there's all our yellow-boys ringing as bad as dumps."

"My very words, if you'd give one time," said the constable. "If you ask my opinion, we're had. We're done, Tippy ; it's a bite. There's amen to forty pound, that was as cock-sure as if I had it here,"—and he slapped his pocket.

"And what's to be done with the guinea and the sixpence ?" inquired the understrapper.

"And the dollar, Tippy ?" added the constable, with a nod and a wink. "Why, we must keep 'em as a dividend, like. But mum for that."

"Or somebody will be crying snacks," said the sub. "Yonder's the keeper."

"Just what I expected," said the constable, with a nod. "Hark ye, Tip. Don't you put in a syllable. Leave me to deal with him. He's a deep un, you'd be pump'd dry in a minute. It requires 'cuteness—I'll be as sly as a fox—trust me for that ; if I don't hold my own with him, my name's not Goff."

"Suppose I put the book and the handkerchief back again," suggested the sub ; "and let the keeper find 'em himself ?"

"I was coming to that by-and-bye. Not amiss for you though," said the constable, with a patronising air. So saying, he stooped down and replaced the article he had

taken into his own possession, in the pocket of the deceased, while the sub replaced the book and handkerchief. The keeper came up shortly afterwards.

"Bless my heart, masters—here's a pitiful sight!"

"You're correct so far," said the constable, nodding, and folding his arms by way of making himself up for a furbishing. "Do you know who he is?"

"Not an idea on it," answered Mat. "His face have been sadly mauled by the water varmint: and he be all swelled and bruised. Do you know him yourself?"

"Don't I?" said Goff, smiling, and throwing a knowing wink at his assistant. "I smoked him at the first sight. But it's my office to sniff out people, felons and so forth; and it's yours only to find out game. I'm reckoned a bit of a dab at it, too, ain't I, Tippy?"—to which Tippy assented with a nod.

"Hold up, then," said the keeper, "and let's see your point."

"Yes, yes," said the constable, "when you're in the dark you all come to *me* to strike a light. I'll hold a gallon of beer you don't name him in three tries."

"No, no—it's an improper subject for betting on," said Old Mat, with a pious feeling towards the dead, that accorded with his character. "But I'll guess, however. Mayhap it's George the saddler, and a bit of a poacher besides, to give un his due: folks do say he's a-missing since the flood?"

"Guess again."

"Mayhap, then, it's young Tom the miller, for he's a-missing too?"

"Miles off—you never shot randomer," and the constable shook his head. "Now you shall hear mine. Anybody can guess at hap-hazard; but preponderating, and roominating, and digressing is another thing. As for me, I always concur

with myself,—I call it comparing notes. I've my own reasons ; but putting this and that together, if that's anybody's body, it's the body of one as ought to have ended otherwise ;" and the speaker clapped his hand with a significant gesture under his left ear.

"What, Master Raby !" exclaimed the gamekeeper, and he took a long gaze at the body from head to heel. "It have a likely look enough. It's just the sort of trim for such as him to go a shooting in, half sportsman and half schollard. Them cords and gaiters are well enough, but the silk waistcoat and that jaunty black coat's anything but the proper wear for our stiff covers."

"Say I told you so," said the constable, with a knowing wink. "The toggerly was the first thing I twigged. But I went by many more things besides."

"You searched him, mayhap ?" said the gamekeeper.

"We were going to," said Tippy, "when you came in sight."

"But, says I, don't be precipitous," and the constable gave his follower a reproving frown for his interference. "We'll have t'other witness, that's what I call prudence." Old Mat without answering went down on his knees, and proceeded forthwith to satisfy himself of the truth, by searching the pockets. "Here's one of his marks for certain," he said, as he held up the little volume of Spenser : the handkerchief corroborated the conjecture ; but the pencil-case placed the identity beyond all doubt. The old forester immediately rose up, but he was unable for a moment to give his thoughts utterance.

"The wretched boy !" he said, at length ; "so he have been sinfully driven, after all, to make away with himself. But I always said he could never abide it—his days could never be lightsome agin, with such a guilty conscience.

But he's dead, and that pays all,—it be a thousand pities, though, he ever turned up. I can't fret for him, like the young Squire, for it's only a judgment come home to him ; but a father's a father, and if Sir Mark have a whole string left in his heart, here is the sight as will break it ! ”

“ All these reflections have been made afore,” said Goff, with a wave of his hand, for he was jealous of this interference with his performance as first fiddle. “ It's time to act, that's my principle ; talking don't do like doing. When I've preponderated, I'll give you directions.”

“ I'll tell you what,” said Mat, apparently musing,—“ it won't do to go right on end to the Hall with it. We'll carry the body to my lodge, and there we can send after a shell, while somebody goes and breaks the news up at the house.”

“ Not a bad move,” said the constable ; “ I had one to match. As for the breaking it, that's quite in my own line. I take it on myself. Some would come plump out with the truth ; but that isn't my advice. For my part, I like to be mysterious, to be off and on as the saying is. I warrant I'll beat about the bush so, the Baronet shan't know what I'm driving at, any more than the man in the moon.”

“ Fall to work, then,” said the forester ; “ we shall want a few boughs, and an armful or two of fern to strew over.”

“ Teach your grandmother ! ” exclaimed the self-sufficient constable, with a nod and a wink ; but he did not disdain, notwithstanding, to imitate practically every movement of the old gamekeeper, by whose exertions principally a rough litter was formed, similar to that which had been used for transporting the body of Ringwood. It was under a serener sky than in the former instance, that the bearers took up their melancholy burden : as they progressed across the park, the deer sported around them, the hares chased each

other in rings, the wood-pigeons wooed each other in the trees, and the squirrel gambolled along the path, even as they had been bidden, in a verse, by the gentle Raby, now of touching import, in reference to his own ungentle fate.

“Each furr’d or feather’d creature !
Enjoy with me this earth,
Its life, its love, its mirth,
And die the death of nature !”

As soon as the corpse had been deposited at the lodge, Master Goff repaired to the Hall, to communicate the dismal tidings. His important bearing, and the nature of his office, procured him easy access to the Baronet, whom he found sitting in the library in eager expectation of receiving intelligence of his fugitive son. But this anxiety only retarded the disclosure : at every question the constable stopped and drew in his horns like a snail, so that the Baronet was fain to leave him with all his tediousness to his own course, which he pursued with characteristic absurdity. Unlike the admirable overture to *Der Freyschütz* which with dreadful note of preparation forewarns the startled auditor of impending horrors, the constable’s prelude did not contain one syllable anticipatory of the catastrophe it was intended to announce. He began by a truism, that it is the nature of water to drown people, and in illustration he detailed the loss of Mrs. Worrall’s sow and pigs by an irruption of the late flood, from which he wandered into a dissertation upon the advantages of knowing how to swim, and then came the tragical story of a village Leander, concluding with an original process for “resuscitating the drowned.” Such an exordium was little calculated to arm the hearer against a sentence which, like the electric “*Tu Marcellus eris*” of a greater orator, smote as suddenly as severely.

"There's nothing more dangerous," said the obtuse reporter, "than to go over a bridge of a pitch dark night when it's washed away, and to my mind that was the case with poor Master Raby!"

The effect was such as to greatly minister to the conceit of the egotistical speaker. He mistook the stillness and silence of Sir Mark for composure and resignation, and lauded himself accordingly, for he attributed all this apparent calmness to his able and considerate manner of broaching this new misery. But he found himself egregiously deceived when, after a long pause, the stunning result of so sudden a shock, the bereaved father rose suddenly up with the mien of a wounded lion and addressed him with an angry gesture, and a terrible voice, deep, hollow, and broken.

"Out of my sight!—vermin! out of my sight! you have mobbed him to death amongst ye! don't tell me of broken bridges—he was hunted and worried like a wild beast—and that made him rush to his Maker. You've pulled him down, body and soul—body and soul—and the curse of old Mark Tyrrel light on every one, great and small, that had a hand in it!"

The terrified constable awaited no further dismissal, but sprang through the door, and retreated along the passage with a celerity that increased as he heard the footstep of the Baronet behind him; nor did he feel quite safe till he arrived in the kitchen amongst the domestics, whom he threw into consternation by declaring in a breath that Raby was drowned, and Sir Mark had gone raving mad on the spot. But the latter had no idea of pursuit; he ascended to the drawing-room, where the Squire was keeping his usual watch beside the dead body of Ringwood, which, under his direction, was now lying in a sort of state that had formerly been bestowed only on the heads of the Hall. For a minute

or two the father's presence was unnoticed ; such visits had frequently passed over without a word on either side : but a vain attempt at articulation made the Squire look up at Sir Mark, who, with working features and labouring chest, still struggled for utterance, whilst his finger remained pointing at the corpse. By a violent effort, he at last mastered voice enough for a few syllables.

"There is—another coming."

A slight nod from the Squire intimated that he comprehended the announcement, which he received with less concern than surprise, for his feelings were more than ever absorbed and concentrated within the narrow space occupied by Ringwood's coffin ; indeed every hour his exclusive affection seemed to become more intense as the day approached which was to separate him from even the mortal remains of his favourite. Under this influence, such tidings grated on his ear and excited his peculiar jealousy.

"Not *here*," he said, "better in another room——"

"No," answered Sir Mark, and the fatherly impulse gave him temporary firmness ; "they came of the same stock—they were brothers—there never *was* ill blood between them—and they shall lie side by side."

The picture the last words conveyed overcame the speaker's fortitude.

"Oh, Ned !" he exclaimed, in a choking voice, "two at once—two at once—" and the strong man bowed himself under his double affliction, and wept and sobbed like a little child. The Squire's heart was touched at the sight, but he offered no attempt at consolation, for he could find none in his own case. He merely averted his eye and fixed it on its old object, leaving the mourner to his sorrows without witness or restraint. The death of Raby claimed little of the Squire's sympathy, but it caused some curiosity, and after

the first burst of parental grief had subsided, he inquired in his abrupt manner how the event had taken place.

"I fear, by his own act," answered Sir Mark—"the Almighty forgive him !—But he was cruelly beset—if he had been the wild boar they call him he would have turned at bay ; but he was more like a hare, poor fellow !—fearful and gentle—so he took to water and sank."

A sudden cry, and a bustle overhead, intimated that the evil tidings had reached the ears of Mrs. Hamilton ; a sound that was superseded by the long doleful wail of Tibbie Campbell. However unapt to imbibe or follow English notions and fashions, the warm-hearted Scotchwoman was keenly alive to those kindly feelings which belong to our common nature, and her adoption and domicile at Tylney Hall had begot almost a clannish attachment to the family and its fortunes. Besides her devotion to her mistress, she had learned to reverence Sir Mark, and to take pride in his two bonny sons ; and in her coronach for the untimely fate of the hopes of the house of Tyrrel, there mingled some national notes, which, perhaps, belonged in strictness to the race of Mac Callum More.

The Creole, meanwhile, was abroad, engaged in earnest colloquy with his foster-mother, who had waylaid him in his ride. He had bared before her the whole secrets of his bosom—his hopes, his fears, his schemes, his wishes, his misgivings, and his scruples, the last of which Marguerite treated with ineffable contempt.

"He who fears to confront death," she said, "is unfit to live. You shudder at a little blood—you shrink at the extinction of a single life ; and yet, at your uncle's bidding, you were to enter the army ! Call it glory, and your hand was prepared to slay, till it matched the scarlet of your coat—to rise from cornet to captain, from colonel to general,

you would wade knee-deep in gore—but to become Sir Walter Tyrrel, with a revenue equal to raising regiments of your own, you object to a blow that is not even to come from your own hand! Should Raby return, Ringwood has been hated and Grace Rivers has been loved in vain. The stroke that removes him will only anticipate the law, it will be attributed to his own act—but I am wasting words, you shall be Sir Walter Tyrrel in spite of yourself. Perhaps, while I speak, there remains but one bar between my prophecy and its fulfilment!”

They parted as usual, Marguerite indulging in an unrequited embrace; and St. Kitts returned to the Hall to find the prediction of his foster-mother literally come to pass. The two brothers who had stood between him and the promised inheritance were turned to clay, and the father heart-broken, and doomed to death, grieved over them as they lay side by side in their coffins.

The second catastrophe was known as rapidly and universally as the first, and the public opinion underwent a remarkable change. Every harsh word was retracted, every rash judgment repented. All the courteous, gracious kindness of the gentle Raby, all his good actions and generous deeds, were charitably recalled, and instead of a monster he became a martyr. No one talked any longer of the atrocious fratricide, but all tongues were eloquent on the bereaved condition of Sir Mark Tyrrel, deprived accidentally of two such incomparable sons.

At Hawksley, as poor Grace had predicted, this remorseful re-action of feeling occasioned peculiar anguish. The inflexible Justice had relented, he had made an important sacrifice for the sake of his only beloved daughter, but it had been done too late. The surviving son of his oldest friend had sunk under a general persecution, of which he could not

acquit himself, and in requital he saw his own child smitten with sudden decay, robbed of her youth, faded and withering

“——— Like a palm,
Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.”

Thus ended all speculation on the guilt or innocence of Raby Tyrrel. A fresh jury was hastily summoned, as the case demanded, and the coroner was again in requisition. The second inquest occupied even less time than the first, and a verdict of “Found Drowned” was recorded, thereby avoiding the disgusting formula of four cross roads and a stake through the body, a custom which is happily now “more honoured in the breach than the observance.” By this decision, the body was allowed to be deposited in the family vault, whither, on the morrow, the kindred corpses were conveyed, attended by an unusual concourse of persons of all ranks; and on the following Sunday, the funeral sermon was preached by Doctor Cobb, taking for his text, at the especial request of Sir Mark, the beautiful and affecting words of the lamentation of David,—

“Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.”

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve ; give me not counsel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine."

Much Ado about Nothing.

"There's nothing that I cast my eyes upon
But shows both rich and admirable ; all the rooms
Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here ;
The gardens, orchards, everything so curious !
Is all that plate your own too ?"

Rule a Wife and have a Wife.

THE funeral day was at an end, with all its gloomy mockeries and dreary vanities. The friends or professed friends of the family had all departed except the Squire, and Mr. and Mrs. Twigg, whose carriage was at the door : the two latter were screwing up their faces to the proper dolorous expression for a farewell when the Squire entered the room. He had his hat on, and the little black terrier was under his arm. He walked straight up to the Baronet, and addressed him in an undertone.

"Don't want Nip ?"

"Take him," answered Sir Mark.

They shook hands silently and slowly, during which process Ned fixed his one eye intently on the altered face of his old friend.

"Hold up !" he said, and, with these two syllables, he wheeled abruptly round and departed, without taking the least notice of any one else in the room.

It was now the Twigg's turn, and they had evidently made up their minds to take a more elaborate leave than

poor Ned's. The master of the Hive walked gravely up to Sir Mark, whilst the mistress applied herself to his sister. •

"My dear, dear Mrs. Hamilton," she said, "you must rouse. Don't take on, pray don't; you musn't sit and mope—there's nothing worse for the spirits. You must employ your mind. I remember, when my own poor mother died, I couldn't find comfort in anything till I took to polishing a mahogany table."

"She is quite right," said Twigg, to the brother, in the same serious affectionate tone. "My dear Sir Mark Tyrrel, Baronet, don't encourage grieving with idleness. Activity's the thing; sitting with your hands before you won't do. You must bustle it off. Go through your accounts with your steward. Look after your property."

"You must jaunt about," said Mrs. Twigg, to the lady, "and pay visits. Go among all your friends—I needn't name the Hive. Go everywhere—gad about—the more the better—and by-and-by you'll pick up again. Disperse yourself as much as you can."

"You must hunt away," said Twigg, to the Baronet; "you musn't give up any of your sportings. They'll help to work it off. If I was you, where I hunted one fox afore, I'd hunt two or three at once. That's the way, says you, to get rid of trouble."

"Living low," said Mrs. Twigg, "is quite a mistake—it always produces lowness. Appetite's everything; force yourself to eat; humour your stomach—no matter how trifling. Get cook to toss you up every hour in the day—a little and often."

"Take a glass extra," exhorted Twigg; "grief sometimes gives way to a little conviviality."

"Nobody can fret long upon nothing," continued Mrs.

Twigg ; "good porter is very supporting. Taking care of ourselves for our own sakes is a duty to others. If you catch yourself thinking of your two nevies—have 'a sweet-bread."

"You must forget everything," said Twigg. "You've lost both your sons in a very shocking way—and you've no heir of your own to your property. There's three gone within a very few years—the Colonel, and Ringwood, and Raby—but you'd be wrong in recalling ; you must think of them, and picture them to yourself, just as if they had never been born."

"Take my advice," said Mrs. Twigg ; "don't pine, but have a good hearty cry—it's the most relieving thing in the world next to a skreek. Carry salts about you to sniff at, and always have water handy in case your head's inclined to swim."

The suffering patients listened to these various prescriptions in silence, with sighs and shakes of the head ; but the officious couple now made an offer apiece which extorted immediate and earnest answers.

"There's nothing worse," said Mrs. Twigg, "than solitude and loneliness, except it's darkness. Burn a rushlight. But solitude's bad too ; you musn't keep yourself to yourself. You want somebody to stir you up. The more gossipy and rackety the better—family duties won't allow my own coming to stay with you, but there's nothing of the sort to prevent 'Tilda—she'll be a prop."

"Oh, no," answered Mrs. Hamilton, eagerly—"not for the world, you musn't think of it."

"Yes, you'll feel a great change," said Twigg to the Baronet ; "death makes gaps in families that can't be filled up ; you'll miss 'em sadly when it comes to being alone. It's a slack time o' the year for business—and if my son, T.,

junior, would be society for a bit, let him come, says you—and he's down by return of post."

"No, no, no," said the Baronet, decidedly; "I'm obliged all the same, but Kate and I must comfort one another, the rest must come from above."

"True," answered Twigg, "religion will be a standing article, of course—and Him who tempers the lambs to the shorn sheep—I know what you mean, says you, though it's not quite the words. God bless you, Sir Mark Tyrrel, Baronet,"—and they shook hands.

"God bless you, my dear," echoed Mrs. Twigg, contriving by a little jump to kiss Mrs. Hamilton—"I'll come and console as often as I can;" and the two comforters departed, perfectly persuaded that they had lightened the inmates of the house of mourning of a load of grief.

It was not till the carriage had rolled out of the avenue into the high road, beyond the domains of the Hall, that the ambitious couple ventured to communicate to each other the mutual thoughts that had occupied them during the day. Twigg then opened his mind cautiously, and the following colloquy ensued in the dark.

"Well, my dear, did you go all over the Hall?"

"I did, my dear, every room in it."

"Well?"—"All very good and substantial,—and most delightful bed-rooms; but there's a want goes all through the house?"

"And what's that, madam?"

"Cupboards," responded Mrs. Twigg, to whose ideas the greatest merit of a dwelling-house was that of a merchant-ship, namely, "extensive stowage."

"Cupboards be hanged! Did you see the cellars?"

"No, my dear, but I did the butler's pantry."

"Well?"—"There's mines, Mr. T.! Heaps upon heaps

of gold and silver plate ; not all filigree and open work, but solid and massy. Such waiters ! such cups ! such dishes !— But there's one thing awkward."

"What's that, madam ?"

"Why, they've all got stag's heads on 'em, and ours is a bee."

"Fiddlesticks, madam."

"To be sure, all that may be altered and eradicated to match. We can turn the bees into little deers."

"If you please, madam, you'll keep your fool's tongue in your head. It ain't as if we were in possession. I wouldn't do anything undelicate or premature, except between ourselves."

"To be sure not, Mr. Twigg ; but our two speculations can't hurt any one's feelings while they're kept primitive to ourselves. There's no harm, I hope, in saying one prefers the Hall to the Hive ?"

"I'll tell you what, madam ; if the Hall comes to me in course of law, I shouldn't decline. But if not, a man of my property, says you, can do without it."

"It must be owned, Mr. T., as yet it's only hearsay about Mr. Walter Tyrrel's being lawfully unbegotten in wedlock, We've no one's words for it but our son's, that he heard the young Squire Ringwood call him a bastard. Not that the Hall, as you say, is exactly what one would wish. The drawing-room is too far removed from the servants : you'd never know what's going on in the kitchen."

"D—n it, madam, I tell you we ain't come in yet ; but that's always your way ; blab, blab, blab. Sir Mark ain't dead yet."

"No, but he's as good—and so as one don't shorten him, there's no harm in sayin' he'd live awhile longer if he'd give more vent—but he sets-in to it, and he'll be gone before the

fall of the leaf. What's she to the Baronet if you come into the title?"

This important question obtained no answer; not that Twigg was gone to sleep, for he was wide awake to his own interest and importance, but he happened to be absorbed in a double calculation of the chance of succeeding to the justiceship, which Mr. Rivers wished to resign, and the expense of standing for the county—an honour Sir Mark Tyrrel had always declined. His partner knew better than to disturb him at such moments by repetitions, and the rest of the ride passed in silence. The reader will easily conceive from the foregoing dialogue, that the sympathy of the Twiggs with the sorrows of the day had not been without alleviation; indeed, the drift of some injudicious remarks and questions on the part of the lady, had been detected by the suspicious vigilance of St. Kitts. For instance, she consoled with him on the sad shock to his uncle, who could not possibly live over it—and what a loss it would be to himself—especially as he was a sort of orphan; and then she made some very particular inquiries about his mother. She hoped, in conclusion, his uncle would do something for him—she meant something certain, as nobody knew who might start up for the estates. She had heard a talk, she said, of buying him a commission in the army; and, as a friend, she'd advise him, under present precarious circumstances, to get it settled as soon as he could. It was very hard parents' sins should come upon their children—but so it was. The Creole winced under her words: a new thorn of no common magnitude was planted in his side, and added its pangs to that retributive accumulation of tormenting doubts and fears which inevitably attends on a course of crime.

The prognostic of Mrs. Twigg seemed too likely to be verified. The health of Sir Mark rapidly declined, partly

in consequence of his abandonment of all his accustomed field sports, nay, his daily rides even were discontinued. Such an extreme change in his habits would alone have seriously affected his constitution, if it had not been broken down by the access of violent grief, and the subsequent preying of his mind upon itself, for he had suffered intensely though silently. The effect was that of premature old age ; he lost his vigour and activity, his appetite and his sleep, symptoms beyond the power of medicine to remove, although, in compliance with his sister's wish, he placed himself under the care of Dr. Bellamy. But the wound was incurable, and he knew it, and he prepared himself to meet his end with a manly composure that belonged to his character. He considerably made all his worldly arrangements, which were marked by his usual benevolence and rectitude, and thenceforward his earthly thoughts rested chiefly on the Creole ; to whom, as his heir and successor, he gave much excellent advice for his future guidance. In this mood, he one day desired the company of St. Kitts to the kennel, in order to bestow on him the fruits of his own experience as a master of hounds. But he had miscalculated his own strength ; after turning the key, he retreated from the door with a bewildered look.

“I cannot,” he said, “I dare not—every hound that knows me knew *him*.—But mind what I say, look to 'em now and then with your own eyes—Dick is one of the trustiest, but we none of us perform the worse for being overlooked——”

“My dear uncle,” said the Creole, “I hope the day is far, far distant, when they will want my inspection.”

“No, Walter, no,” said the Baronet ; “I'm as good as run into—it's a sign I'm sinking, that my sorrows are so, so mute—I can't help talking in the style, but I've done with hounds

and hunting altogether. One more halloo, and you have heard my last."

So saying, he gave a weak and wavering cry, as different from his old jovial shout in the field, as the utterance of a ghost might be supposed in comparison with the living voice—all his bodily energies were extinct.

"There," he said, "do you think hounds would be cheered by such a sound as that? My own dogs don't answer to it—except one—and do ye know which it was that opened?"

The Creole knew well, but he was silent.

"It was Deathbell, boy, old Deathbell," said the Baronet; "one of Warde's deep-tolling breed. It's, maybe, a warning, but I don't flinch at it—he winds nothing more than I do myself. My head runs all one line, and that's to where all my hopes are gone to earth. If you would know where to have me, you must make a cast towards Tylney Church."

"My dearest uncle," said the Creole, "for the sake of those who survive, you ought not to despond. Time is a cure for all griefs, and the many years I hope you have yet to see——"

"One will be enough for me," answered the Baronet, "and that is in its wane; I'm on my last legs. From this day forward, St. Kitts, look on the pack as your own, keep 'em up as a master should, for the sake of the county and the old family name. Be pleasant to the farmers, and ware wheat; mind and preserve hospitality. You'll find a cellar well stocked. Be the old English gentleman, and that says everything."

"This is too painful," said the Creole, "every word wrings my heart."

"Keep on all my servants," continued the Baronet,

without attending to the other's exclamation ; don't part with one of them ; they belong to a good old breed, that, if I'm not mistaken, is wearing out. Not so showy and flourishing, maybe, but staunch and steady to their work. Stand up for Church and King, and be kind to your aunt—poor Kate !”

“Alas !” said the Creole—“this is dreadful—every word is a farewell.”

“Above all,” concluded the Baronet, and he gave every word a distinct emphasis ; “remember, Raby was innocent. They say a man on the borders of the other world sees clearer than common, and that is my solemn view of it. Keep up the good name of the Tyrrels as well as the estates, and never abide a blot upon the 'scutcheon, or a mortgage upon the land.”

These were almost the last words of the good Baronet. The next morning he was found in his bed stiff and cold, in an attitude that showed he had been towering towards heaven, as the wounded bird does, before he died. The marble hands were piously joined like those of a Christian knight on an old monument ; and if death be but a sleep, according to Hamlet, implying good or evil dreams, to judge by the placid countenance, the departed spirit had rejoined its dearest objects in that happy world, where love is as vital an element as the atmosphere we breathe in this.

Thus fell the head of this devoted house ; the last main obstacle that had interposed between the Creole and his guilty object. In some minds, such a consummation would almost incur a denial, or at least a doubting, of Providence, looking at the inequality of the dispensation. But poetical justice is one of the merest fictions, and consists, as the term imports, rather with Utopian views than with the real rugged course of human life. To place Virtue or Vice

in one scale, and an adequate portion of Good or Evil, as reward and punishment, in the other, may produce food meet for babes ; but the picture has little reference to the true course of events in this variegated world, where the base and bad rejoice and revel daily in the high places, whilst excellence mourns in the dust. Honesty begs for bread, and knavery prospers, adding houses to houses, and land to land. The just suffer, whilst the unjust judge sits in ermine. Folly rules, and wisdom pines unheard. Vanity is caressed at the expense of genius,—and sanctimonious hypocrisy tramples on humble piety. The mortal balance, indeed, preponderates in favour of the wicked. It follows, necessarily, that the unscrupulous man, who justifies all means by the end, and rejects neither fraud nor cruelty when they conduce to his purpose, must arrive more frequently, and by a shorter path, at his object, than the conscientious one who will not strain a principle, or deviate one step from the line of rectitude. Thus wealth, power, and worldly honour are apt to become the prizes of the crafty and the violent, the corrupt and the depraved ; the swindler, the perjurer, and the tamperer with blood. Hence such anomalous awards as the traitor's death to the patriot, the felon's imprisonment to the honest debtor, and persecution and poverty to a benefactor of mankind. The child, however, is taught by his copy-book that "Virtue is its own reward," and every volume in his juvenile library not only inculcates the same principle, but holds out a direct promise of an equitable adjustment in this world, which is only to be looked for in another : an absurd system, by which, instead of being forearmed and forewarned by a practical prospect of the trials to come, the good boy grows up a good man, and is astonished and disgusted to find himself, instead of being even a silver-gilt Whittington, a con-

temned object, walking the world barefoot and penniless, with the reward of Virtue hanging upon his neck, in the likeness of one of those tin or pewter medals of merit that used to decorate him at his academy. This is an evil in our literature that demands correction : as our preparatory schooling is chiefly derived from the writings and the teaching of the female sex, it would be well if the schoolmistress would go abroad with the schoolmaster, and pick up some principle of conduct for youth, superior to the servile, selfish one of the puppy, who is conscious of the breaker behind his heels, with a dog-whip in one hand, and a piece of liver in the other.

Events sometimes crowd so closely upon each other's heels, that the pen of the historian must adopt a similar pace. Briefly, then, the tomb again yawned, and again it closed, having in one short month received three kindred corpses, and the Creole found himself invested with the title of Baronet, and in possession of the vast estates of Tylney Hall. He did not enjoy this accession undisturbed. The Twiggs, as he had foreseen, came forward and disputed the validity of his claim ; but a perusal of the will, and the marriage certificate of Colonel Tyrrel with Indiana Thurot, effectually dissipated the hopes of the ex-Sheriff, who abruptly departed with his helpmate, venting execrations in the bitterness of their defeat on the innocent mansion they had coveted, the lady loudly declaring, as she stepped from the threshold, that she would never—never—never set foot in its odious doors any more.

With something of a kindred resolution, Mrs. Hamilton left the Hall shortly after the funeral, with the ostensible purpose of residing for awhile at Hawksley, for the sake of the companionship of her adopted daughter, Grace Rivers, but in reality because she could not endure to remain an inmate of the house since it became the property of her

nephew. His ill-disguised exultation had not escaped her notice ; his dismissal of some of the oldest servants, contrary to his uncle's express injunction, excited her indignation ; and the haughty bearing he suddenly assumed, in striking contrast to his adulation of herself, seemed to justify the personal antipathy she had preconceived towards him. She even began to entertain vague suspicions with which she hardly dared to trust herself ; and the frankness of her nature would not allow her to profess affection where she felt dislike, or to pretend to confidence where she entertained nothing but jealousy and mistrust. In spite therefore of the most urgent remonstrances and the warmest protestations from St. Kitts, who represented himself as one who would be totally bereaved by her absence, she persisted in her course, and the wheels of the Justice's carriage, as they rolled away with her, became wheels of torture to the Creole, or, as he must now be called, Sir Walter.

"There she goes, curse her," he muttered between his teeth, "to sow the seeds of her own infernal doubts and fancies in the mind of Grace : she hates me, I know she does, and my love in that quarter is as likely to thrive by her countenance as a peach under a north wall."

To the Scotchwoman, who accompanied her mistress, the change was equally desirable : educated in the serious and somewhat rigid religious principles of her country, she criticised with proportionate alarm the proceedings of the new master of the house, who had gradually imbibed some of the sceptical notions of his foster-mother. As men are apt in such cases, he sought to reconcile himself to his infraction of the divine laws, by disputing their authority. Accordingly, to the great horror of Tibbie, he discontinued the family devotions, in which, agreeable to old practice, Sir Mark and his domestics had met and mingled in their petitions and thanks-

givings to the throne of grace ; nor did Sir Walter, like his predecessor, attend punctually at the parish church on each Sabbath, to join in the responses with sonorous emphasis, or receive the pastor's final benediction with a devout amen. In leaving such a house, the Scotchwoman conceived she was but opportunely flying from the wrath to come : from a roof that trembled over her head, walls that tottered round her, and chimneys that attracted the lightning of heaven. Others of the domestics adopted her views, though perhaps with more of temporal leaven, and gave warning. Amongst others, old Deborah, who, in spite of her age and her asthma, still breathed, if breathing it might be called, declared her determination of leaving a home where she had been born and bred. Like some other great men, the Creole found that he had acquired power without popularity.

The Squire went a step, or rather a stride, beyond Mrs. Hamilton, in his disgust and his suspicions ; he would have been displeased with an angel for filling the station which Ringwood ought to have occupied, but he had always regarded the Creole as in part a devil, and he now looked upon him and loathed him as a fiend incarnate. He hated, as he had loved, exclusively, "with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength." He would have hunted the wide world over for a rival heir, and he would have supported a plausible claim to the utmost extent of his purse ; and in this object he was soon gratified. Some manuscript verses on the death of Ringwood had been privately circulated amongst the gentry of the neighbourhood ; but whilst everybody admired the exquisite tenderness of the sentiment, the novelty and beauty of the imagery, and the fine Miltonic flow and harmony of the versification, few cared to inquire earnestly into the authorship. But it was otherwise with Squire Ned ; the subject rendered it to him the prize poem

of all that had ever been written since Homer, and with that unwearied dogged pertinacity of purpose which distinguished him, he tasked himself to discover the writer, and by dint of sagacity and perseverance, he at last traced the production to that ragged troubadour "Tom in Tatters." The vagabond minstrel was immediately asked to the cottage, an invitation which was several times declined ; and it was only by a stratagem at last that the Squire obtained an interview with the eccentric poet. The latter, when taxed with the composition of the elegy, frankly admitted it, and confessed his gratification that it had proved so acceptable to the feelings of one, whose devoted attachment to the subject of the lament was so universally acknowledged. Beyond this avowal, the Squire could obtain no information from his guest, whose superior manners and polished diction, nevertheless, evinced a marvellous discrepancy between his private character and his public habits. The tattered one, however, sedulously avoided any allusion to his former life or his earlier pursuits ; and it was only after several bottles of Madeira had been broached, and when the treacherous propensity to drink had betrayed the stranger beyond his self-command, that he entered upon his own history. He had been educated, he said, at the University, but some bacchanalian orgies with a party in low life, which he had entered into with a view to the study of human nature, had led to his disgraceful expulsion from college. It had, unfortunately, escaped his recollection that such classes were not comprised in the course of humanity prescribed by Alma Mater, who accordingly cast him from her bosom, branded as a reprobate son, that she rejected for ever. The tears streamed down his cheeks during this recital, but his sighs amounted almost to groans, as he described the progress of his subsequent degradation.

"And now here I am," he concluded : "I was ranked with beasts, and I have degenerated to suit their classification. I am as they described me, genus and species, a sot—a vagabond—an abject dependent—a disgrace to society—a burden to others and to myself. I dreamt once I was destined for better things ; but the best I now hope is, at the first fine holyday the schoolboys will go shouting and capering after the pauper funeral of 'Tom in Tatters'."

With these words the unfortunate student jumped hastily up, intending to make a precipitate retreat, but he happened to be in Ned's panoramic parlour, and he could not discover the door ; he had no remedy, therefore, but to await the Squire's pleasure, who by his odd, yet honest and hearty expressions of sympathy, at last prevailed upon the poor fellow to compose himself. They resumed their drinking, and towards midnight, in the warmth of his heart, the outcast communicated to his new friend, that he was a descendant of the old intimate of Ned, Sir Theophilus Tyrrel, who had been "cleaned out upon the turf." The announcement upset all the Squire's recent apathy towards the human race : he jumped up, and actually hugged his informant at some risk to his dilapidated garments ; for like the bereaved Macduff, he thought he had found the Malcolm under whose banner he was to do vengeance on the bloody Thane. The night was passed in questions and mutual deliberation ; and the morning saw the Squire mounted upon Barney, on his way to the Hall, in order to give Sir Walter the nuts to crack which he had gathered from the genealogical tree of "Tom in Tatters."

CHAPTER XL.

“Come hither, boy, come hither to my arms,
Have I not plotted rarely? Nay, how's this!
You stare affrighted at the touch of joy,
As if it were the worst, extremest woe.
No word, no sound, no stir, not ev'n, alas!
A smile to tell me, “Mother, I am glad.”—*Roxana*.

“If in this exile dark and drear
To which my fate has doom'd me now,
I should unnoticed die—what tear,
What tear of sympathy will flow?
For I have sought an exile's woe,
And fashion'd my own misery:
Who then will pity me?”—*Spanish Romances*.

AMONGST the many causes of disquietude which beset the mind of the new Baronet were two of peculiar interest and importance, namely, an unusual absence of his foster-mother, and the total silence of Woodley. In spite of his numerous rides and walks for the purpose, he had never been able to meet with Marguerite since the interview which preceded the discovery of the drowned body of his kinsman, and her peremptory and repeated injunctions deterred him from availing himself of the secret of her lonely abode. She ought naturally to have come forward with her congratulations to him on the success of her predictions; and with his anxious temperament, to doubt was to fear, and every delay seemed a new danger. On the other hand, although the fate of *Raby* had become a certainty, he could not help wondering that his correspondent in St. James's Street had not written to inform him of the non-arrival of the intended victim. But the reason of the omission was furnished to him from an unexpected source.

As he sat at breakfast, carelessly glancing over the columns of a morning journal, his eye was suddenly attracted by the words, "Fatal duel—death of Pêter Woodley, Esq. ;" and a few following lines informed him that the gentleman in question had been run through the body at a hostile meeting, which originated in a dispute at dice. The paper dropped from his hand, and a cold shiver ran through his frame, as he learned the sudden cutting-off of his companion in former villanies : without knowing why, he associated the catastrophe with a secret misgiving that his own exit would be of a violent nature ; and the presentiment to which the paragraph gave birth from that hour never deserted him. He was still labouring under the agitation which the tragical news had excited, when the Squire was announced, and the personage who entered, and the unusual early hour of the visit, contributed to his discomposure. In fact, he stammered so in his welcome, that he felt compelled to apologise.

"I got up a little out of sorts," he said, "with my nerves unsettled ; and they have just been still further disturbed by reading in the paper the fall of an old college chum in a duel."

"Woodley, eh !" said the Squire, who had perused the same journal ; "serve him right ;—got punished for coggling ;—know the fellow that settled him."

"It's a deplorable case," said the Creole, "in all its bearings ; but gambler as I believe he was, one must be shocked at his being called to his account so unexpectedly."

"Nobody doubts," answered the Squire. "When the devil dies, he'll have a chief mourner."

"Mr. Somerville," answered the Creole, as calmly as he could, "I can allow for your known ascetic temper, or such an expression would excite my serious displeasure. But I

have observed with regret a kind of personal pique towards me in particular, unconscious as I am of any unintentional cause of offence, ever since the lamentable death of——”

“Hold hard!” exclaimed the Squire; “don’t name him;—come to that by-and-bye!” and the speaker was evidently suppressing passions which might have prompted him to some act of violence. But he mastered the impulse, and commenced an address, contrary to his usual style, in a deep, deliberate tone, without clipping off the pronouns.

“You are now Sir Walter Tyrrel, and the landlord of half the parish. It was a great stake, and you stood upon a lucky horse when you backed the black one with a long tail and a head full of feathers. But perhaps you are not so fast in the saddle as you think; and I have got a stiff fence or two for you to get over. A change may come. Here you are in high keep at rack and manger; but you may find yourself some day turned out to grass like Brown Bastard.”

“I understand your last allusion, sir,” said the Creole, his lips quivering with passion, “and it points out to me the drift of your discourse. I presume the question of my legitimacy is to be again agitated?”

“Right—you’ve hit on it,” answered the Squire; “so give tongue at once, and I’ll hark to you.”

“I should have thought,” answered Sir Walter, “that the decision Mr. Twigg came to would have satisfied every one upon the point you have come, I must say unnecessarily, to discuss. I might reasonably urge the painful nature of the subject as an excuse for declining to enter into it afresh; but, in consideration of your standing as a friend of the family, I shall make no objection to your seeing the documents.”

“Not I,” answered the Squire, hastily, and falling into his old manner; “can’t judge—out of my line—forgeries, may be.”

The Creole winced, for the words had struck upon one of his own misgivings; but he struggled to maintain his composure, and addressed the Squire with an air of lofty indifference.

"May I presume to ask, sir, on whose behalf you are so much interested as to forget the ordinary rules of good manners?"

"Manners will mend," answered Ned, sharply; "wish some matters could be mended too. Mayhap you have heard of Tom Tatters?"

A scornful laugh burst from Sir Walter at the idea of the ragged itinerant setting up as a candidate for the hereditary honours and possessions of the house of Tyrrel, and he received with a sneer of pity the paper that was tendered to him, whereon the Squire had traced with his own hand a sort of tree in illustration of the pedigree of his *protégé*. It was, however, made out with so much of the phraseology of the stud-book—Dam, Somebody; Grandam, Somebody else; by Such-a-one out of So-and-so—that the Creole was some time in picking out its meaning.

"All plain enough," said Ned, jealous of the character of his performance; "don't want spelling over: first, old Theophilus; then two sons, Theodore and Timothy. Twigg comes from Timothy, and tattered Tom from Theodore, the eldest branch."

"I will grant you all your branches and Twiggs to boot," answered Sir Walter, coolly. "But now condescend to view the other side of the tree. Listen: Rupert was the elder brother of Theophilus. From Rupert, Mark; and my father was Sir Mark's only brother——"

"*There* pull up," said Ned. "Remember the bend sinister;—might be the wrong side of the blanket."

"That question, if you would be so rash as to moot it,

must be tried at law," answered Sir Walter, contemptuously; and, with an insolent parade of his toothpick, he rose from the table and sauntered to the window.

The Squire's one eye glistened like a red-hot coal. "Law, eh!" he said, "civil or criminal? or mayhap both at once?—Soon see. *Good-bye to Sir Walter!*" he added, significantly, as he reached the door, which, after a long withering frown, like that of Byron's Corsair, he closed behind him with a sudden slam.

The Creole, in spite of his affected indifference, was ill at ease: the determined inveterate character of the Squire assured him that the new claim, however preposterous and unfounded, would be brought forward and prosecuted with all possible pertinacity, necessarily involving a heavy expense and an infinite deal of personal trouble, annoyance and mortification.

"That maimed paw is lucky for him," he muttered. "If he could hold a sword, I might try my skill at fence on him; and it could not be fleshed to better purpose. Bullets are out of the question: he's a candle-snuffer with the pistol in his left hand."

He was absorbed in a calculation of the probable steps that would be taken by the tattered candidate and his patron, and devising some scheme for avoiding the public spectacle of so ridiculous a contest, when a servant presented a little billet to his hand, the thrilling contents of which instantly banished the recent occurrence from his thoughts. There were only two words in it; but those words were "Hennessey's Hut." His hand was at the bell-rope to order his horse, when he recollected that the hut referred to was situated in an intricate wood, of difficult access even on foot. Unluckily it lay between the Hall and Hollington; and, in spite of his intense impatience, he was

compelled to delay his departure, for fear of being observed and followed by the suspicious Squire, whose road lay in the same direction. As soon as prudence allowed, he set out, at the pace of a pedestrian in training for a match against time ; and, in a comparatively short space, he found himself on the verge of the dense wood which enveloped his foster-mother's retreat. Nobody but a man impelled by as strong a motive, or an ardent sportsman, would have straggled far into such a wilderness ;—path there was little or none ; it had been so overgrown by briars—so interlaced, that the passage was slow and painful. In some places the trees arched overhead, to an almost utter exclusion of the light of day ; in others they started asunder, and suffered the sun-beam to visit the damp earth, that smelt noisomely of the rotting or rotted leaves of past seasons. The Creole's hands were filled with thorns, from eagerly tearing aside the obstacles to his progress ; and he was dabbled up to the waist by the wet underwood through which he rushed, while the features of the place became more savage and dreary as he approached the dwelling supposed to be haunted by the spirit of the murdered keeper. Several times the disturbed adder darted across the path, and the iron tolling of the raven broke harshly and ominously upon the silence. The trees increased in size, and wreathed fantastically in more distorted attitudes, whilst the huge gnarled roots protruded here and there from the soil, like the bones of antediluvian monsters. No other woman than Marguerite could have selected such a dreary spot for her residence ; indeed it seemed to require more than masculine nerve and courage to contend with all its horrors, natural and superstitious. The hut stood in a small open plot, near the centre of the wood ; it was a sort of log-house, like those in the back settlements of North America, and had been constructed at

the whim of a fanciful recluse, named Hennessey, who, however, made up his quarrel with the world after a year's residence. It then became the abode of the unfortunate keeper, whose violent death, but for Marguerite's resolution, would have left it untenanted for ever. It consisted of two rooms, which were divided by a partition of lath and clay, whereon the stain of blood was still visible. The outer door had been shivered by the ruffians who perpetrated the savage deed, and had never been replaced, so that the Creole stepped into the house without knocking. The voice of Marguerite saluted him immediately from the inner chamber, desiring him to sit down on the chest till she had completed her dressing. The prescribed seat was a sort of large sea chest, and was the only furniture of the room, except an old hogshead, which served for a table. On the top of this convenience, however, stood a teapot, and cup and saucer of antique china, which to a virtuoso in that brittle ware would have been inestimable ; a solitary silver spoon lay beside the teapot, but it was of the most massive form and the richest workmanship. These were the only objects in the room, and the Creole had leisure to gaze and wonder at them till he was weary. It seemed as if his wayward foster-mother intended to make a trial of his patience. To add to his disquiet, he fancied that his ear detected a whisper in the adjoining room ; and, however unlikely the supposition that Marguerite could have a companion, it seemed to make every minute an age till she appeared. At last, when his temper was on the point of giving way, the door of the inner chamber suddenly opened, and a figure presented itself that fixed him breathless to his seat.

It was Marguerite—not in the squalid attire of the wandering queen of the gipsies, but in the rich splendid costume of an oriental princess.

She wore a short robe of carnation satin, descending nearly to the knee, where it finished with a rich gold fringe. Underneath this tunic was a white satin petticoat, elegantly embroidered; full trousers of the same material were fastened close above the ankle so as to set off its symmetry, and her slippers in colour matched her tunic. Her waist was circled by a broad zone, fastened in front by a diamond clasp, and the flowing sleeves of the robe were looped up at mid-arm by clusters of the same jewels. The under-sleeves, of a gossamer texture, were confined at the wrist by massive bracelets of pure gold, and every taper finger of her well-formed hand glittered with one or more jewelled rings. On her head she wore a turban of a singular but becoming form, the material of which it was composed being one of those Indian many-coloured shawls which are always so picturesque. The bosom was covered, but not concealed, by the same delicate muslin as the under-sleeves, and her throat was encircled by a collar of gold to match the bracelets. Altogether it was apparently the costume of no particular nation, but a fancy dress adopted at the suggestion of her own taste.

She smiled at witnessing the astonishment of the Creole, and for a while enjoyed his admiration in silence.

"Well, Sir Walter," she said at last, in a tone of suppressed triumph; "what do you think of me?"

"I have seldom seen anything," answered the Creole, with his eyes fixed like a man talking in his sleep; "no, I have never seen anything so rich and tasteful."

"I asked the question, Sir Walter," she said, "chiefly with reference to my poor self;" and she remained standing before him in an attitude well chosen for the display of a still graceful figure.

The Creole was a warm admirer of beauty; and although

years and exposure, and perhaps sorrow, had taken off the lustre of her charms, they had not much quenched the brilliancy of Marguerite's jet black eyes, nor destroyed the fine contour of her countenance. Neither had her shape so lost its symmetry but that the eye could still recognise the original excellence of the mould. Enough remained both of form and face to prove that, at one time, she must have been amongst the most lovely and fascinating of her sex. He answered her in an animated tone,—

“I think it is a pity Time did not stand still when he had such an object to gaze upon.”

She was charmed with this flattering reply, which addressed itself to her weakest point ; her eyes glistened, and exclaiming that she had forgotten to congratulate him on his new title, she advanced hastily, and clasped him in a fond embrace. She held him in her arms so long and so closely, that it required almost a struggle on the part of the Creole to free himself and get upon his feet. He then offered her the vacant seat, but she motioned to him to sit down again, while from the inner room she fetched a rude chair, in which she placed herself full in front of her foster-son.

“And now, Marguerite,” inquired the latter, “will you inform me of the purport of this sultana presence, at which I still stare and wonder, as if I were dreaming with my eyes open, like Abon Hassan in the Arabian Nights ?”

“What does it mean,” answered Marguerite, with a smile, “but that I am going to resume my station in society ? Such as you see me now, except that I was younger and more blooming, I was once every day of the week. Sir Walter Tyrrel has never invited me, but I am going back with him to the Hall that is now his own !”

“To the Hall !” echoed the Creole.

“Yes, to the Hall,” answered Marguerite — “where

should a mother seek her home but in the house of her son?"

"Of her son!" repeated the Creole.

"Of her son," reiterated Marguerite. "Oh, Walter! what heart but a mother's could have gone through what mine has for your sake? But compose yourself, Walter, compose yourself as I do, for I am afraid of my own happiness."

The Creole made no reply. He gasped for breath, and would have recoiled but for the wall at his back, to which he seemed fixed as motionless as a figure upon a frieze. He was stunned and petrified by the blow.

"Walter, dearest Walter, speak to me!" exclaimed the woman, in a voice of alarm, at the same time taking his hand: "the foster-mother was all a fable; it's your own parent stands before you—Indiana herself!"

"Away, woman, away!" cried the Creole fiercely, freeing his hand and starting to his feet at the same moment; "so then I am a dupe at last; oh! had I foreseen this," and clasping his hands above his head, he paced rapidly to and fro across the narrow room with the frantic demeanour of a maniac.

"Walter Tyrrel, listen to me, I beg you—I beseech you—I implore you!" exclaimed the woman, at each adjuration raising her voice till it became a scream, and at the same time clinging to him by the neck, the arms, or even the knees. But he continually swung himself out of her grasp, and as a last resource she left his violence to exhaust itself, planting herself in the meanwhile in the entry, with each hand grasping the door post, to prevent his retreat.

As she anticipated, his frenzy gradually decreased, but it was only to subside into a more terrible calmness. He stopt suddenly, with his face close to hers, so that their eyes

looked searchingly into each other, whilst the voice he addressed her with scarcely rose above a whisper.

"She-devil that you are, did you wind me in your hellish toils but for this—to make me the pitiful tool of your own ambition?"

The eyes of Marguerite flashed angrily, but she restrained her passion.

"Walter," she said, "we will talk when you are calmer—but take one warning, do not miscall me—use no evil word that shall make you ready hereafter to pluck out your own tongue by the roots."

"Come and talk on then," said the Creole, sullenly retreating and throwing himself again upon the chest, whilst the woman re-occupied the chair. They watched each other for some minutes in silence, which Marguerite was the first to break.

"Walter, the hour is come that must seal my happiness or misery—the hour to which I have looked forward through long years of scorn and sorrow. Oh, Walter, never did woman's heart beat so thickly even at a love-tale as mine, when the sound of your foot entered this hut: it said to me, 'Indiana, there comes your son, the child you have pressed in many an unrequited embrace, but who will now return you love for love.' If I had any ambition it came last, when I whispered to myself, 'and that son is Sir Walter Tyrrel.'"

"Say rather," answered the Creole haughtily, "that when I became what I am, Marguerite envied Indiana. It is well performed, but I have sat before at a play in a barn, when a stroller, a vagrant Jewess maybe, has personated the Queen of Egypt."

"But she had not Cleopatra's own jewels," answered the woman, glancing at her hands, which glittered with many-

coloured gems ; “ nor did she wear Antony’s pictures in her bosom ”—and she drew forth the miniature of the Creole’s father, and held it up before his eyes.

“ A waiting-woman has purloined as much before now,” answered the latter, with a sneer : “ as for that picture, I here claim it as my own, by right.”

“ Claim it as my son,” answered the woman, “ and it is yours. The child must take the mother with the father—reject me, Walter, and you reject him.”

“ I must have better proof,” said the Creole, smiling scornfully, “ before I adopt such a motley parentage. For my own part, I believe in the force of blood : if your story were true, there would have been some hereditary outbreak before this ; but I have never taken yet to gipsy wanderings, to tell fortunes, or to rob hen-roosts.”

“ You forget my warning,” said the woman, sharply : “ if I have been a wanderer and a reputed gipsy, it was for your own sake. Talk not of force of blood—water even draws to water ; but if your heart does not yearn towards mine, it has no blood in its arteries : the first time I saw Walter Tyrrel, mine drew to him as a load-stone. If cold iron can attract iron, what must be the warm impulse of kindred flesh and blood ? ”

“ Since you choose to appeal to natural philosophy,” said Sir Walter, sarcastically, “ I must remind you that such attraction is reciprocal. The iron leaps to the magnet, as the magnet is impelled towards the iron ; but was that the case at our first interview ? The attractive impulse was all your own ; to me, if you remember, the sensation was repulsive ! ”

“ True—oh true ! ” exclaimed the woman, pressing her hands upon her eyes, as if to shut out the scene he had conjured up, of maternal yearnings, and their bitter disappoint-

ment ; but the failure, Walter, was yours, and not mine. Yes, it is I who ought to reject, who ought to disclaim, who ought to disown a being so unlike myself ; for with all her faults, poor Indiana could love, cruelly as it seems doomed to be requited by both father and son ! Oh, Walter ! dearest Walter ! in pity to my past pangs, spare me my present ones ;” and in spite of herself, her wild black eyes were quenched in a gush of tears.

“ I am sorry, Marguerite,” said Sir Walter, in a gentler tone, “ that my allusion to the past has given you so much pain ; but forget our first meeting. I have since learned to estimate the tried fidelity and affectionate devotion of my foster-mother.”

“ Ay, there lies the stumbling block,” said Marguerite, as if speaking to herself ; “ but there were reasons, weighty reasons, which events have justified, for my remaining unknown, though it was a sore trial and self-denial. Many times, in spite of prudence, my bosom has panted with the secret, almost to bursting ; many times has the dear name been upon my tongue, that I now dare to call you by—my son, my own son !”

“ Marguerite, if you would have me attend to your warning,” said the Creole, relapsing into his severity, “ I would recommend you to drop that title, and not press upon me what is a palpable after-thought. Granting you to have been my parent, a secrecy so essential to my welfare as you represent might have been safely intrusted to my own keeping.”

“ Suppose then another motive,” answered the woman : “ when Walter Tyrrel was torn from these arms, he was a mere infant, he could not even lisp my name. When I found him again, years had converted him into a boy, but he knew not his mother’s face—he knew not her voice ; he

spurned her, as well he might, in the garb of a vagrant, for if his young memory could recall a trace of her, it must have been as something similar to what is now before him. Was it a crime, then, Walter, that before she demanded the title, she wished to display the affection of a mother?—that before she claimed the love of her child, she endeavoured to earn it?”

“As a foster-mother,” said Sir Walter, quietly.

“A hireling—a mercenary!” exclaimed the woman. “Her functions only begin when the pre-eminent ones of a mother have come to an end! Where are her throes, her pangs, her painful pleasure and her pleasant pain, that link her for ever to her offspring through bliss or woe? No, Walter, none but a parent could have endured what I have gone through for your sake. Have I not watched for hours in piercing wind and drenching rain, only for a glimpse of you, to hear the sound of your voice? Have I not hovered about you like a spirit, to guard you from harm? and toiled like a slave, till my toil became refreshing, because it was for your welfare? Have I not even, to be near you, discarded the character of woman, and chosen these blood-stained walls”—she pointed to the partition—“for my abode?”

“Enough of this,” answered Sir Walter, petulantly—“I am not so inclined to under-rate your services, that they need thus to be set forth. Anything in reason you may command—in return for the interest you have been pleased to take in my fortunes.”

“Listen, then,” returned Marguerite, “since we are to treat on the footing of a common bargain; the reward I ask is small—a few syllables pronounced by the breath I gave you. Only acknowledge me as your mother, and I will cancel every other debt. I will forget that through me you are Sir

Walter Tyrrel—that by my counsel you are not marching—perhaps bleaching, on the burning sands of Egypt. I will forget even that I have been wronged and cast off; though I have been your associate,” she added wildly, “in plans that to disclose would consign you to the gibbet !”

“I defy your threat,” retorted Sir Walter, secretly alarmed, however, by such an intimation from one who was capable of any extravagance in her fits of violence, even to the denunciation of herself. “Whatever *might* be schemed, the event that has taken place was by course of nature. But you are mad, Marguerite, you are mad—at least upon one subject; and I should be mad too, to accept your self-delusions in proof of such a visionary relationship.”

“I may be mad,” answered Marguerite. “I have enough to make me so; but there are others who are sane. So surely as you are the son of Herbert Tyrrel, am I your mother: it would be better if uncalled for, but there is evidence in the neighbourhood to the fact. Ask Pompey, the black footman at the Hive, who, in this dress, would recognise his former mistress at a glance.”

The Creole was confounded; the passionate earnestness of Marguerite, her valuable ornaments, his father's picture, and above all, the appeal to Pompey's evidence, conspired to convince him that there was some foundation for her claim. But his heart had become callous, and instead of viewing such a tie as an acquisition, he regarded it as one that would embarrass him; however valuable as an auxiliary, as a mother Marguerite would be but a tormenting incumbrance, perpetually interfering, according to her dictatorial character, with his purposed independence. And he anticipated the popular ridicule that would attach to him from such a parentage as the Queen of the Gipsies. Mar-

guerite meanwhile fixed her dark eyes upon his face, as if to penetrate his thoughts, and the words with which she interrupted his reverie proved that she interpreted them correctly.

“Walter, I guess your scruples. You apprehend that her vagrant Majesty will never be recognised as the Queen Dowager of Tylney Hall. But you know not the world as I do. Call me the mother of the wealthy Sir Walter Tyrrel, place me in this costume in your drawing-room, and you shall see a dozen contend at once, who shall place the cushion beneath my feet! Seat me thus upon a sofa, and you shall see a score languishing for the sign of my finger that invites the favoured one to my side.” An appropriate motion of the hand accompanied the last sentence, and the sparkling eye, and flushing cheek of the speaker, betrayed that the picture of the future was but a reflection of past triumphs.

“Never,” said the Creole, speaking as much to himself as his companion, “never : it might do in St. Christopher’s, but not here ; a vagrant—a gaol-bird, marked with stripes even —”

His auditor started to her feet like a storm personified : her brows loured, her eyes lightened, and her voice thundered. “Dare not, Walter Tyrrel,” she cried “dare not to degrade your own mother. Such words as you have used should sear your lips! Down on your knee—down, and beg my pardon. Let the whole world beside fail me in respect, but I will have yours!”

“Peace, woman, peace,” cried the Creole, with equal vehemence, and likewise rising from his seat. “But mad, or not mad, there is no one here to heed your ravings. Now hearken yourself. Mother of mine, or mother not mine, makes no difference. Granting you to be what you allege,

my father did not separate himself from you without some good reason of his own ; and I mean dutifully to walk in his steps ; but out of respect to *him*, I will consent to allow you a decent competence ; but it must be on one condition,—that you return to the Western Islands, and place the Atlantic between me and yourself.”

So saying, he made a movement to leave the hut, but Marguerite anticipated his intention, and resumed her old position in the doorway—“You pass not here,” she cried. “except over my body, till I am recognised.”

“I have named my terms,” answered the Creole, deliberately folding his arms, in token of his determination. “If I call you mother, it must be when you are in St. Kitt’s.”

A sharp shrill cry burst from Marguerite,—it sounded like a trumpet note of retreat from a field of battle, where she had lost her all. But she fought as she fled. “Wretch!” she cried, “cold-blooded wretch, unworthy of father or of mother—but the curse shall return upon you, no issue shall ever spring from your loins ! No offspring shall ever endear your hearth, no child shall ever draw you to your home. You shall walk through the world as lonely and as desolate as I am, without a living creature to love you or a being to love !”

“More gipsy-work,” said Sir Walter, carelessly. “Tell me the rest of my fortune, and I will cross your hand with a crown. But this is child’s play. You have real claims upon me, Marguerite, without setting up sentimental ones. I care not who bore me, so that I was born in wedlock ; a point certain parties are inclined to dispute. May I depend upon the papers you gave me ?”

“Trust to nothing,” answered a stifled voice, and as the Creole looked at the speaker, he saw her leaning her head upon her hands against the door-post, whilst her body heaved

as with convulsive spasms. Before he could get to her she was down; and she waved him from her with her arms at every attempt to raise her up again, whilst the blood flowed from her mouth so as to prevent her utterance. But her dark eyes spoke volumes as she fixed them upon the face of the Creole: they were full of reproach and resentment. Once or twice she tried to speak, but the effort caused the vital fluid to gush more violently; and with a mournful shake of the head, and a despairing motion of her hands, she intimated that hope was at an end. A cold dew started upon her forehead, her chest panted more violently, and, after a frightful struggle, she died choked with her own blood.

Such was the fate of Indiana Thurot, for it was that wretched woman herself, who lay weltering at the feet of her unnatural son. Endowed by nature with extreme beauty and strong passions, which parental dotage had indulged, till she knew no law but her own ungovernable self-will, from the pampered, spoilt girl, she grew into the capricious, imperious woman, whose merest whim, however extravagant, was sedulously gratified by one or other of the admirers who made her the object of their flattering idolatry. From amongst these she had selected Colonel Tyrrel as most worthy of her favour; he was handsome, elegant, and accomplished, and entertained an ardent affection, which she as fervently returned. A *liaison* ensued, of which the Creole was the fruit; but shortly after his birth, her impetuous temper began to show itself in the shape of the most frantic jealousy, whilst her tyrannical disposition prompted her to the greatest cruelties in the treatment of her slaves. At length, in an unbridled fit of passion, she inflicted the wound which shortened the days of the Colonel; after which she fled, it was believed, to take refuge with a former paramour,

with whom she proceeded to England, where her companion shortly deserted her. In the course of the next twelve years she had formed two or three short-lived connections with persons of wealth and consequence, whom her fascinations had enthralled, but her original violence and lavish expenditure invariably dissolved every fresh tie; and even in the most prosperous seasons of such attachments, her heart reverted with regret and bitterness to the past. In such a frame of mind she learned the arrival of Colonel Tyrrel in England with his son, and she immediately determined to throw herself in his way and sue for a reconciliation, but his speedy death defeated her project. All her affections then concentrated in the young Walter; and the mode in which this engrossing feeling developed itself has been already told. A love of the mysterious and the romantic, a peculiar fondness for intrigue even in the smallest matters, and her habits of uncontrolled liberty, impelled her to the strange, unsettled mode of life she had chosen to adopt. At first, her schemes for the aggrandisement of Sir Walter was unmixed with any other object, but by degrees she joined with it a hankering to resume that splendour and sway which she had formerly enjoyed. Hence her catastrophe. She died as she had lived, a victim to her own unrestrained passions; and the same hour that saw her decked in the gorgeous attire of former days, beheld her stretched on the ground a livid corpse; a spectacle the more appalling, as the lifeless flesh lay glittering in all the "pomp, pride, and circumstance," of its earthly vanities. •

The shock to Sir Walter's feelings was not so great as to stun his prudence or deaden his cupidity. After a brief epitaph over the body, he proceeded carefully to ransack the adjoining apartment, which he found scantily furnished, yet

exhibiting one more token of the character of the deceased. The bed was sordidly mean, but her toilet was perfect in its appointments, some of which were particularly costly. His strictest search was for papers whereby he might have been compromised, but he found merely one small packet, though its contents confirmed his worst misgivings; they were rough drafts of the letters and the certificate which Marguerite had given to him, all in the same hand, and with such erasures, additions, and interlineations, and even marginal remarks, as to leave no doubt of their being the originals of concerted forgeries. A discovery so fatal to his peace steeled his heart, and drew from him a bitter imprecation on the author.

"She might well say, trust to nothing," he muttered. "Some day, had she lived, in one of her fury fits at my declining to gratify her preposterous demands, she would have turned my arms against me, and challenged her own precious fabrications."

So saying, with the coolness of a savage Indian rifling a slain enemy, he took the jewels from her person, drew the gemmed rings from her fingers, and transferred his father's miniature to his own bosom. He then left the hut, and returned to the Hall, leaving the remains of Indiana, the once paramount idolised beauty of St. Christopher's, to be discovered by chance or to moulder where they lay—the latter fate being the most probable, considering the haunted character of the place.

CHAPTER XLI.

“ Learning is your only having !

Why then he has the best of ownerships—

Can winds and angry billows wreck his learning ?

Can thieves and midnight robbers steal his learning ?

Can rot and mildew perish all his learning ?

Can learning be consumed by fire, or locked

For ages in the limbo of the law ?

Is learning in the stocks ? Can it be spent

By prodigals ? Can learning ever lose

Its master like a dog ? Pray be content,

Learning is surest of the gifts we have !”—*Towne and Gowne.*

TIME rolled on ; six months passed away, and Sir Walter experienced no new inquietude. The ghost of the haunted hut still had the body of Indiana in its keeping ; and the Squire had found more difficulty than he had anticipated in proving the identity and descent of his *protégé*. The only person who could have supplied any information was Twigg ; but the ex-Sheriff resolutely set his face against the claim, and refused to acknowledge any relationship with a tatterdemalion who could not bring a good character for industry and application, to say nothing of sobriety, from his last place. Ned had felt the propriety of introducing the cousins to each other, and accordingly he took Tom with him to the Hive, clad in a new suit of mourning, and looking quite a gentleman, without any trace of his recent reckless habit, save a rather rubicund complexion, which after all only made him look like the incumbent of a fat living. The Squire never stood upon etiquette, and the visit he paid was so early that he arrived when the family were seated at breakfast.”

“ Mercy on us ! Mr. Squire,” said Mrs. Twigg, “ here’s an early visit.”

"Friends can't meet too soon," answered the Squire ; and then turning to the master of the house, he added, "brought a new cousin—one you never saw before ; been a little under a cloud, but by-and-by will be as bright as any of us."

"He is very welcome to the Hive," answered Twigg ; "I am not a man to disown flesh and blood because of a low beginning. I don't care who knows it, but as shiny as I am now, I rose in a fog myself. Pray what is the gentleman's name ?"

"Sir Thomas Tyrrel, if all had their rights," answered Ned ; "son of old Theodore—grandsire, Theophilus."

"I believe my uncle Theodore did have a son," answered Twigg, his countenance decidedly lengthening ; "but he was a reprobate that never pushed on in life. If he'd fagged at his business early and late, as I did, he'd have been a doctor of divinity."

The unfortunate student hung his head.

"Sad job, sure enough," said the Squire ; "got in a bit of a spree, and old Hilary kicked him out—very severe at Oxford ;—old Hilary, above all !"

"Youth will be frolicsome," said Mrs. Twigg ; "there's T. junior torments our lives out. What he'd do at college, Heaven knows ! but I'm afraid he'd get into scrapes till he was scraped out too."

"Oxford be hanged," said the citizen, "he must rise to London dignities, as his father did before him. The less learning says you, the more credit for cutting figures."

"Right," said Ned, with a knowing wink, "wouldn't train at Epsom to run at York. But let alone T. junior ; come to Tom here—Tom in Tatters."

"Tom in whats ?" ejaculated Mrs. Twigg.

"Tatters," answered Ned ; "strange cousin of yours, Mr. Twigg—just turned up, like a new potato."

"What! us own to *him*," said Mrs. Twigg, turning up her hands and eyes with horror; "Mr. Squire, I do wonder at you, when we've everything respectable about us, to bring such riff-raff into the house. Everybody knows him, though you have smarted him up; he's tag-rag and bobtail at bottom! Why he's the hullabaloo of the whole parish!"

"Hold your fool's tongue, madam," said Twigg; "Mr. Squire can't mean to introduce to us a character that's of no use to society except to cast a slur upon people of property."

"Do intend, though!" said Ned. "Tom, speak up for yourself."

"There is no one here," said the student, "who could sympathise with what I should have to say."

"No matter," said Ned—"do it for you. 'Here I am—been drunk now and then—who has not?—was rather rough in the coat from bad keep——'"

"Rough in the coat!" exclaimed Mrs. Twigg, "a regular scarecrow!"

"Never mind, Mrs. Twigg," said her husband, addressing the stranger; "she rhodomontades. Take my advice, whoever you are; begin the world again. Go up to London with a shilling in your pocket and make your fortune. You've had a clerical education: go round to all the churches, and don't be too high for anything, no matter how low it is; that was my principle—commence humble. I once begun as a beadle, says you; but I leave off a bishop, with my share of church property."

"As for *us*," said Mrs. Twigg, "we couldn't afford to do anything for you if you *was* a relation. Everything's dear: meat is unconscionable. What with one thing and t'other, I must say our expenses always premeditate our income."

"Not but if industry and perseverance met their reward,"

said Twigg, "I should be ready to assist any frugal individual. A man that has obtained his property by such means deserves our commiseration."

"Thank ye when it comes," said Squire Ned; "not a bad way of making up a book—backing a horse when his tail's past the winning post. Won't take to Tom, then?"

"Why don't Mr. Thomas take to himself," said Mrs. Twigg. "I'm sure that's Christianity—'every man for himself, and God for us all.' Nobody feels that more than we do."

"That's sense for once," said Twigg. "We are certainly very prosperous; God has been for us, and, says you, so have we been for God. Since we've lived at the Hive, we've never missed a Sunday at church."

"And that's more than the Pembertons can say," remarked Mrs. Twigg; "they skip all the wet Sundays because of the horses' coughs and the servants' liveries."

"Church, eh?" said Ned; "you're high church, and that's the weathercock—turn with every wind that blows. Come along, Tom! 'Charity begins at home;' but can't find her—got the wrong address."

So saying, like the practical good Samaritan, the Squire led his *protégé* back to the cottage, where he took him in to bed, board and lodging, on terms, cards of which are to be had only of those who keep open house. The Levite and his wife, in the meantime, excused themselves by a reflection which the latter put into words. "It was impossible," she said, "to feel anything for anybody what was nothing to nobody."

The Squire was disconcerted, but not discouraged, by the result of this visit: he sent out an agent to St. Christopher's to obtain information concerning the marriage of Colonel Tyrrel, and the birth of the Creole, whilst he set to work

himself to hunt out evidence in support of the claim of his client. This was a task of some difficulty, owing to the irregular conduct of Tom, who in his degradation had purposely destroyed and sunk all traces of his original station. Thus nothing more was heard of the matter for some time, and the new Baronet began to flatter himself that the question was at rest ; but although Ned was mute, he was picking out the scent with his usual sagacity and perseverance.

In the mean time, as Sir Walter had foreseen, his attachment to Grace Rivers seemed likely to be nullified by the death of its object. Every time he saw her, and he paid frequent visits at Hawkesley, ostensibly on account of his aunt, she appeared more faded and wasted ; and as he had augured of Mrs. Hamilton's companionship, he found himself looked upon not merely with indifference, but dislike. Grace evidently shunned him : whenever she could with propriety withdraw, she left him to the company of his aunt ; and when she remained, his attempts to draw her into conversation were foiled by cold and laconic answers. Sometimes she replied to him even with a tone of asperity, and her few words conveyed, or at least were capable of being converted into, some bitter reproach. He had sounded the Justice, and had reason to believe that his pretensions would be favourably received by the father, however the offer of his person and fortune might be treated by the daughter, and he resolved to bring the question to an issue. Chance at last afforded him an opportunity. She was sitting alone one day in the drawing-room, when Sir Walter Tyrrel was announced, and before she had time to frame any excuse, he entered the apartment. The moment was propitious ; after a few compliments, and general remarks, to which she replied as briefly as usual, he suddenly assumed a great earnestness of manner,

and asked her if "he was always to be so unfortunate as to labour under the displeasure of Miss Rivers?"

"I am not aware," said Grace, "of any expression of mine that could indicate such a feeling."

"I am happy to believe then," answered the Creole, "that I have been mistaken, and that your words did not intentionally meditate such wounds as they have inflicted. I have been grieved to the heart sometimes, to fancy that I suffered in the opinion of one whose favour I value above that of the whole world besides."

"Sir Walter Tyrrel can have little need of my poor opinion," answered Grace, coldly. "He will find plenty to think well of him now he is the favourite of fortune."

"A painful pre-eminence," he said, "and too dearly purchased to afford me any pleasure. Fortune has indeed favoured me far beyond my deserts in a worldly sense; but when I place my bereavements against it in the balance, I feel, alas, that I have lost far more than I have gained. With this regret I am sure my dear Miss Rivers will sympathise. How proud and happy should I be if we had all other sentiments in common."

"That is impossible," answered Grace, hastily.

"Say not so, my dear Miss Rivers," exclaimed the Creole, ardently: "why should not love meet with love, as grief mingles with grief? Why should not sighs of passion encounter fellow sighs, as well as tear with tear in heartfelt communion? Why should not this white hand tremble to mine ——"

"No more of this, I beg," said Grace, disengaging her hand, which the Creole had grasped.

"I must — forgive me, dearest Miss Rivers," said Sir Walter, "but while this heart beats with love, my tongue must speak in unison. Mingle some pity for the living with

your regret for the dead. Waste not in unavailing sorrow that lovely form ——”

“And waste not these flatteries,” interrupted Grace, hastily, “on ears to which they are unwelcome.” So saying she rose up, and was about to leave the room, but Sir Walter detained her.

“Do not—do not go,” he said ; “if it must be my last, at least grant me a longer audience ; at least suffer me to lay my life and fortune at your feet, though they should be doomed to rejection. Allow me at least to show that I am not blind to such perfection, but that I love — I adore ——”

“Sir Walter,” said Grace, angrily, “let me pass.”

“Not till you have bid me hope,” said Sir Walter, sinking on one knee ; “place it as distant as you will, even like a star set in the farthest heaven, so that I may look forward without despair.”

“I have no hope to give or to receive,” answered Grace. “Respect my misery, and spare this mockery of a broken heart.”

“Give it to my keeping, dear Grace,” replied the Creole, smiling, “and I will answer for the cure. Sorrow is not immortal ; and as for a broken heart, it is, I assure you, a mere poetical trope.”

“Enough,” answered Grace, indignantly, “I will hear no more.”

“One word—another word,” exclaimed Sir Walter, detaining her by her dress, “say that you do not hate me, and I shall still have hope to live upon.”

“Then despair !” answered Grace. “As I hate all that is base, cruel, and treacherous, I hate Sir Walter Tyrrel ;” and bursting into tears, she broke from him and hurried out of the room.

The Creole was petrified. Her voice, like that of the accusing angel, had struck upon his guilty soul. So harsh a sentence from so gentle a being gave the words a tenfold force, and he shrank and shuddered as if all his secret villanies had just been laid bare to the gaze of the whole world. But this transient feeling of remorse soon passed away, and more angry passions usurped its place.

"There spoke my malignant aunt," he said ; "the infernal words were hers, though put into Grace's mouth."

In this irritable mood he snatched up his hat, and without waiting to see Mrs. Hamilton, he abruptly quitted the house.

He was destined to another annoyance, though of a more petty character. As he flung himself sullenly on his horse, the animal, from some ruffle in his temper, began to back and turn round, a whim so trying to the impatient humour of Sir Walter, that he plied the spur, the whip, and the bit without mercy ; and the horse resenting this treatment, a struggle ensued for the mastery, in which the rider literally came off with the worst. After several plunges, and rearing and kicking, by a sudden jerk the brute contrived to throw the Creole over his head, to the infinite mortification of the latter, who heard a hoarse laugh at his expense. He was in the saddle again in a twinkling, and cramming the spurs into the flanks of his steed, he departed at full gallop ; but at the end of the first hundred yards, he was nearly unseated again by the horse shying at some object in the road which he refused to pass. Indeed it looked more like a bundle of rags than a human being, that sat, or rather, crouched, on the ground at the side of the narrow lane ; and the snorting animal was only induced by dint of much alternate coaxing and compulsion to approach within a yard or two of the figure, where he stood wildly eyeing it, and panting with

terror. Sir Walter, however, was bent upon his point, and at last he succeeded in bringing his horse so close, as almost to trample on the man, and then reining him up, he suffered the wayward brute to gaze away his alarm. The poor wretch, in the mean time, turned up his face imploringly ; it was pinched with cold and hunger, and of the colour of saffron, and his hand shook like an ague as he held out a tattered straw hat.

“For the love of God, bestow a ha’penny on a poor unfortunate fellow !”

“I’ll bestow a broken head on you, scoundrel !” cried the vexed Sir Walter ; and he aimed a blow at the object with the butt-end of his whip.

“The old thing !” exclaimed the mendicant, in a tone of piteous resignation : “more kicks than ha’pence. But that’s my luck !”

The spurs were dashed in the horse’s side ; he darted past the beggar, and flew off with the speed of the whirlwind : but a new trouble was in store for the ill-used wretch. A tall, ungainly, heavy-looking man came striding up to him, and inquired, in a tone of authority, what had passed with the gentleman on horseback.

“I only asked him for a trifle to keep soul and body together,” said the man in rags, “and he gave me this cut on the head. It has fetched blood ; but I won’t complain. It’s what I’m used to,—only I’d take it kind if he’d made it wilful murder at once.”

“Then you was begging,” said the constable, with a wink and a nod, for it was Master Goff himself. “Let me alone for finding out vagrancy. I knew I’d pump it out of ye. You must come along with me.”

“What, for begging a ha’penny ?” asked the object.

“Yes, or for half a farden,” answered the constable. “It’s

the positive orders of his worship, Justice Rivers, and I'm especial particular round about his own territories."

"It's just as usual!" said Joe; for to this wretched plight the poor fatalist had come at last. "To be grabbed for begging, the very first time I tried my hand at it! But it's Friday, and that's enough. Some would have got the copper at all events; but it's my luck to beg gratis. I thought it was a last chance, but it ain't. There's no chance for me!"

"Come along," said the constable, "it's only the stocks and a whipping!"

"I expect nothing else," answered Joe. "Such things come nat'ral to me now. I've always my full measure of misfortins, brimful and running over. Some would have had the jaundice, and some would have had the ague, and some would have had the rheumatiz; nobody but me would have had 'em all three at once, and not the luck neither to be laid out!"

"You needn't tell me a long story," said the pompous constable. "I know every thing; so pick up your rags. His worship will give you a furbishing, I warrant you."

"I don't look for a friend in him," answered Joe. "All the world's agin me, man, woman, and child. I don't know what love or friendship is. But if any body was to take to me, I should only bring bad luck upon 'em; so they're wise to keep off. There's nothing but evil for me in this world, and maybe the same in t'other—God knows."

With this dreary desponding sentiment, the poor, ragged, crippled, lean, ghastly, yellow being got up into a half-stooping position, and in this deplorable posture halted feebly after the constable, to receive his new portion of affliction and stripes.

In the mean time Sir Walter continued his gallop, which

he afterwards changed to a canter, and then to a trot ; but, with a view of dissipating his chagrin,* instead of turning off to the Hall, he prolonged his ride by taking a road towards Hollington, a course which brought him into the vicinity of Squire Ned. He recollected himself, however, as the grotesque chimneys of the cottage appeared above the trees ; and, with an inclination to avoid an encounter with its owner, he was turning away by a side lane, when a clatter of horses' heels caused him to turn his head, and he beheld the Squire galloping towards him at full speed. With a vague misgiving, for which he was unable to account, Sir Walter instantly pricked his own horse into a gallop ; but Ned's quick eye had detected him at a distance, and, before the Creole had gone two hundred yards, he heard the other horse turn into the same lane.

With the consciousness that he was pursued, and aware of the Squire's determined hostility, he again urged his steed to the top of his speed ; but he had to contend with a daring and experienced rider, and a horse much fresher than his own. Every moment the sound gained upon him ; but the high mettled animal that bore him made play gallantly, and, whenever the clatter approached him, he made fresh and desperate efforts to maintain his lead. The rider's heart, meanwhile, beat fast as his horse's hoofs ; the first indistinct flinching impulse that had induced him to flight, increased in intensity with the arduousness of the struggle, and, as he found Cadeau straining under him to the utmost stretch of his powers, he felt the thrilling excitement of one who was racing for his life. The sight of a high gate closing the end of the lane suggested a doubt that was solved almost as soon as formed. Cadeau flew over it like a bird ! —the rider, who had held his breath in the suspense of expectation, gave a gasp of delight. But the leap was fatal

to the speed of the now jaded horse. It shook him; his sinews were over-strained, and his pace suddenly declined. He was lame. Aware that he must now be inevitably overtaken, Sir Walter pulled up at once, and set himself erect in the saddle, somewhat in scorn, now the hurry of rapid motion had ceased, of the groundless terrors that had lately possessed him. A few minutes brought the Squire beside him, panting from the recent struggle. It took him a while to collect breath enough to speak, and the unusual harshness of his voice, when the words came at last, had a startling effect on the ear of the Creole.

"Must be a better than Cadeau to beat Barney—with revenge on his back!"

Sir Walter looked at the speaker; his teeth were set, and his one eye was glimmering with an unquiet light. These were evil omens; and the misgivings of the Baronet returned in all their force. He determined to avoid, or postpone if possible, the impending discussion, whatever might be its nature. They were now in the nook of an extensive heath, which was traversed at some distance by the high-road to the metropolis; and in this direction the eye of Sir Walter involuntarily glanced, but no coach was in sight, no stir of human life was visible, save one solitary pedestrian far off, who was moving along the heath. The Creole drew himself up more stiffly in his seat, and looking steadfastly straight before him, so as to avoid seeing his companion, he spoke with a slight but dignified wave of the hand.

"Sir Walter Tyrrel declines all personal communication with Mr. Somerville."

"And Mr. Somerville," returned the Squire, speaking with a guttural sound, as if every syllable grated in his throat, "will have no further communication with Sir Walter Tyrrel. He is now plain Wat, and may soon be less than that."

"The old story," said the Baronet, smiling scornfully, as he became relieved of worse fears. "I have said, sir, that the ridiculous claim you allude to must be settled by proxy. My professional agent will meet yours."

"But suppose I should insist on a personal conference, under pain of personal consequences?" asked Ned, in a cooler tone, with a significant side-glance at his companion.

"I should resist and chastise so insolent a freedom," returned Sir Walter, but with a falter in his voice.

"Try it on then," ejaculated Ned, suddenly throwing himself off his own horse, and seizing the bridle of the other. It was effected so momentarily, that the confounded Baronet forgot to raise his whip, or to use the spur.

"Five minutes in words with you, or you lose your seat!"

"If I comply with your humour," said Sir Walter, reddening, "it is only because I am loath to forget the gentleman in the ruffian. But I choose to prefer another time. Come to me at the Hall."

"Now or never," answered the Squire, with a slight stamp of the foot; "here or nowhere."

"You presume on my last concession, sir," said the Baronet; "but have your way; courtesy shall be stretched on my side, to atone for the want of it on yours."

"Dismount," said the Squire.

A hot blush of rage and shame flushed the face of Sir Walter, as he slowly complied with this brief mandate; but whatever courage he possessed was undermined by fear and guilt. He knew the rottenness of his foundation; and his spirit did not rise as he saw the Squire lead the two horses to the gate, to which he fastened them with peculiar care. After this operation had been deliberately performed, Ned returned slowly back with his face turned towards the earth, and each hand plunged into the ample pockets of his green

shooting-jacket. He stopped full in front of the Creole, upon whom he fixed his one eye in dead silence. A minute passed, and he did not speak or stir ; another, and another, and another. It has been said that no animal, not even the lion excepted, can withstand the fixed settled gaze of the human eye without much restlessness and some fear ; and if these be tokens of their inferiority to man, the Creole was degraded to the level of the brute. He flinched—he trembled, under the solitary orb that was scanning him :—he could almost have turned and fled. But all suspense is worse than certainty, and he hastened to speak with affected indifference.

“Now then, sir, for the birth, pedigree, and performances of your tattered protégé.”

“That is gone by,” said the Squire, with a hollow voice. “I have two graver questions to put. Where is Ringwood ?” and his right hand drew a long duelling pistol from his pocket. “Where is Raby ?” and his other hand produced the fellow weapon.

“Good God !” exclaimed Sir Walter, turning pale and recoiling a step or two backwards, “Do you mean to murder me ?”

“It would be in your own line,” answered Ned, between his teeth ; “but foul as it was, you shall have fair play. One of us two must die on this turf.”

“No !” said Sir Walter, averting his head, with a corresponding gesture of his hands, “there has been blood enough shed—by accident !”

“You lie, monster ! you lie !” cried the Squire with a terrible voice, thrilling with passion. “Think of your cousins ; think of Sir Mark. If you had three lives I’d take them all ! You shall die the death of a dog !”

“Mr. Somerville,” said Sir Walter, but he visibly trembled, and his voice was almost a croak ; “my dear Squire you are

misled. Let us at least explain before we cast away our lives upon a mistake. Inform me of the grounds of your baseless suspicions : appearances may be against me, which a few words would remove."

"Read that, and then that," answered the Squire, handing him a couple of letters, "and then remove what you may!"

The Creole took the papers with a trembling hand, and opening the first, read as follows :—

"Dear Squire,—The enclosed was seized, amongst other papers, by the creditors of a deceased swindler, and gambler. As a fellow-sufferer, I had access to the documents, and the one I send only lately excited my attention. It obviously refers to some deep villany, and as I know you to be a very old intimate at Tylney Hall, I place the enclosed at your discretion.—Your friend and fellow-sportsman, HARRY L. CAREW."

A glance at the second paper sufficed to shake the least nerve in the frame of the Creole : it was his own letter to Woodley, containing the outline of his own ambitious schemes, and his commendation of Raby to his confederate's care—like the dove to the protection of the falcon. The crisis of his fate was come. His teeth chattered, and the hair rose on his head. The earth seemed opening under him as a living grave, and a precocious death-sweat broke out upon his forehead. But one chance remained, and he seized it with the desperation of a ruined man.

"I adopt your alternative—give me a pistol."

"Take your choice," said Ned—"all right—loaded an hour ago!" and he tendered the weapons with the enviable serenity of a good conscience. He was as cool, and his hand as steady, as if he had been only going to shoot at a target, instead of a living antagonist. The enormous guilt of the latter made the act the Squire contemplated seem a righteous

one, in which he was but the instrument of the divine judgment on a murderer. Sir Walter, in the mean time, had selected a weapon, and stood irresolute, as if revolving what should be the nature of his next step. His pistol once rose a little upward, but it instantly dropped again by his side.

"Long shot or short?" said the Squire, "name your own distance."

"Twelve paces," said Sir Walter; "or fifteen," he added, unconsciously acknowledging the deadly skill of his opponent.

The Squire made no reply, but proceeded to measure off the required distance, the double click of the Creole's weapon, as he put it upon full cock, striking upon his ear as he completed the third stride; the sixth had hardly been taken, when the report rang, and the bullet whistled close by the Squire's head.

Ned stopped short and wheeled round. His eye glanced fiercely for an instant at the assassin; the fatal barrel rose to its unerring level—a slight touch of the forefinger did the rest, and, after a convulsive leap, Sir Walter Tyrrel fell on his back on the grass, with a ball through his body.

In a moment Ned was bending over him, but not in remorse or pity. "One word, villain, for your soul's sake," he said—"did you see HIM in the fern?"

"I did—God forgive me!" said the dying man, rolling himself over as he completed the confession, so as to lie with his face downwards.

"Then die! the sooner the better," and a blow from the butt-end of the Squire's pistol sped the parting spirit in its exit. The savage act spoke terribly the awful amount of misery and anguish to be avenged—the complicated debt that even death was insufficient to expiate; one life for three, for the fate of Sir Mark was implicated in that of his sons. The avenger was influenced by this dreadful reckoning when

he gave way to an impulse of which he repented the next moment. He rose up, and was standing musing intently over the shocking spectacle before him, when a rustling made him aware of the approach of the foot passenger, who, it will be remembered, had been seen at a distance crossing the heath. He came up out of breath.

“I am too late,” he panted—“I hoped to prevent bloodshed. But what do I see?—the Squire!”

Ned turned and looked intently at the speaker, but he could not recognise him. He wore a blue coat and trowsers, resembling the undress costume of a naval officer; and his face seemed weather-beaten and toil-worn, and embrowned by exposure to hot suns and the sharp sea air. Still there was something familiar in the features, as there had been in the voice of the stranger, that made the Squire examine him narrowly: and when the true thought at last dawned upon his mind, he literally gasped as he gave it utterance—

“God!—alive! Raby Tyrrel!”

CHAPTER XLII.

"Do you live? Can you feel this pinch—can you see this hand I hold up? Could you smell out a red-herring? Should you hear a clap of thunder? Are you hot or cold—would you jump out of the grate, like a parched pea, or turn blue and red in a north wind? Above all, are you hungry and thirsty? Would your mouth water now at a fat capon with truffles—would your lips smack after a cup of canary? In good plain substantial English—are you alive?"—*The Ghost of Gorhambury.*

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart
And every care resign—
And shall we never, never part!
My life—my all that's mine!

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."—GOLDSMITH.

THE Squire guessed aright. It was Raby Tyrrel who stood before him, erect and breathing, whilst—so strange and mysterious are the ways of Providence—the clay of the false kinsman who had plotted against his life lay motionless at his feet, like the clod of the valley. He instantly rushed into the arms of the Squire, who was familiarly associated with the home he returned to seek; and Ned, convinced that he held real flesh and blood in his arms, returned the greeting with considerable warmth. The appearance of the wanderer indicated that, in addition to mental suffering, he had undergone great bodily hardships since his flight; he was now known to be a joint victim with Ringwood of an atrocious scheme;—and it was painful to remember the

forlorn state of the Hall, with but one member of the family in existence to welcome him back to the domestic hearth.

“And my father?” asked Raby eagerly, as they sundered.

Ned shook his head, and pointed to the dead body: “Ask him —. But, no—gone different roads.”

The querist gazed incredulously at the speaker; his mind was reluctant to adopt such an afflicting interpretation as the words suggested. He looked from the Squire to the body and back again with a face that asked for explanation.

“Be a man,” said Ned. “Hold up—can’t tell you else. That viper, there, called himself Sir Walter.”

Raby started, for he had not recognised the Creole from the body lying upon its face; but his amazement was swallowed up in grief as the conviction came upon him that his parent was no more. He covered his face with his hands, and gave way to a violent burst of sorrow, which the taciturn Squire did not attempt to interrupt. He turned away from the mourner, and fixed his eye with a fierce frown upon the lifeless wretch who had been the origin of such desolation, and to so many. His teeth were set, and his hands were clenched, as if he mentally spurned as carrion the vile dust before him.

Seldom can a man look down on the corse of a fellow-creature that he has bereaved of life without a sensation of remorse and regret, and a secret wish that he could recall the breath of life in its nostrils, and restore the flowing blood to its native arteries and veins. But the fiendish deeds of the Creole seemed to have placed him out of the pale of humanity. • The slayer viewed the slain, as inaccessible to compunction as the weapon he had used: even as the victorious peasant regards the gory carcass of the cruel wild wolf that had ravaged his fair flock. “Ringwood is now in heaven,” he muttered, “and his murderer is in hell!”

The first stormy vehemence of grief by degrees abated; and Raby assumed the sad composure that belongs to a confirmed sorrow, when the heart has no more to hope or fear. He would not trust himself to look towards an object associated with feelings of horror, affliction, hatred, and abhorrence, but motioned to the Squire, and intimated a wish to leave the dreary scene of this fresh tragedy. The latter took up the pistol which the dead man still retained in his hand, and silently led the way towards the gate, where the horses were in waiting: he replaced the weapons in the holsters, and was soon mounted on Barney, whilst Raby placed himself in the saddle which the Creole had vacated for ever: but they did not get into motion for a minute or two, for the Squire was musing.

“Not to the Hall,” he said, at last, “nobody there—go to Hawksley—your aunt’s at the Justice’s.”

“With Grace?” asked Raby, with quivering lips and a faltering voice, for his heart sunk within him to inquire the fate of the dearest of its ties, when the frail tenure of human life had just been so forcibly impressed upon him.

“Like mother and daughter,” answered the Squire, “and much need—both broken-hearted—poor Grace—never held up since she lost ——” He was going to add poor Ringwood, but he checked himself in consideration to his companion. Raby was silent, the intensest essences of pain and pleasure were intermingled in the intelligence. It wrung him with anguish to conceive her withering and wasting and losing the very bloom of her youth in sorrow for his sake, and yet her devotion to him, and the evidence she was giving of her faithful affection in clinging to him when deserted by all the world, thrilled his heart with ecstasy. He instantly pricked Cadeau into a pace which made the Squire think he must be one of the best of nephews, whom nothing but a

hard gallop would serve him in his eagerness to be in the arms of Mrs. Hamilton. In fact, by degrees the two horses increased their speed till it appeared but a second heat of the race that they had so recently struggled in. It was the first time that Raby had appeared in the character of a desperate rider ; and the Squire was just conceiving hopes of him as likely to make some day a tolerable master of hounds, at least as far as riding up to them, when to his equal astonishment his companion pulled up so as to throw his horse upon his haunches, and then proceeded at a walk.

"It will be too abrupt," he said to the Squire, "to go to Hawksley in this haste—such a shock might kill her."

"Not she," answered the Squire, his head still running upon the aunt ; "got more game in her—more afraid for Grace when she sees you."

Raby pulled up and thought a little, and at last formed his plan.

"You must go on before, Squire, and prepare them for my coming ; do it as tenderly as you can. I dread any sudden agitation in her weak state. Pray keep that in mind : begin with the remotest hints."

"Needn't teach me," said the Squire, with a knowing nod, "soon be there—be off at once—one word though—want to know myself—how did you come alive ?"

Raby stared at the speaker.

"Has there been any report of my death ?"

"Report, eh," said the Squire, "something more, dead and buried—hearse, coffin and all that ;—was at it myself."

"Buried !" said Raby, with fresh amazement, and gazing intently at the Squire, as if he thought he must be unsettled in his wits.

"Buried regularly," answered Ned ; "had old Stubbs on

your body : found drowned—family vault—funeral service, and every thing—ask Dr. Cobb.”

A suspicion of the truth flashed across Raby’s mind in a moment.

“There has been some mistake,” he said—“what was the dress ?”

“Queer enough,” answered Ned, with an involuntary smile ; “corded breeches, leather leggings, black silk waistcoat, and swallow-tailed coat.”

“I am right,” said Raby, “that body, Squire, was poor George the saddler’s : I met with him in the forest at a time when I was beset with false terrors. I confessed I was a fugitive for my life, and at his persuasion I partly changed clothes with him.”

“That’s enough,” said Ned—“see through it all—dead by proxy—better luck for you—follow at a walk.”

And away he galloped upon Barney, and was soon out of sight.

Raby was now left to his own reflections, and they were many, and of various complexions. Such is the uneven course of human life, that monotonous years sometimes roll over one’s head which are only distinguishable from each other by their dates in the almanac ; and then come thronging events of vital interest and importance, crowded into the space of a few days,—nay, hours. Thus during one revolution of the long hand upon the dial, Raby had found himself a witness of the fall of his arch enemy, a mourner for the loss of his father, and a lover outstripping the wind to rejoin the mistress of his soul. In such exciting moments, whilst all the passions are conflicting within, the spirit feels and owns its immortality whether for bliss or bale. Instinct with high impulses and powerful energies, the soul feels too godlike to depend with a contingent existence upon a little dust. The

outward senses may perish, but the inward feeling is the life of life. In this exalted state of being, Raby was rapt : grief and joy, hope and fear, were panting at their extremest pitch, and the mere material world around was as the shadow of a dream. In a deep reverie he arrived at Hawksley, and Cadeau was left to depart, or remain at the gate at will, with the bridle on his neck, whilst the rider passed through the familiar wicket, and hurried across the front court, and entered the front door, which was no sooner open to him, than the hall resounded with female shrieks. The Squire, who had executed his mission with admirable tact to Grace and Mrs. Hamilton, had not thought it necessary to break the news to any body else, and accordingly when Tibbie, who opened the door, beheld the face of Raby, which she instantly recognised, she set up a loud scream, and exclaiming "A wraith ! a wraith !" rushed off into the kitchen, to infect all the other servants with her national terrors. Alarmed by this reception, Raby flew up stairs to the drawing-room, and in a moment, heedless of any other presence, the betrothed lovers were folded, weeping and silent, in each other's arms. Mrs. Hamilton, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, enjoyed the sight of such an unhoped-for consummation. The stern Justice looked on with a countenance strangely softened ; but the astounded Squire actually gave a whistle of surprise, as he asked himself the question, —Was it possible she could have loved the two brothers at once ? Of course his reason answered in the negative ; but while it relieved Grace from the imputation of fickleness and double dealing, it was at some expense to her good taste.

"My own, my own dear Grace !" murmured Raby, "do we meet at last ?"

And he confessed in his heart, that the present moment repaid him for all his past sufferings, however intense.

Grace was unable to speak, but her arms replied for her as they clung more closely round his neck.

"I must claim my share, Raby, in your remembrance," said Mrs. Hamilton, who prudently interfered to divert and moderate the feelings of the young pair, and the aunt and nephew embraced with great affection. The Squire's tact suggested the same course to him, he took the hand of Grace and led her to a chair.

"Kissing enough," he said—"plenty of time before you ; cool your heart a bit—mustn't burst it with an overcharge."

"The Squire is right, Grace," said her father, approaching and fondly patting her on the head—"compose yourself a little now, and be as happy afterwards as I wish you."

He then went and warmly welcomed his adopted son-in-law, whose re-appearance was to restore his beloved daughter from that grave to which she seemed rapidly hastening. The lustrous eyes of Grace, and the happy tint which had already revived upon her cheek, amply repaid the parent for his kindness, whilst he enjoyed the removal of a burden of self-reproach which had weighed heavily on his mind. Even the Squire, though his satisfaction was damped by looking more backward than the others, rejoiced that a vestige was left of the brave old house of Tyrrel. He rubbed his hands, walked restlessly up and down, and, finally, gave Raby a slap on the back, wishing him joy as Sir Raby Tyrrel, with this awkward compliment,—

"Glad you've turned up, boy—ought to have been otherwise—must feel that—but better than nobody at all."

In the meantime the lovers regarded each other with earnest interest, mutually noting the alterations in each other's appearance. Grace was particularly struck with the brown hue of Raby's countenance, hinting foreign travel, and she yearned to be at liberty to listen to the narrative of his hard-

ships, and recompense him with her sympathy for his past sorrows, and Mrs. Hamilton shared in the same wish. The Justice shortly after retiring with the Squire to his study, to consult upon what was to be done with the Creole's body, and to concert subsequent measures, Raby entered upon the subject of his wanderings, and gave a hasty sketch of his fortunes and adventures. He could not, of course, trace the moral effect of his variegated course upon himself, wherefore an abstract shall be given with a commentary. To pass over, as he did, the catastrophe which made him a fugitive, and the horrors of the subsequent stormy night, spent in the open forest, on the following day he arrived at Woodley's, in St. James's Street, who, according to the instructions of the Creole, received him with every demonstration of kindness and interest in his fate. Intense anxiety and hurry were affected, and the very next morning he was shipped with a hundred pounds in his pocket, and fictitious letters of recommendation, on board of a vessel which was going, it was professed, on a voyage of discovery, where Raby's talents, his skill in drawing, and his love of botany, would make him an acquisition. The captain, however, was a notorious kidnapper, and the ship had proceeded but half way to its destination, when she was seized by an armed sloop that had been sent off in pursuit of her, at the instigation of the relatives of a young man of family who was missing. Thus was Raby saved probably from the dreadful fate of becoming a slave in the Plantations. The youth they were in quest of, however, was not on board, but Raby, whose eyes were opened to his danger, took refuge in the sloop, the captain of which, happened to be an old schoolfellow. He was a kind-hearted, generous, and shrewd man; and he soon detected that some secret grief was preying upon the mind of his passenger, who, in the course of a few weeks, acquired his

warmest regard and esteem. By degrees, he won Raby's entire confidence ; and in the dreadful story that was confided to him, the captain, a veteran in the ways of life, immediately suspected villany, and eventually brought Raby over to his own opinion. The feelings of the latter underwent an immediate change ; indignation and disgust took the place of remorse and self-reproach ; his mind was re-strung, while the sharp bracing sea air invigorated his frame. He had besides to take a share in stirring events and active labour. A dreadful storm had compelled every hand on board to work at the pumps ; and on another occasion the attack of a celebrated pirate, notorious for never giving quarter, armed every hand for its life, and Raby, in extreme contrast to all his former habits, found himself fighting foot to foot, and dealing wounds and destruction on savages in the shape of men. The effect of these compulsory exertions was very salutary, the energies of his mind and body were aroused, his spirit rallied, and the gentle Raby lost a portion of his gentleness which he could well spare. He determined even to do vengeance on his treacherous kinsman, and kept earnest watch for the white cliffs of his country with mingled yearnings. But the return of the sloop was delayed by counter orders received at sea, and the impatience of the exile made him embark himself on board a small merchantman which was soon after taken by a French privateer. A new prospect now opened upon him of being a prisoner, perhaps for life, in a foreign dungeon ; when, even in sight of the French coast, an English gun-brig hove in sight, and, after a short but animated chase, and a long and desperate action, the privateer struck, and Raby again found himself at liberty amongst his countrymen. A fishing-smack set him on shore, with slender means and without credentials, on the coast of his native country, and a great part of his journey towards the Hall

had been made on foot. Such rapid vicissitudes of fortune, however trying and attended with agony, had been of the most signal benefit, bodily and mentally, to his constitution ; like the practice of a skilful but severe surgeon, they had removed all the morbid parts that prevented the healing of his wounds. He aroused from the dreary abstractions of poetry, to the stern practical prose of human life, and was an altered man. But his head had changed not his heart ; his views were different, not his feelings. With the same old love for the really beautiful and really good, he had learned to detect and abhor their simulants : with the same tenderness and gentleness as before towards the tender and gentle, he had acquired a spirit of active not passive resistance to the violent and the unjust. It is a modern discovery, that a hard blow will render any bar of iron magnetic when held in a due direction, and, by something of the same hammering process, his heart had acquired its complete polarity of attraction and repulsion. He had only loved formerly, but, in addition, he now hated, in the moral acceptation of that word by Dr. Johnson ; and he had become, to adopt an expressive phrase of the Fancy, "good with both hands." In the more apposite words of Miranda, in the *Tempest*, in reference to her beloved Ferdinand, the affectionate Grace could apply the same perfect character to her restored lover, that he was "gentle and not fearful."

In justification of this theory, Raby's eyes glowed as he described the sea-fight with the pirate, and how, contending for life, liberty, and love, he slew the chief renegade with his own sword. His hands were clenched, and his teeth set, as he mentioned St. Kitts ; and his foot even stamped as he confessed that his first object on touching English ground was to stretch his murderous kinsman on its turf. But then he melted like a woman when he spoke of his father and

brother, and the sufferings of his dear Grace ; he was still the same affectionate merciful being, in love with all creatures, however minute, that were harmless and unoffending. He had no longer any spurious sensibility, it is true : he would have shot a hare, a pheasant, or a partridge, but he would not "needlessly set foot upon a worm."

On the anniversary of Raby's return, he was united to Grace Rivers, a union that promised the more felicity as the parties had already fulfilled that universal condition of human happiness, that it shall be alloyed with grief. Their bliss was as perfect as it was pure, and as they stood together at the altar, the young couple might have adopted the beautiful lines quoted in "The Old Couple :"—

"Blest happiness !—*Gently, my joys, distil,
Lest ye do break the vessel you should fill !*"

POSTSCRIPT.

THE postscript of a letter is generally supposed to contain the subjects nearest to the writer's heart ; but in a novel, on the contrary, it merely glances usually at the fate and fortunes of the subordinate characters of the *dramatis personæ*. Briefly, then, be it said, that a Coroner's verdict of "Justifiable Homicide" absolved the Squire from all legal consequences on account of the death of the Creole. The evidence of Raby, in proof of the unfair conduct of the deceased, in shooting so prematurely, partly inducing the jury to give such a sentence. Ned, however, was considerably embarrassed by having his *protégé* left upon his hands, whose claims had been superseded by the return of a nearer heir to the Hall ; but from this difficulty he was extricated by the

poor student himself. For some time he maintained a decent exterior and correct conduct ; but one unlucky day the influence of his old habits prevailed, and for the ensuing week he was never sober for an hour. Occasionally, Mr. Twigg had the mortification of seeing his cousin ranting before his door, "with his tail on," as the Highlanders say of their chieftains, for there was always a troop of boys laughing, capering, and shouting after Tom in Tatters. This annoyance, added to the failure of all their country speculations, gave a disgust to the ex-Sheriff and his family ; they suddenly found out that the air of Hollington did not agree with them—the Hive was sold at less than prime cost—and they returned to the metropolis, where the blue and orange liveries, and the bright brass bees were paraded every Sunday in Hyde Park. Matilda gave her hand to a rich soap-boiler ; and T. junior married a housemaid, to the utter dismay of his family, and their displeasure was aggravated by his defence. She was a "tight little one," he said ; "twice as much of a lady as his mother ; and as a beauty, beat 'Tilda all to sticks."

Similar to the fate of Tom in Tatters was that of Unlucky Joe, who also found a patron. The new Baronet tried to mend his fortune by installing him in the porter's lodge at the Hall ; but though luck came at last, it arrived too late.

The poor fatalist, in his way to take possession, was knocked down, and run over by the last of all vehicles that ought to run away, a broad-wheeled waggon. Strange to say, his misfortunes arrived at this climax, corresponding with his own superstitious forebodings, on a Friday, and on that very Friday, too, which, in the Christian calendar, is described as Good !

The remains of Indiana slept undiscovered for years, and when found at last, presented merely a human skeleton

enveloped in faded silk. Her name and origin were unknown, and she was never spoken of, but as the Queen of the Gipsies, nor was any human being conscious of the secret influence she had exercised over the fate of two generations of the family that inherited TYLNEY HALL.

•

6.

1835.

[THE "Comic" this year is again without a dedication. The whole of its contents has been used for "Hood's Own."]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1835.

PREFACE.

"WELL, men alive!"—as Walking Stewart used to address the cashier and clerks of a Life Assurance office, where he held an annuity,—“well, men alive, here I am again!” Although somewhat later than usual, I am still in good time. The winter is not far advanced—its first snow is now lying on the ground. At all events January is not out, and the *Comic* is.

I do not pretend to compete with the fast ones among my contemporaries, whom “Time gallops withal,” till the old mower is blown and distressed by the rattling pace he must go at to keep up with them, to say nothing of the desperate leaps he must take that Christmas may fall about Michaelmas, and the new year begin in October. “There is a time,” it is written, “for everything,”—but the saying does not seem to be applied to *Annuals*:—the “quarter of an hour too soon” recommended by Lord Nelson, is stretched into a quarter of a year. To judge by the distance at which certain editors lay hold of it, Time’s forelock must be a thousand times longer than a Chinese pigtail!—but is there

not something approaching to cruelty to animals, in hauling him along by it till he breaks his shins over his own calendar, or knocks his head against one of his own date trees? He is, we know, a notable *Edax Rerum*—but is it therefore necessary to give him his dinner at breakfast time? Must he always have his victuals in advance—his Good Friday buns on the Thursday, and his Shrove Tuesday pancakes on the Monday before? Time and tide wait for no man, and in return the editors of the annuals seem determined not to wait for time or tide. Literary gentlemen who have no doubt read and relished Thomson, ought to know better than to shuffle the four seasons together like the four suits at cards. It is not decent with their antedated volumes, whilst the old year is still vigorous, to show us the new year standing barefooted, and waiting to slip into his shoes. What would be thought of a sportsman who set before his friends a leash of partridges with a boat of bread-sauce on the glorious 1st of June? What would be said if the waits wouldn't wait, but, "beating time" by two months, began their Christmas serenades upon the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude? What would be done if the boxing beadle of St. Bride's took it into his head to go about carolling his "glad tidings of great joy" on the eve of Gunpowder Plot? But what could would and should be thought said and done if one of these very *forward* editors thought proper to prematurely salute his lady contributors all round, by warrant of a sprig of mistletoe, on Lord Mayor's day? To be consistent, are the gentlemen in question as precocious in their private as their public habits? Do they put on their winter woollen and great coats at the first hint from Sirius, and slip into nankeens and washing waistcoats at sight of the first snow-drop? Do they unfurl their umbrellas on Midsummer day against St. Swithin, and lay in salt cod and *fresh* eggs,

in January, against Lent in March. In short, do not they anticipate in everything—even to keeping the birthday of “the babe that is unborn” and breakfasting over night, and knocking at number nine to leave a card at number twelve?

The “Oriental,” with its sultry associations, and those naked natives, might properly appear in the dog days, if duly dated, but what has the “Winter’s Wreath” to do with May day? Is it really the nick to produce the Stanfields, when the sickle is in the cornfields? Ought *Heaths* to appear in London, just when grouse-shooting begins on the *Moors*? Is it wise to present a Friendship’s Offering so long before its ostensible date, that a moderately everlasting friendship might be born, bred, and buried, in the interval—above all, ought the juveniles intended for Christmas and new year’s gifts, to come out coeval with “Bartlemy fairings,” in the very teeth of the opinion of Donna Inez about juveniles,

“————— To be precocious
She reckon’d of all things the most atrocious?”

For my own part, I affect none of these unseasonable forestallings: I never in my life gave five guineas for a quart of very early peas, or a crown a pound for very new potatoes. I am content with things as they naturally ripen, without forcing; and my gardener, who inclines to *otium cum dig*—is of the same opinion; forcing *thyme* is quite out of the question. What rational man would give a dump for a chronometer “warranted fast?” I never, like Scott’s stern Covenanter, give the long hand a push forwards, in its course round the dial; feeling that Sol, who drives the Old Regulator, knows his daily pace too well to be deceived; still less should I dream of juggling my royal almanack by having plum-pudding, mince-pie, and snapdragon before the fall of

the leaf. Thus it is that my Annual for 1835 did not come out in 1834, like certain other volumes, which doubtless plume themselves, and chuckle over their being*so early, as the "bonny grey cock" did, after misleading the Scottish Juliet in the ballad, by "crowing an hour too soon." I should be loth to suggest such treatment of my precocious brethren,—but didn't she twist Chanticleer's neck for it, till he could no more cry cock-a-doodle than a cork-screw?

If it be "well to be off with the old love, before you are on with the new," it is particularly a prudent principle with regard to old and new years. For example, had this work been published precipitately in September, its pages would have been closed against such a subject as the burning of the parliament houses, instead of my having the gratification of contributing my quota of facts and materials, for the use of the future Humes and Smolletts of the British empire. Let the extra early reflect well on this point, and they may come to the conclusion, that a day before the fair is as bad as a day after it. Surely it can be of no earthly use to hurry your beasts into Smithfield on Wednesday, because Friday is cattle day!

As I have alluded above to the great conflagration, I am anxious to say a few words, lest some exception should be taken to the choice of such a subject, by some of those decidedly serious characters who are fun-proof all over, and may therefore feel disposed to exclaim, "Fire is no joke, burning houses are not things to play upon." They have no notion of what Scrub calls "laughing consumedly." Properly impressed with every grave feeling that belongs to such a catastrophe, I have nevertheless made it my business to collect, arrange, and record, all the whimsicalities that arose out of the calamity, for in this motley world the most solemn events sometimes give birth to very comical issues.

As many journalists have described the most tragic parts of the narrative, I felt the more called upon to present the ludicrous passages that occurred, and thus supply the lights to the shades of a picture that is destined to occupy a prominent place in the National Gallery. The accuracy of the statements may be implicitly relied upon. The Jubb letters are from real originals, and any gentleman who may be sceptical upon the epistle of Ann Gale, shall be welcome to her hand. I confess I had doubts myself of the genuineness of M. Chabert's account, till it was corroborated by a policeman (N. 75), who assured me that he was severely burnt in both hands by a large hot inkstand that was delivered to him by a gentleman in a great coat. For the rest of the particulars I confidently appeal to the Ode to Mr. Buckingham, with its ex-tracts from the Temperance Report itself, in proof of my anxiety to adduce nothing that cannot be strictly verified. The descriptive reports of the fire, I had from the highest authorities, persons for instance on the steeple of St. Margaret's Church, or in the iron galleries of the Monument and St. Paul's. Besides, I was at the scene myself. Through my not being personally intimate with all the peers, and indeed with many of the commoners, I may have made some confusion as to individuals; such as mistaking Sir John Hobhouse for Lord Althorp, or Mr. Cobbett for Sir Andrew Agnew, or Mr. O'Gorman Mahon for Mr. Pease. I can only say, that all such errors will be cheerfully amended, on application, in a new edition; and that if any nobleman, or gentleman, who was present, feels himself hurt by being out of the fire, a warm place shall be booked for him, in either House, or the Hall, at his own option, or he may go over them all in three heats.

With this liberal promise, I bow and take my leave, sincerely hoping that I have committed no breach of

privilege in publishing such parliamentary proceedings, and that throughout the narrative, there is no call for any cry like "chair, chair ! order, order !"

[In the beginning of 1835 my father was involved in heavy pecuniary difficulties by the failure of a firm, and resolved on going abroad to live—in the vain hope of being able to retrench and save. In his passage from England to Rotterdam he was nearly lost in the *Lord Melville*. This Sonnet was probably written soon after the event ; the original MS., written in a hand that betrays signs of weakness, being in my possession. In spite of the forgiveness he extended to his "old love," I fear it is only too certain that from the storm of the 4th of March, 1835, dated the commencement of a long series of illnesses, which—could anything have embittered existence to one so cheerful in spirit—would have made his life a suffering, to be endured with a sad resolution and patience, chiefly founded on its probably brief duration.]

SONNET TO OCEAN.

SHALL I rebuke thee, Ocean, my old love,
 That once, in rage, with the wild winds at strife,
 Thou darest menace my unit of a life,
 Sending my clay below, my soul above,
 Whilst roar'd thy waves, like lions when they rove
 By night, and bound upon their prey by stealth ?
 Yet didst thou ne'er restore my fainting health ?—
 Didst thou ne'er murmur gently like the dove ?
 Nay, dost thou not against my own dear shore
 Full break, last link between my land and me ?—
 My absent friends talk in thy very roar,
 In thy waves' beat their kindly pulse I see,
 And, if I must not see my England more,
 Next to her soil, my grave be found in thee !

COBLENZ, *May*, 1835.

[The following lines were printed in the "Athenæum" in March, the month in which my father left England. It was afterwards included in "Up the Rhine."]

•

TO ———.

COMPOSED AT ROTTERDAM.

— — —

I GAZE upon a city,—
A city new and strange,—
Down many a watery vista
My fancy takes a range ;
From side to side I saunter,
And wonder where I am ;
And can *you* be in England,
And *I* at Rotterdam !

Before me lie dark waters
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep ;
A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am ;
Yes, yes, you are in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Tall houses with quaint gables,
Where frequent windows shine,
And quays that lead to bridges,
And trees in formal line,
And masts of spicy vessels
From western Surinam,
All tell me you're in England,
But I'm in Rotterdam.

Those sailors, how outlandish
The face and form of each !
They deal in foreign gestures,
And use a foreign speech ;
A tongue not learn'd near Isis,
Or studied by the Cam,
Declares that you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market
My doubtful way I trace,
Where stands a solemn statue,
The Genius of the place ;
And to the great Erasmus
I offer my salaam ;
Who tells me you're in England
But I'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee-room is open—
I mingle in its crowd,—
The dominos are noisy—
The hookahs raise a cloud ;
The flavour, none of Fearon's,
That mingles with my dram,
Reminds me you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper—
The toast it shall be mine,
In *schiedam*, or in sherry,
Tokay, or hock of Rhine ;

It well deserves the brightest,
 Where sunbeam ever swam—
 • “The Girl I love in England”
 I drink at Rotterdam !

March, 1835.

[This Sonnet was sent to my mother from Coblenz, whither my father had preceded her in order to select a place of residence, and make arrangements for her arrival, her state of health being very precarious. Like the lines from Rotterdam, and some other lines of the same class in “Up the Rhine,” they were addressed to her—as, indeed, are the original copies of all the love poems written by my father, of which I possess the MS.]

SONNET.

—♦—

THINK, sweetest, if my lids are not now wet,
 The tenderest tears lie ready at the brim,
 To see thine own dear eyes—so pale and dim,—
 Touching my soul with full and fond regret,
 For on thy ease my heart's whole care is set ;
 Seeing I love thee in no passionate whim, •
 Whose summer dates but with the rose's trim,
 Which one hot June can perish and beget,—
 Ah, no ! I chose thee for affection's pet,
 For unworn love, and constant cherishing—
 To smile but to thy smile—or else to fret
 When thou art fretted—rather than to sing
 Elsewhere. Alas ! I ought to soothe and kiss
 Thy dear pale cheek while I assure thee this !

[The following poem was written by my father at Coblenz, where my mother had joined him at the end of March.]

LINES

ON SEEING MY WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN SLEEPING IN THE
SAME CHAMBER.

—♦—

AND has the earth lost its so spacious round,
The sky its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there is found
Both earth and heaven—my universe of love !
All that my God can give me, or remove,
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death.
Sweet that in this small compass I behove
To live their living and to breathe their breath !
Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,
We might resign all mundane care and strife,
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,
Together pant in everlasting life !

COBLENZ, *Nov.*, 1835.

[From internal evidence I should be inclined to attribute these Stanzas to 1835.]

STANZAS.

—♦—

Is there a bitter pang for love removed,
Oh God ! The dead love doth not cost more tears
Than the alive, the loving, the beloved—
Not yet, not yet beyond all hopes and fears !

Would I were laid
 Under the shade
 Of the calm grave, and the long grass of years,—

That love might die with sorrow :—I am sorrow ;
 And she, that loves me tenderest, doth press
 Most poison from my cruel lips, and borrow
 Only new anguish from the old caress ;
 Oh, this world's grief,
 Hath no relief,
 In being wrung from a great happiness.

Would I had never filled thine eyes with love,
 For love is only tears : would I had never
 Breathed such a curse-like blessing as we prove ;
 Now, if “ Farewell ” *could* bless thee, I would sever !
 Would I were laid
 Under the shade,
 Of the cold tomb, and the long grass for ever !

[The “ Comic ” this year is announced in the “ Athenæum,” in September, by a longer letter than usual addressed by my father to his publishers.]

DEAR SIRS,

I am truly happy to inform you that the report was premature of my being “ lost in the Hoffnung ; Murphy, of and to Cuxhaven.” It was however a most narrow escape. After running foul against the wind all the morning, about 4 p.m. a heavy squall struck our topmasts, and split the mainsheet to rags before the reefs could be furled, nearly all the crew being underhatched at the time,—the rascally steers-

man even was not at the steerage. The consequence was exactly what Captains Hall or Marryat, or any experienced naval officer would expect. The rudder would not answer the helm, she luffed away from the wind, shipped a sea that carried away all the left larboards and gave such a lee-lurch to port that we expected she would pitch head-foremost on her beam-ends, in which case she must inevitably have missed stays with her keel uppermost. Providentially at this awful crisis she broached-to athwart hawse, which unexpectedly righted her, though not without damage. When we went to hoist sail upon it, we found that the mast had stepped out, but we fished with a spare stern-post for a jury, and by dint of tacking were able to claw off to a lee-shore, where slipping our cables we brought up fifteen fathoms of water and a sandy bottom with our best bower anchor. It was a miraculous escape. "For the moment," Murphy said, "he thought all hands were on their last legs."

In such an extremity it was a comfort to reflect that even the "babe unborn" was well provided for; I mean the Comic for 1836, the materials for which I deposited in your hands on leaving England. By this time I suppose it is all engraved, printed, and bound; but I must reiterate my injunction not to bring it out before the First of December. A more premature publication, after the tone of my last preface would be too much like "flying in my own face."

As to your query of "where can you write to me?" The only certain address I could give you would be *poste restante* Timbuctoo. To-day for instance I am at Berlin, to-morrow figuratively at Copenhagen, the next day at Geneva, and the day after that at Damascus. It is not unlikely therefore that in my search after "fresh fields and pastures new," I may find myself some day under the mud crust of that great dirt pie an African hut, surrounded by fresh fields of

sand that would new pasture a herd of all the hour-glasses in the world.

Between ourselves I expect that this travelling will benefit my own health and that of the Comic besides. There are three things which the public will always clamour for, sooner or later ; namely : novelty, novelty, novelty ; and it is well to be beforehand.

I remember Grimaldi being hissed once at Sadler's Wells, after singing his celebrated comic song of "Tippety-witchet," and he appealed to the audience. "He had nodded," he said, "frowned, winked, sneezed, choked, gaped, cried, grinned, grimaced, and hiccupped ; he had done all that could be done by brows, chin, cheeks, eyes, nose and mouth, and what more did they want ?"—"Why, we want," yawned a languid voice from the pit, "we want a new feature."

I am, dear Sirs,

Yours truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

September 2, 1835.

1836.

[FROM the "Comic" for this year nothing remains available for my present purpose but the Preface. Like its more immediate predecessors, it was given to the world without any dedication.]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1836.

PREFACE.

ONCE more—from a crest overlooking Kaltererberger in the Eifel—I make my annual bow. To be sure, I am more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea; on a Teutonic mountain, in the midst of a palpable fog, to which it is accustomed eight days out of seven,—but neither difference nor distance makes any difference to us Germans, in our salutes:—we can bow round a corner, or down a crooked lane. To see us bow retrospectively sometimes, would remind you of that polite Author, who submitting to a classical authority, said with an appropriate bend, "I bow to the Ancients."

And truly, of all bowers that ever bowed, including Lord Chesterfield, the Royal inventor of the "Prince's bow," the "booing" Sir Archy Macsycophant, Tom Moore, and his Bowers of Bendermeer, all the admirals of blue, white, and red, with their larboard bows, and starboard bows, all the bow-loving schoolmasters with their "Where's your bow?" and finally, Macduff and his whole army, who boughed out Macbeth—of all these, no man ever scraped his foot without

a scraper, or bent so agreeably to his own bent, as your very humble obedient servant. To be candid, I am in the humour to bow—age commands respect—to an old post. 'Tis better than bowing to a post obit.

“Oh! my masters!” as the labourer said to the bricklayers after falling through the roof and rafters of an unfinished house, “I have gone through a great deal since you saw me last.”

First, there was my narrow escape in the Hoffnung off Cuxhaven, so narrow indeed, that I felt upon what is called “the edge of doom,” newly ground. I only wonder, that terrible storm, instead of letting me bow to you smilingly like Sir Robert Smirke, did not shake, terrify, and bully me into a serious writer; solemnly bending, as we might suppose Blair to have done, with a presentation copy of his “Grave.” Secondly, there was my dangerous consultation of complaints, in the Spring, with its complication of High German physicians; namely, two Animal-Magnetisers; three Homœopaths, four “Bad” advisers, and the famous Doctor Farbe. The practice, which does not make perfect, of the first set of sine-cure-ists is well known,—the unit doses of the Hahne-mannites have been tried as well as all the *orts* you have to eat after them; and the “bad” recommendations have been well tested by thousands of Accums. I need not describe how combining exercise with mineral waters, I walked by uneasy stages from Mayence to Coblentz and back again, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other; drinking my own health, at every hundred yards, in a tumbler of one part pickle, one part soda water, one part soapsuds, one part ink, one part sour milk, one part musty egg, one part gall, and one part pump-water. I need not describe, how I bathed at Ems and Schlangenbad, but I will describe how I bathed at Schwalbach, as the Author of Bubbles from

the Brunnens advises ; namely, in the strong Stahl, or Steel, Brunnen, and dipping my head as Head persuades heads to be dipped, I soon found out the reason why “the cunning Jews” all go to the Stahl Brunnen,—I had steeled my face so that no razor would touch it !

Of Doctor Farbe I must make more mention, as he may not yet have quacked loud enough to be heard in England. He has read somewhere, in St. Pierre if I recollect rightly, that insects take the colour of that which they feed upon ; and acting upon this hint, he proposes, by proper tints in diet, to paint one up to “a perfect picture of Health.” First, he proceeds by negatives : for example, in yellow jaundice, you are not to take mustard, yolk of egg, oranges, pease-pudding, saffron cakes, apricots, or yellowhammers. In hypochondria, or blue devils, he forbids plums with the bloom on, peas, if blue Prussians, blue rocks, sky-blue, and blue ruin. In scarlet fever, love-apples, red streaks, red currants, Cayenne pepper, red cabbage, and scarlet runners. In black jaundice, black currants, blackcocks, blackbirds, liquorice, blackheart cherries, black puddings, and black strap. And so forth, according to the hue. Then he prepares for the positive treatment, by endeavouring like a dyer, to take all colour out of you before he gives you a new tint. To this end he plies you with water ices, creams, white meats with white sauce, cauliflowers, turnips, blancmange, and lily white mussels ; gives you beside a ton of chalk to lick, like a country calf, to whiten your veal. Should he succeed in bleaching you to a plaster cast of yourself, your cure is certain ; he has then only to give you the true Hebe complexion, by commending you, when the season suits, to plenty of “strawberries smothered in cream.” But on the contrary, should the case prove obstinate, he attempts to divert it : for instance, he tries to turn yellow jaundice into green, by

a blue diet ; or the frightful blue stage of cholera into a green one, by a yellow diet ; or, what is preferable, into a purple stage, by the exhibition of pink Noyeau. As for black jaundice he has a method of making it piebald by the white diet, or in mild cases of reducing it to the spotted state, or Dalmatian. Finally, in extremity, he has recourse to his neutral tint, which is intended to make you neither one thing nor another : to this end, he mixes up all his dietetical pigments together, and it was at this point, when he had prescribed for me a compound of blue ruin, black strap, scarlet runners, green cheese, brown stout, mustard, flour, and a few trifles besides, without consulting my *palate*, that I begged him to “give me over.” He took his fee, and retired in dudgeon : and I never saw his white beaver turned up with green, his plum-coloured coat with a brown collar, his velvet waistcoat with tulips in their natural colours on a purple ground, his sky blue pantaloons with a pink stripe up the seams, his grey stockings, and his yellow handkerchief with a rainbow border, any more ! It was just in time. If I had not struck his colours he would have struck mine.

O, my Friends ! Foes ! and Indifferents ! was not that an escape, narrower by nine hair-breadths than the Hoffnung's ? But, methinks, you ask, how came I, with my delicate health, for change of air on the top of this ever-foggy mountain ? My well-wishers, the answer is easy. I was smoked out down below. As you all know, it is a time of profound peace ; and the Germans all profoundly celebrate it like the American Indians, each with his calumet, or Pipe of Peace in his mouth. Such an atmosphere as you would find any where beneath, has made me far from particular : I do not despise mists, and even on this elevated ridge am not above fogs. But, farewell ! I smell a snow-storm coming, for I cannot see

it ; I hear a wind blowing-up, and I feel the clouds attempting to seduce this steadfast pinnacle into a waltz. Farewell ! My next last words will perhaps be wafted to you from the top of Caucasus : but still depend on my warm affections. Like Goldsmith's Traveller, or Land Surveyor, "I drag at each remove a lengthening chain," or as his absentee countryman attempted the sentiment in prose to his wife, "the further I get from you the more I like you."

[The following poem—never published during my father's lifetime—was written in this year, on the 6th of November, my mother's birthday.]

A TOAST.

COME ! a health ! and it's not to be slighted with sips,
 A cold pulse, or a spirit supine—
 All the blood in my heart seems to rush to my lips,
 To commingle its flow with the wine.

Bring a cup of the purest and solidest ware,—
 But a little antique in its shape ;
 And the juice,—let it be the most racy and rare,
 All the bloom, with the age, of the grape !

Even such is the love I would celebrate now,
 At once young, and mature, and in prime,—
 Like the tree of the orange, that shows on its bough
 The bud, blossom and fruit at one time !

Then with three, as is due, let the honours be paid,
 Whilst I give with my hand, heart, and head,
 "Here's to her, the fond mother, dear partner, kind maid,
 Who first taught me to love, woo, and wed !"

[The following song was written in the Autumn of this year, for the 19th Polish Infantry, to which regiment my father's friend Franck belonged.] .

SONG FOR THE NINETEENTH.

THE morning sky is hung with mist,
 The rolling drum the street alarms,
 The host is paid, his daughter kiss'd,
 So now to arms, so now to arms.

Our evening bowl was strong and stiff,
 And may we get such quarters oft,
 I ne'er was better lodged, for if
 The straw was hard, the maid was soft.

So now to arms, to arms, to arms,
 And fare you well, my little dear,
 And if they ask who won your charms,
 Why say 'twas in your Nineteenth Year.

[In the "Athenæum" for August, the "Comic"—which appears to have been finished unusually early this year—was announced in the ensuing letter to its publishers.]

GENTLEMEN,

You ask me for an announcement of the Comic for 1837 ; but between ourselves and the post—now the foreign post—I have been meditating a manifesto.

Politics are undeniably the standing orders of the time ; but possibly the *standing orders* may now signify those classes who keep on their legs in the presence of the privileged or *sitting orders* ;—I mean to say that politics are become, like

Boniface's ale in the *Beaux Stratagem*, meat and drink and everything. We eat politics in whitebait dinners, and quaff and sing them afterwards with hip, hip, hips and Hawes. We dance politics—take hands, cast off, change sides, and some anti-ministerialists call loudly for a new set.

We wear politics—*e. g.* white hats. We marry politics, and dissenters at the same time. We baptise with politics—or at least call names. We wash our faces with politics—soap versus newspapers—and warm ourselves at them in the shape of cheap Durham coal. We even laugh and groan politics, and cough them—in the Commons; and doubtless they will be introduced by us into sternutation, like a certain German patriot who cannot sneeze without saying “Pr-r-r-russia!”

Politics are part of our Foreign and Domestic Cookery,—we roast with them, fry, stew, broil, boil, and too often boil over, with them: we curry and devil with them;—some persons cook a fine kettle of fish with them. Turkey is larded with politics;—and they are polled in Greece.

Politics are staples of trade and manufacture; and agriculture is quite distressed by them. We export and import them; we sow them with corn; and harvest them with tithes; we spin them, hammer at them, *forge* them, and breed bulls with them. We live in them and die by them. We load pistols with politics; and in fact can hardly walk twelve or fifteen paces without them. Private life becomes public. Parties invite people to politics, and people invite politics to parties. We travel with politics to the continental baths; we go to sea with them to the coast of Biscay, and return to port with them in Leith harbour.

Have not politics separated our two Chambers, or as the New Poor-laws (the very laws for bull-making Ireland) have done with England, *divided* them into *Unions*? By the

way Barry—not Newtonbarry but New-House Barry—is decidedly wrong in his design. A new style is requisite for a new order of things ; but I shall perhaps submit a plan for a new building—all party-walls—in my next frontispiece.

Politics point pencils and steel pens : we draw them in caricatures and paint them in party-colours, with predominant orange, green, or true blue. Nor are we without some Black Masters. We write politics and review with them ; bards poetise and other writers prose upon them ; they stand for attic salt as well as culinary pepper and vinegar. Farces are made of politics, and alas ! tragedies of domestic interest, skeleton sermons are filled up with them ; and neither novelists nor historians can tell tales without them. Philosophy has caught the influenza—the whole Seven Sages are rolled into one, and he is—Bias ! Our very colleges teach politics—a little longer and our Free schools and unfree schools will do the same ; primers will be primed with them ; Syntax will be mixed up with the Malt-tax ; the parts of speech will be drawn from parts of speeches ; and the rule of King, Lords, and Commons will be tried by the Rule of Three.

Such is the spirit of our age, the ticks of Time's clock are poli-ticks. I should not wonder to see all the heads in the National Portrait Gallery inclining to whiggism—or without a wig amongst them—nay, it would not astonish me to see even the ladylike Book of Beauty exhibiting its fascinating figures drawn all on one side.

It becomes a serious question then—ought not the Comic to have its barrel adapted as a political organ ; and should not its Editor, heretofore only a *merry thought*, become a *sidesman* !

Must I take, like the Railway Engineers, a decided line, or construct my literary passages like those blind alleys with their wall-eyes that lead to nowhere at all ?

The Comic Annual itself shall answer the question ; and you will have a hint of my designs when I tell you that they will comprise cuts at such popular and unpopular subjects as follows :—"The Collision"—"The Peers and their Treatment of Bills"—"Church Revenue"—"The Corn Question"—"Spain its War and its Loan"—"Registration"—"Imprisonment for Debt"—"The Papal Bull"—"Municipal Reform"—"The Jew Bill"—"Railroads"—"Dissenter's Unions"—"Civil War"—and "Agricultural Pressure." As to the writing I shall keep my own counsel, whether it will incline to right or left, or be bolt upright. Perchance I may breathe my sentiments like some stormy winds from all quarters at once, and this, gentlemen, is all at present from your absent,

Most obedient,

THOMAS HOOD.

1837.

[THE "Comic" this year affords more material. Besides the Preface, are numerous articles, some more or less of a political tendency—an unusual quality in my father's writings. There are, beside two Odes, one to "Hahnemann," the other to "Green, the Aëronaut," the "Blue Boar," "Agricultural Distress," "The Desert Born," and "Love Lane."]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1837.



PREFACE.

COURTEOUS and Gentle Reader ! for the eighth time greeting ;—for as "the short-fingered little progeny" exclaims at her grand piano, "Thank Goodness ! I have reached an Octave at last !" The Comic has lived to see a second Olympiad ; and as no Competitor appears in the Arena, it may modestly assume that it is crowned with success.

And now for a few words under the rose : if, indeed, it be not too late for even the Last Rose of Summer. I am afraid, if you have read my Announcement, that the present Volume will seem not quite to square with that Circular : you will expect a little more political pepper and spice than will be found in the seasoning. The truth is, I am all abroad, not figuratively but geographically ; in a remote land, where before The Times arrives, it is like "the good old times," rather out of date ; and consequently I get my news, as some persons receive their game, too far gone to be of use. This

accident of distance escaped my memory whilst penning the promises contained in my Prospectus. I forgot the difficulty of estimating the prospects of England, and giving my own views of them, when England itself was out of sight. Moreover, not having recently read Elia's Essay on Distant Correspondents, I overlooked the possibility of the true becoming false, and the false true,—of the undone being done, and the done undone,—in the interval between my speculations and their publication. Thus, whilst I was sitting, unshaved, in my old clothes, arguing on paper for Hebrew Emancipation—the act was, perhaps, actually passed; and the Jews engaged in an appropriate *Jewbilee*. At the very time I was contending, with all the stiffness of a steel pen, for the rights of Dissenters to marry according to their own forms—the Dissenters—marry come up! might be standing in an *altar'd* position, and in possession of all their *rites*. I might have been getting up an urgent call for the Repeal of the Corn Laws—when the Corn Laws had been regularly outlawed, at the poetical petition of Ebenezer Elliott and Corney Webbe. At the same hour, whilst I was writing in deprecation of Sabbath-Bills, and Parliamentary Piety—Sir Andrew had, perchance, embraced Judaism, and exchanged Sunday for Saturday. My Strictures reprobating Bull-baiting in Exeter Hall, might have been anticipated by the nuisance abating itself into a display of Calves. A Series of Nine Tales, with Cuts, illustrative of the cruelty of Military Flogging might have become superfluous by Law having tied up the Drummers; or the Army itself having reversed the practice by cutting the cat. I might have been insisting on a fairer mode of Registration—when the whole system had been Rumfordized and the Books ordered to be kept on the principle of Cobbett's Register. A scheme for the settlement of the Agitated Irish Church,—might have found the Agitated

Irish Church turned into an English Chapel of Ease. A project for the gradual Extinction of Tithes might have been rendered useless—by the clergy throwing up Tithes, and adapting the Voluntary Principle as a Voluntary for the Church Organ. A Friendly Warning to Conservatives and Destructives on the Danger of Division with an offer of Mediation, might have addressed itself to Parties already bound by an alliance offensive and defensive; hand and glove with each other, and foot and shoe to everybody else. I might have put forth a Lament for the defunct Close Corporations when the Corporations had jumped into their skins again and were stuffing out their old Bodies. The Abolition of Sinecures Enforced might have found the Gentlemen-with-nothing-to-do placed on a reduced Scale of Duties. My Call for a Change in Currency might have proved quite uncalled for—the Circulating Medium being allowed to get change (farthings excepted) whenever required. The “Policy of Free Trade Asserted and Assured” might have been anticipated by Trade having been presented with the Freedom of the World in a pill box. A Modest Plea for the better Protection of Copyright might have been forestalled by the appointment of Captains Glascock, Marryat and Chamier, as literary cruisers to carry new Piracy Laws into effect. A Work on the Working of the New Poor Laws might have turned out a work of supererogation—there being no Poor for Laws to work upon, the Philanthropic Party having transformed all the paupers, at their own expense, into Poor Gentlemen. And, finally, how foolish I should have looked with my “Remarks on the Franchise,” or the “Complaint of a Ten Pound Voter a shilling short”—if in the meantime voters were admitted by avoirdupois, as a test of their weight in the Country!

Thus you see, dear Courteous Reader, how much excellent

Politics I might have thrown away upon shadows, to say nothing of the disagreeable danger of writing for the Party which was out, instead of the Party that was in. For if Knowledge be Power, then Power should be Knowledge; and they ought always to be found on the same side. I have, therefore, reluctantly circumscribed the sphere of my utility; contenting myself with furnishing a Report on Agricultural Distress, which, like the report of a gun, will serve to startle the deep silence that has brooded over the Parliamentary Enquiry on the same subject.

The Ode to Dr. Hahnemann is recommended, with infinitesimal respect, to the consideration of those Members of the Faculty who, adopting the doctrine of minute doses, prescribe for their patients on Temperance Principles; and have established their Dispensary in Pump Court. I have only further to declare, that the Anecdote of Simon Paap* is true; and that the incidents of the Fatal Bath* stand equally on the solid legs of fact.

And now, Courteous Reader, farewell—for another twelve-month, farewell! Whether you will ever *year* from me again is a periodical problem only to be solved by Time. Perchance, you would not already have seen so many of these my *Annals*, but for a severe visitation I suffer under, and which nothing but the Comic can relieve. You will remember—for who has not read the Arabian Nights Entertainments?—the adventure of Sindbad the Sailor with that horrid Old Man of the Sea. Alas! during nine months of the twelve I have such another Day-Mare on my own shoulders. For three-quarters of every year he is on my back, trying to break me into his own humour, the “decidedly serious.” Week after week, I am beset by his letters, the whole drift of which is to make me like Peter Bell, a “sadder and a wiser

* See Second Series of “Hood's Own.”

man." Page after page—and they are like the pages of a hearse—he doles out his doleful advice to me, to subdue what he is pleased to call my levity. And truly, if anything could turn my animal spirits, "white spirits and black, red spirits and grey," into blue devils, it would be the perusal of his lugubrious epistles. They read like "Letters from the Dead to the Living." He has a 40-undertaker-power of depression, and if he talk as he writes, must have a toll in his tone that would cast a damp on a burial society. Who can he be? But that Lewis (see "Tayler's Records of my Life") is dead and buried, I should take him to be that king of grief. Perhaps he is a resurrection of Heraclitus. He never writes down the word laughter without "idiotic" for a prefix; smiles are apish grimaces, and he seriously assures me, what I as seriously believe, that he is insensible to jests, a detester of "clenches," and one who could never see the fun in what is called fun. "Miserrimus" should be his motto. He dates from Slough—but it must be the Slough of Despond: his very seals seem to bear the impression of dumps. "Man is made to mourn" is his favourite quotation; but he culls funereal flowers besides from Young's Night Thoughts, Blair's Grave, and Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs. His letters accordingly are mere dirges in prose. He describes life as a long wet walk through a vale of tears, by land;—and a *Wailing* voyage, by water. Now, like Milton, and all other men, I have, when unwell, my fits of *Ill* Penseroso; but let me be ever so hypped and low, the receipt of one of his epistles finds "in my lowest depth a lower still." For a week afterwards, I am as grave and saturnine as if I had been visiting the Cave of Trophonius; I dream even of my gloomy unknown in the likeness of Giant Despair cut in cypress; and wake, though it be a May morning, with the yellow fog-damps of November hanging over my spirits. If

he would but let me alone ! but 'tis not in the nature 'of his sect. Melancholy has "marked him for her own," and he wants everybody to be tarred with the same stick. I have tried to evade his correspondence : but by means of feigned hands, change of seals and other artifices, he contrives to poke his dismals at me, with the sombre pertinacity of a carrion crow boring a dead horse. The only thing which stops his croak is the Comic. For some three months, from its publication—as if he had given me over as incorrigible or incurable—I am free from the persecution of his favours : but after that bright period has elapsed, he sets in again with his accustomed severity : generally with a letter of condolence on the levity of my spirits. Then he mounts his hobby again !—he vaults on my back, and for the rest of the year rides me, woe worth him ! like a Black Brunswicker, with a Death's head and marrowbones for his cognizance.

Judge then, courteous reader, with what gladness of heart I am now penning the last sentences of a book which, if it will not knock my tormentor on the head quite so effectually as Sindbad brained his back-fare with a great stone, will at least stun and dumbfound him for three moons to come. May it do as much for you, dear reader,—though but for a few hours,—if you have dull care upon your shoulders !

THE BLUE BOAR.

'Tis known to man, 'tis known to woman,
 'Tis known to all the world in common,
 How politics and party strife
 Vex public, even private, life ;

But, till some days ago, at least
They never worried brutal beast.

•
I wish you could have seen the creature,
A tame domestic boar by nature,
Gone wild as boar that ever grunted,
By Baron Hoggerhausen hunted.
His back was up, and on its ledge
The bristles rose like quickset hedge ;
His eye was fierce and red as coal,
Like furnace, shining through a hole,
And restless turn'd for mischief seeking ;
His very hide with rage was reeking ;
And oft he gnash'd his crooked tusks,
Chewing his tongue instead of husks,
Till all his jaw was white and yesty,
Showing him savage, fierce, and resty.

And what had caused this mighty vapour ?
A dirty fragment of a paper,
That in his rambles he had found,
Lying neglected on the ground ;
A relic of the Morning Post,
Two tattered columns at the most,
But which our irritated swine
(Derived from Learned Toby's line)
Digested easy as his meals,
Like any quidnunc Cit at Peel's.

He read, and mused, and pored and read,
His shoulders shrugg'd, and shook his head ;
Now at a line he gave a grunt,
Now at a phrase took sudden stunt,

And snorting turn'd his back upon it,
But always came again to con it ;
In short he petted up his passion,
After a very human fashion,
When Temper's worried with a bone
She'll neither like nor let alone.
At last his fury reach'd the pitch
Of that most irritating itch,
When mind and will, in fever'd faction,
Prompt blood and body into action ;
No matter what, so bone and muscle
May vent the frenzy in a bustle ;
But whether by a fight or dance
Is left to impulse and to chance.
So stood the Boar, in furious mood
Made up for any thing but good ;
He gave his tail a tighter twist,
As men in anger clench the fist,
And threw fresh sparkles in his eye
From the volcano in his fry—
Ready to raze the parish pound,
To pull the pigsty to the ground,
To lay Squire Giles, his máster, level,
Ready, indced, to play the devil.

So, stirr'd by raving demagogues,
I've seen men rush, like rabid dogs,
Stark staring from the Pig and Whistle,
And like his Boarship, in a bristle,
Resolved unanimous on rumpus
From any quarter of the compass ;
But whether to duck Aldgate Pump,
(For wits in madness never jump)

To liberate the beasts from Cross's ;
Or hiss at all the Wigs in Ross's ;
On Waithman's column hang a weeper ;
Or tar and feather the old sweeper ;
Or break the panes of landlord scurvy,
And turn the King's Head topsy-turvy ;
Rebuild, or pull down, London Wall ;
Or take his cross from old Saint Paul ;
Or burn those wooden Highland fellows,
The snuff-men's idols, 'neath the gallows ;
None fix'd or cared—but all were loyal
To one design—a battle royal.

Thus stood the Boar, athirst for blood,
Trampling the Morning Post to mud,
With tusks prepared to run a muck ;—
And sorrow for the mortal's luck
That came across him Whig or Tory,
It would have been a tragic story—
But fortune interposing now,
Brought Bessy into play—a Sow ;—
A fat, sleek, philosophic beast,
That never fretted in the least,
Whether her grains were sour or sweet,
For grains are grains, and she could eat.
Absorb'd in two great schemes capacious,
The farrow, and the farinaceous,
If cares she had, they could not stay,
She drank, and *wash'd* them all away.
In fact this philosophic sow
Was very like a German frow ;
In brief—as wit should be and fun,—
If sows turn Quakers, she was one ;

Clad from the duckpond, thick and slab,
 In bran-new muddy suit of drab.
 To still the storm of such a lubber,
 She came like oil—at least like blubber—
 Her pigtail of as passive shape
 As ever droop'd o'er powder'd nape ;
 Her snout, scarce turning up—her deep
 Small eyes half settled into sleep ;
 Her ample ears, dependent, meek,
 Like fig-leaves shading either cheek ;
 Whilst, from the corner of her jaw,
 A sprout of cabbage, green and raw,
 Protruded,—as the Dove, so stanch
 For Peace, supports an olive branch,— *
 Her very grunt, so low and mild,
 Like the soft snoring of a child,
 Inquiring into his disquiets,
 Served like the Riot Act, at riots,—
 He laid his restive bristles flatter,
 And took to arguefy the matter.

“ O Bess, O Bess, here's heavy news !
 They mean to 'mancipate the Jews !
 Just as they turn'd the blacks to whites,
 They want to give them equal rights,
 And, in the twinkling of a steeple,
 Make Hebrews quite like other people.
 Here, read—but I forget your fetters,
 You've studied litters more than letters.”

- “ Well,” quoth the Sow, “ and no great miss,
 I'm sure my ignorance is bliss ;

* These lines gave rise to Roe Wilson's attack on my father, which in turn gave rise to the Epistle, which is to be found in this volume.

Contentedly I bite and sup,
And never let my flare flare-up ;
Whilst you get wild and fuming hot—
What matters Jews be Jews or not ?
Whether they go with beards like Moses,
Or barbers take them by the noses,
Whether they live, permitted dwellers,
In Cheapside shops, or Rag Fair cellars,
Or climb their way to civic perches,
Or go to synagogues or churches ? ”

“ Churches !—ay, there the question grapples,
No, Bess, the Jews will go to Chappell’s ! ”

•
“ To chapel—well—what’s that to you ?
A Berkshire Boar, and not a Jew ?
We pigs,—remember the remark
Of our old drover Samuel Slark,
When trying, but he tried in vain,
To coax me into Sermon Lane,
Or Paternoster’s pious Row,—
But still I stood and grunted No !
Of Lane of Creed an equal scorner,
Till bolting off, at Amen Corner,
He cried, provoked at my evasion,
‘ Pigs, blow ’em ! ar’n’t of no persuasion ! ’ ”

“ The more’s the pity, Bess,—the more—”
Said, with sardonic grin, the Boar ;
“ If Pigs were Methodists and Bunyans,
They’d make a sin of sage and onions ;
The curse of endless flames endorse
On every boat of apple-sauce ;

Give brine to Satan, and assess
 Blackpuddings with bloodguiltiness ;
 Yea, call down heavenly fire and smoke
 To burn all Epping into coke !”

“ Ay,” cried the Sow, extremely placid,
 In utter contrast to his acid,
 “ Ay, that would be a Sect indeed !
 And every swine would like the creed,
 The sausage-making curse and all ;
 And should some brother have a call,
 To thump a cushion to that measure,
 I would sit under him with pleasure ;
 Nay, put down half my private fortune
 T’ endow a chapel at Hog’s Norton.—
 But what has this to do, my deary,
 With their new Hebrew whigmaleery ?”

“ Sow that you are ! this Bill, if current,
 Would be as good as our death-warrant ;—
 And, with its legislative friskings,
 Loose twelve new tribes upon our griskins !
 Unjew the Jews, what follows then ?
 Why, they’ll eat pork like other men,
 And you shall see a Rabbi dish up
 A chine as freely as a Bishop !
 Thousands of years have pass’d, and pork
 Was never stuck on Hebrew fork ;
 But now, suppose that relish rare
 Fresh added to their bill of fare,
 Fry, harslet, pettitoes, and chine,
 Leg, choppers, bacon, ham, and loin,
 And then, beyond all goose or duckling”—

“Yes, yes—a little tender suckling !
It must be held the aptest savour
To make the eager mouth to slaver !
Merely to look on such a gruntling,
A plump, white, sleek and sappy runtling,
It makes one—ah ! remembrance bitter !
It made me eat my own dear litter !”

“Think, then, with this new waken’d fury,
How we should fare if tried by *Jewry* !
A pest upon the meddling Whigs !
There’ll be a pretty run on pigs !
This very morn a Hebrew brother,
With three hats stuck on one another,
And o’er his arm a bag, or poke,
A thing pigs never find a joke,
Stopp’d,—rip the fellow !—though he knew
I’ve neither coat to sell nor shoe,
And cock’d his nose—right at me, lovey !
Just like a pointer at a covey !

To set our only friends agin us !
That neither care to fat nor thin us !
To boil, to broil, to roast, or fry us,
But act like real Christians by us !—
A murrain on all legislators !
Thin wash, sour grains, and rotten ’taters !
A bulldog at their ears and tails !
The curse of empty troughs and pails
Famish their flanks as thin as weasels !
May all their children have the measles ;
Or in the straw untimely smother,
Or make a dinner for the mother !

A cartwhip for all law inventors !
 And rubbing-posts stuck full of tenters !
 Yokes, rusty rings, and gates, to hitch in,
 And parish pounds to pine the flitch in,
 Cold, and high winds, the Devil send 'em—
 And then may Sam the Sticker end 'em !”

'Twas strange to hear him how he swore !
 A Boar will curse, though like a boar,
 While Bess, like Pity, at his side
 Her swine-subduing voice supplied !
 She bade him such a rage discard ;
 That anger is a foe to lard ;
 'Tis bad for sugar to get wet,
 And quite as bad for fat to fret ;
 “ Besides,”—she argued thus at last—
 “ The Bill you fume at has not pass'd,
 For why, the Commons and the Peers
 Have come together by the ears :
 Or rather, as we pigs repose,
 One's tail beside the other's nose,
 And thus, of course, take adverse views
 Whether of Gentiles or of Jews.
 Who knows ? They say the Lords' ill-will
 Has thrown out many a wholesome Bill,
 And p'rhaps some Peer to Pigs propitious
 May swamp a measure so *Jew-dish-us* !”

The Boar was conquer'd : at a glance,
 He saw there really was a chance—
 That as the Hebrew nose is hooked,
 The Bill was equally as crooked ;

And might outlast, thank party embers,
 A dozen tribes of Christian members ;— *
 So down he settled in the mud,
 With smoother back, and cooler blood,
 As mild, as quiet, a Blue Boar,
 As any over tavern-door.

MORAL.

The chance is small that any measure
 Will give all classes equal pleasure ;
 Since Tory Ministers or Whigs,
 Sometimes can't even " please the Pigs."

LOVE LANE.

IF I should love a maiden more,
 And woo her ev'ry hope to crown,
 I'd love her all the country o'er,
 But not declare it out of town.

One even, by a mossy bank,
 That held a hornet's nest within,
 To Ellen on my knees I sank,—
 How snakes will twine around the shin !

A bashful fear my soul unnerved,
 And gave my heart a backward tug ;
 Nor was I cheer'd when she observed,
 Whilst I was silent,—“ What a slug ! ”

* Please to observe the date—1837.

At length my offer I preferr'd,
And Hope a kind reply forebode—
Alas ! the only sound I heard
Was, "What a horrid ugly toad !"

I vow'd to give her all my heart,
To love her till my life took leave,
And painted all a lover's smart—
Except a wasp gone up his sleeve !

But when I ventured to abide
Her father's and her mother's grants—
Sudden, she started up, and cried,
"O dear ! I am all over ants !"

Nay, when beginning to beseech
The cause that led to my rebuff,
The answer was as strange a speech,
"A Daddy-Longlegs sure enough !"

I spoke of fortune—house,—and lands,
And still renew'd the warm attack,—
'Tis vain to offer ladies hands
That have a spider on the back !

'Tis vain to talk of hopes and fears,
And hope the least reply to win,
From any maid that stops her ears
In dread of earwigs creeping in !

'Tis vain to call the dearest names
Whilst stoats and weazels startle by—
As vain to talk of mutual flames,
To one with glow-worms in her eye !

What check'd me in my fond address,
And knock'd each pretty image down ?
What stopp'd my Ellen's faltering Yes ?
A caterpillar on her gown !

To list to Philomel is sweet—
To see the Moon rise silver-pale,—
But not to kneel at Lady's feet
And crush a rival in a snail !

Sweet is the eventide, and kind
Its zephyr, balmy as the south ;
But sweeter still to speak your mind
Without a chafer in your mouth !

At last, embolden'd by my bliss,
Still fickle Fortune play'd me foul,
For when I strove to snatch a kiss
She scream'd—by proxy, through an owl !

Then, Lovers, doom'd to life or death,
Shun moonlight, twilight, lanes, and bats,
Lest you should have in selfsame breath
To bless your fate—and curse the gnats !

DRINKING SONG.

BY A MEMBER OF A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, AS SUNG BY
MR. SPRING, AT WATERMAN'S HALL.

COME, pass round the pail, boys, and give it no quarter,
Drink deep, and drink oft, and replenish your jugs,
Fill up, and I'll give you a toast to your water—
The Turncock for ever! that opens the plugs!

Then hey for a bucket, a bucket, a bucket,
Then hey for a bucket, filled up to the brim!
Or, best of all notions, let's have it by oceans,
With plenty of room for a sink or a swim!

Let toppers of grape-juice exultingly vapour,
But let us just whisper a word to the elves,
We water roads, horses, silks, ribands, bank-paper,
Plants, poets, and muses, and why not ourselves?

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The vintage they cry, think of Spain's and of France's,
The jigs, the boleros, fandangos, and jumps;
But water's the spring of all civilised dances,
We go to a ball not in bottles, but *pumps*!

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Let others of Dorchester quaff at their pleasure,
Or honour old Meux with their thirsty regard—
We'll drink Adam's ale, and we get it *pool* measure,
Or quaff heavy wet from the butt in the yard!

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Some flatter gin, brandy, and rum, on their merits,
Grog, punch, and what not, that enliven a feast :
Tis true that they stir up the animal spirits,
But may not the animal turn out a beast ?

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The Man of the Ark, who continued our species,
He saved us by water,—but as for the wine,
We all know the figure, more sad than facetious,
He made after tasting the juice of the vine.

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

In wine let a lover remember his jewel
And pledge her in bumpers fill'd brimming and oft ;
But we can distinguish the kind from the cruel,
And toast them in water, the *hard* or the *soft*.

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Some cross'd in their passion can never o'erlook it,
But take to a pistol, a knife, or a beam ;
Whilst temperate swains are enabled to *brook* it
By help of a little meandering stream.

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Should fortune diminish our cash's sum-total,
Deranging our wits and our private affairs,
Though some in such cases would fly to the bottle,
There's nothing like water for drowning our cares.

● Then hey for a bucket, &c.

See drinkers of water, their wits never lacking,
Direct as a railroad and smooth in their gaits ;

But look at the bibbers of wine, they go tacking,
 Like ships that have met a foul wind in the *straits*.
 Then hey for a bucket, &c. .

A fig then for Burgundy, Claret, or Mountain,
 A few scanty glasses must limit your wish,
 But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,
 The drinker that verily "drinks like a fish !"
 Then hey for a bucket, &c.

THE DESERT-BORN.

"Fly to the desert, fly with me."—LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

'Twas in the wilds of Lebanon, amongst its barren hills,—
 To think upon it, even now, my very blood it chills !—
 My sketch-book spread before me, and my pencil in my
 hand,

I gazed upon the mountain range, the red tumultuous sand,
 The plummy palms, the sombre firs, the cedars tall and
 proud,—

When lo ! a shadow pass'd across the paper like a cloud,
 And looking up I saw a form, apt figure for the scene,—
 Methought I stood in presence of some oriental queen !

The turban on her head was white as any driven snow ;
 A purple bandalette past o'er the lofty brow below,
 And thence upon her shoulders fell, by either jewell'd ear ;
 In yellow folds voluminous she wore her long cachemere ;
 Whilst underneath, with ample sleeves, a Turkish robe of silk
 Enveloped her in drapery the colour of new milk ;

Yet oft it floated wide in front, disclosing underneath
A gorgeous Persian tunic, rich with many a broider'd
wreath,
Compell'd by clasps of costly pearl around her neck to
meet—
And yellow as the amber were the buskins on her feet !

Of course I bow'd my lowest bow—of all the things on
earth,
The reverence due to loveliness, to rank, or ancient birth,
To power, to wealth, to genius, or to anything uncommon,
A man should bend the lowest in a *Desert* to a *Woman* !
Yet some strange influence stronger still, though vague and
undefined,
Compell'd me, and with magic might subdued my soul and
mind ;
There was a something in her air that drew the spirit nigh,
Beyond the common witchery that dwells in woman's eye !
With reverence deep, like any slave of that peculiar land,
I bow'd my forehead to the earth, and kiss'd the arid sand ;
And then I touch'd her garment's hem, devoutly as a
Dervise,
Predestinated (so I felt) for ever to her service.

Nor was I wrong in auguring thus my fortune from her face,
She knew me, seemingly, as well as any of her race ;
“ Welcome ! ” she cried, as I uprose submissive to my feet ;
“ It was ordain'd that you and I should in this desert meet !
Aye, ages since, before thy soul had burst its prison bars,
This interview was promised in the language of the stars ! ”
Then clapping, as the Easterns wont, her all-commanding
hands,
A score of mounted Arabs came fast spurring o'er the sands,

Nor rein'd they up their foaming steeds till in my very face
They blew the breath impetuous, and panting from the
race.

"Fear nought," exclaim'd the radiant one, as I sprang off
aloof,

"Thy precious frame need never fear a blow from horse's
hoof!

Thy natal star was fortunate as any orb of birth,
And fate hath held in store for thee the rarest gift of
earth."

Then turning to the dusky men, that humbly waited near,
She cried, "Go bring the BEAUTIFUL—for lo! the MAN is
here!"

Off went th' obsequious train as swift as Arab hoofs could
flee,

But Fancy fond out-raced them all, with bridle loose and
free,

And brought me back, for love's attack, some fair Circassian
bride,

Or Georgian girl, the Harem's boast, and fit for sultan's
side;

Methought I lifted up her veil, and saw dark eyes beneath,
Mild as gazelle's, a snowy brow, ripe lips, and pearly teeth,
A swanlike neck, a shoulder round, full bosom, and a waist
Not too compact, and rounded limbs, to oriental taste.

Methought—but here, alas! alas! the airy dream to blight,
Behold the Arabs leading up a mare of milky white!

To tell the truth, without reserve, evasion, or remorse,

The last of creatures in my love or liking is a horse:

Whether in early youth some kick untimely laid me flat,

Whether from born antipathy, as some dislike a cat,

I never yet could bear the kind, from Meux's giant steeds
Down to those little bearish cubs of Shetland's shaggy
breeds ;—

As for a warhorse, he that can bestride one is a hero,
Merely to look at such a sight my courage sinks to zero.
With lightning eyes, and thunder mane, and hurricanes of
legs,

Tempestuous tail—to picture him description vainly begs !
His fiery nostrils send forth clouds of smoke instead of
breath—

Nay, was it not a Horse that bore the grisly Shape of
Death ?

Judge then how cold an ague-fit of agony was mine
To see the mistress of my fate, imperious, make a sign
To which my own foreboding soul the cruel sense supplied :
“ Mount, happy man, and *run away* with your Arabian
bride ! ”

Grim was the smile, and tremulous the voice with which I
spoke,

Like any one's when jesting with a subject not a joke,
So men have trifled with the axe before the fatal stroke.

“ Lady, if mine had been the luck in Yorkshire to be born,
Or any of its *Ridings*, this would be a blessed morn ;
But, hapless one ! I cannot ride—there's something in a
horse

That I can always honour, but I never could endorse.
To speak still more commercially, in riding I am quite
Averse to running long, and apt to be paid-off at sight :
In legal phrase, for every class to understand me still,
I never was in stirrups yet a tenant but at will ;
Or, if you please, in artist terms, I never went a-straddle
On any horse without ‘ a want of keeping ’ in the saddle.

In short," and here I blush'd, abash'd, and held my head
 full low,
 "I'm one of those whose infant years have heard the chimes
 of Bow!"

The lady smiled, as houris smile, adown from Turkish
 skies,
 And beams of cruel kindness shone within her hazel eyes ;
 "Stranger," she said, "or rather say, my nearest, dearest
 friend,
 There's something in your eyes, your air, and that high
 instep's bend,
 That tells me you're of Arab race,—whatever spot of earth,
 Cheapside, or Bow, or Stepney, had the honour of your birth,
 The East it is your country! Like an infant changed at
 nurse
 By fairies, you have undergone a nurtureship perverse ;
 But this—these desert sands—these palms, and cedars waving
 wild,
 All, all, adopt thee as their own—an oriental child—
 The cloud may hide the sun awhile—but soon or late, no
 doubt,
 The spirit of your ancestry will burst and sparkle out !
 I read the starry characters—and lo ! 'tis written there,
 Thou wert foredoom'd of sons of men to ride upon this
 Mare,
 A Mare till now was never back'd by one of mortal mould,
 Hark, how she neighs, as if for thee she knew that she was
 foal'd!"

And truly—I devoutly wish'd a blast of the simoom
 Had stifled her!—the Mare herself appear'd to mock my
 doom ;

With many a bound she caper'd round and round me like a
dance,

I fear'd indeed some wild caress would end the fearful prance,
And felt myself, and saw myself—the phantasy was horrid !—
Like old Redgauntlet, with a shoe imprinted on my forehead !
On bended knees, with bowing head, and hands upraised in
prayer,

I begg'd the turban'd Sultanness the issue to forbear ;
I painted weeping orphan babes around a widow'd wife,
And drew my death as vividly as others draw from life.
“Behold,” I said, “a simple man, for such high feats unfit,
Who never yet has learn'd to know the crupper from the
bit,

Whereas the boldest horsemanship, and first equestrian skill,
Would well be task'd to bend so wild a creature to the will.”
Alas ! alas ! 'twas all in vain, to supplicate and kneel,
The quadruped could not have been more cold to my appeal !

“Fear nothing,” said the smiling Fate, “when human help
is vain,

Spirits shall by thy stirrups fly, and fairies guide the rein ;
Just glance at yonder animal, her perfect shape remark,
And in thy breast at once shall glow the oriental spark !
As for thy spouse and tender babes, no Arab roams the wild
But for a Mare of such descent would barter wife and child.”

“Nay then,” cried I—(heav'n shrive the lie !) “to tell the
secret truth,

'Twas my unhappy fortune once to over-ride a youth !
A playful child,—so full of life !—a little fair-hair'd boy,
His sister's pet, his father's hope, his mother's darling joy !
Ah me ! the frantic shriek she gave ! I hear it ringing now !
That hour, upon the bloody spot, I made a holy vow ;

A solemn compact, deeply sworn, to witness my remorse,
That never more these limbs of mine should mount on living
horse ! ”

Good heaven ! to see the angry glance that flash'd upon me
now !

A chill ran all my marrow through—the drops were on my
brow !

I knew my doom, and stole a glance at that accursed Mare,
And there she stood, with nostrils wide, that snuff'd the
sultry air.

How lion-like she lash'd her flanks with her abundant tail ;
While on her neck the stormy mane kept tossing to the
gale !

How fearfully she roll'd her eyes between the earth and sky,
As if in wild uncertainty to gallop or to fly !

While with her hoof she scoop'd the sand as if before she
gave

My plunge into eternity she meant to dig my grave !

And I, that ne'er could calmly bear a horse's ears at play,
Or hear without a yard of jump his shrill and sudden
neigh—

Whose foot within a stable-door had never stood an inch—
Whose hand to pat a living steed would feel an awful flinch,—
I that had never thrown a leg across a pony small
To scour the pathless desert on the tallest of the tall !
For oh ! it is no fable, but at ev'ry look I cast,
Her restless legs seem'd twice as long as when I saw them
last !

In agony I shook,—and yet, although congeal'd by fears,
My blood was boiling fast, to judge from noises in my ears ;

I gasp'd as if in vacuo, and thrilling with despair,
Some secret Demon seem'd to pass his fingers through my
hair.

I could not stir—I could not speak—I could not even see—
A sudden mist rose up between that awful Mare and me,—
I tried to pray, but found no words—tho' ready ripe to weep,
No tear would flow,—o'er ev'ry sense a swoon began to
creep,—

When lo ! to bring my horrid fate at once unto the brunt,
Two Arabs seized me from behind. two others in the front,
And ere a muscle could be strung to try the strife forlorn,
I found myself, Mazeppa-like, upon the Desert-Born !

Terrific was the neigh she gave, the moment that my weight
Was felt upon her back, as if exulting in her freight ;
Whilst dolefully I heard a voice that set each nerve ajar,—
“ Off with the bridle—quick !—and leave his guidance to his
star ! ”

“ Allah ! il Allah ! ” rose the shout,—and starting with a
bound,
The dreadful Creature clear'd at once a dozen yards of
ground ;

And grasping at her mane with both my cold convulsive hands,
Away we flew—away ! away ! across the shifting sands !
My eyes were closed in utter dread of such a fearful race,
But yet by certain signs I knew we went no earthly pace,
For turn whichever way we might, the wind with equal force
Rush'd like a torrid hurricane still adverse to our course—
One moment close at hand I heard the roaring Syrian Sea,
The next it only murmur'd like the humming of a bee !
And when I dared at last to glance across the wild immense,
Oh, ne'er shall I forget the whirl that met the dizzy sense !

What seem'd a little sprig of fern, ere lips could reckon twain,
A palm of forty cubits high, we passed it on the plain !

What tongue could, tell—what pencil paint,—what pen
describe the ride ?

Now off—now on—now up—now down,—and flung from side
to side !

I tried to speak, but had no voice, to soothe her with its
tone—

My scanty breath was jolted out with many a sudden groan—
My joints were rack'd—my back was strain'd, so firmly I
had clung—

My nostrils gush'd, and thrice my teeth had bitten through
my tongue—

When lo !—farewell all hope of life !—she turn'd and faced
the rocks,

None but a flying horse could clear those monstrous granite
blocks !

So thought I,—but I little knew the desert pride and fire,
Derived from a most deer-like dam, and lion-hearted sire ;
Little I guess'd the energy of muscle, blood, and bone,
Bound after bound, with eager springs, she clear'd each
massive stone ;—

Nine mortal leaps were pass'd before a huge grey rock at
length

Stood planted there as if to dare her utmost pitch of
strength—

My time was come ! that granite heap my monument of
death !

She paused, she snorted loud and long, and drew a fuller
breath ;

Nine strides and then a louder beat that warn'd me of her
spring,

I felt her rising in the air like eagle on the wing—

But oh ! the crash !—the hideous shock !—the million sparks
around !

Her hindmost hoofs had struck the crest of that prodigious
mound !

Wild shriek'd the headlong Desert-Born — or else 'twas
demon's mirth,

One second more, and Man and Mare roll'd breathless on the
earth !

* * * * *

How long it was I cannot tell ere I revived to sense,
And then but to endure the pangs of agony intense ;
For over me lay powerless, and still as any stone,
The Corse that erst had so much fire, strength, spirit, of its
own.

My heart was still—my pulses stopp'd—midway 'twixt life
and death,

With pain unspeakable I fetch'd the fragment of a breath,

Not vital air enough to frame one short and feeble sigh,

Yet even that I loath'd because it would not let me die.

Oh, slowly, slowly, slowly on, from starry night till morn,

Time flapp'd along, with leaden wings, across that waste
forlorn !

I cursed the hour that brought me first within this world of
strife—

A sore and heavy sin it is to scorn the gift of life—

But who hath felt a horse's weight oppress his labouring
breast ?

Why any who has had, like me, the NIGHT MARE on his
chest. ●

outward senses may perish, but the inward feeling is the life of life. In this exalted state of being, Raby was rapt : grief and joy, hope and fear, were panting at their extremest pitch, and the mere material world around was as the shadow of a dream. In a deep reverie he arrived at Hawksley, and Cadeau was left to depart, or remain at the gate at will, with the bridle on his neck, whilst the rider passed through the familiar wicket, and hurried across the front court, and entered the front door, which was no sooner open to him, than the hall resounded with female shrieks. The Squire, who had executed his mission with admirable tact to Grace and Mrs. Hamilton, had not thought it necessary to break the news to any body else, and accordingly when Tibbie, who opened the door, beheld the face of Raby, which she instantly recognised, she set up a loud scream, and exclaiming "A wraith ! a wraith !" rushed off into the kitchen, to infect all the other servants with her national terrors. Alarmed by this reception, Raby flew up stairs to the drawing-room, and in a moment, heedless of any other presence, the betrothed lovers were folded, weeping and silent, in each other's arms. Mrs. Hamilton, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, enjoyed the sight of such an unhopèd-for consummation. The stern Justice looked on with a countenance strangely softened ; but the astounded Squire actually gave a whistle of surprise, as he asked himself the question, —Was it possible she could have loved the two brothers at once ? Of course his reason answered in the negative ; but while it relieved Grace from the imputation of fickleness and double dealing, it was at some expense to her good taste.

"My own, my own dear Grace !" murmured Raby, "do we meet at last ?"

And he confessed in his heart, that the present moment repaid him for all his past sufferings, however intense.

Grace was unable to speak, but her arms replied for her as they clung more closely round his neck.

"I must claim my share, Raby, in your remembrance," said Mrs. Hamilton, who prudently interfered to divert and moderate the feelings of the young pair, and the aunt and nephew embraced with great affection. The Squire's tact suggested the same course to him, he took the hand of Grace and led her to a chair.

"Kissing enough," he said—"plenty of time before you ; cool your heart a bit—mustn't burst it with an overcharge."

"The Squire is right, Grace," said her father, approaching and fondly patting her on the head—"compose yourself a little now, and be as happy afterwards as I wish you."

He then went and warmly welcomed his adopted son-in-law, whose re-appearance was to restore his beloved daughter from that grave to which she seemed rapidly hastening. The lustrous eyes of Grace, and the happy tint which had already revived upon her cheek, amply repaid the parent for his kindness, whilst he enjoyed the removal of a burden of self-reproach which had weighed heavily on his mind. Even the Squire, though his satisfaction was damped by looking more backward than the others, rejoiced that a vestige was left of the brave old house of Tyrrel. He rubbed his hands, walked restlessly up and down, and, finally, gave Raby a slap on the back, wishing him joy as Sir Raby Tyrrel, with this awkward compliment,—

"Glad you've turned up, boy—ought to have been otherwise—must feel that—but better than nobody at all."

In the meantime the lovers regarded each other with earnest interest, mutually noting the alterations in each other's appearance. Grace was particularly struck with the brown hue of Raby's countenance, hinting foreign travel, and she yearned to be at liberty to listen to the narrative of his hard-

ships, and recompense him with her sympathy for his past sorrows, and Mrs. Hamilton shared in the same wish. The Justice shortly after retiring with the Squire to his study, to consult upon what was to be done with the Creole's body, and to concert subsequent measures, Raby entered upon the subject of his wanderings, and gave a hasty sketch of his fortunes and adventures. He could not, of course, trace the moral effect of his variegated course upon himself, wherefore an abstract shall be given with a commentary. To pass over, as he did, the catastrophe which made him a fugitive, and the horrors of the subsequent stormy night, spent in the open forest, on the following day he arrived at Woodley's, in St. James's Street, who, according to the instructions of the Creole, received him with every demonstration of kindness and interest in his fate. Intense anxiety and hurry were affected, and the very next morning he was shipped with a hundred pounds in his pocket, and fictitious letters of recommendation, on board of a vessel which was going, it was professed, on a voyage of discovery, where Raby's talents, his skill in drawing, and his love of botany, would make him an acquisition. The captain, however, was a notorious kidnapper, and the ship had proceeded but half way to its destination, when she was seized by an armed sloop that had been sent off in pursuit of her, at the instigation of the relatives of a young man of family who was missing. Thus was Raby saved probably from the dreadful fate of becoming a slave in the Plantations. The youth they were in quest of, however, was not on board, but Raby, whose eyes were opened to his danger, took refuge in the sloop, the captain of which, happened to be an old schoolfellow. He was a kind-hearted, generous, and shrewd man; and he soon detected that some secret grief was preying upon the mind of his passenger, who, in the course of a few weeks, acquired his

warmest regard and esteem. By degrees, he won Raby's entire confidence ; and in the dreadful story that was confided to him, the captain, a veteran in the ways of life, immediately suspected villany, and eventually brought Raby over to his own opinion. The feelings of the latter underwent an immediate change ; indignation and disgust took the place of remorse and self-reproach ; his mind was re-strung, while the sharp bracing sea air invigorated his frame. He had besides to take a share in stirring events and active labour. A dreadful storm had compelled every hand on board to work at the pumps ; and on another occasion the attack of a celebrated pirate, notorious for never giving quarter, armed every hand for its life, and Raby, in extreme contrast to all his former habits, found himself fighting foot to foot, and dealing wounds and destruction on savages in the shape of men. The effect of these compulsory exertions was very salutary, the energies of his mind and body were aroused, his spirit rallied, and the gentle Raby lost a portion of his gentleness which he could well spare. He determined even to do vengeance on his treacherous kinsman, and kept earnest watch for the white cliffs of his country with mingled yearnings. But the return of the sloop was delayed by counter orders received at sea, and the impatience of the exile made him embark himself on board a small merchantman which was soon after taken by a French privateer. A new prospect now opened upon him of being a prisoner, perhaps for life, in a foreign dungeon ; when, even in sight of the French coast, an English gun-brig hove in sight, and, after a short but animated chase, and a long and desperate action, the privateer struck, and Raby again found himself at liberty amongst his countrymen. A fishing-smack set him on shore, with slender means and without credentials, on the coast of his native country, and a great part of his journey towards the Hall

had been made on foot. Such rapid vicissitudes of fortune, however trying and attended with agony, had been of the most signal benefit, bodily and mentally, to his constitution ; like the practice of a skilful but severe surgeon, they had removed all the morbid parts that prevented the healing of his wounds. He aroused from the dreary abstractions of poetry, to the stern practical prose of human life, and was an altered man. But his head had changed not his heart ; his views were different, not his feelings. With the same old love for the really beautiful and really good, he had learned to detect and abhor their simulants : with the same tenderness and gentleness as before towards the tender and gentle, he had acquired a spirit of active not passive resistance to the violent and the unjust. It is a modern discovery, that a hard blow will render any bar of iron magnetic when held in a due direction, and, by something of the same hammering process, his heart had acquired its complete polarity of attraction and repulsion. He had only loved formerly, but, in addition, he now hated, in the moral acceptation of that word by Dr. Johnson ; and he had become, to adopt an expressive phrase of the *Fancy*, “good with both hands.” In the more apposite words of *Miranda*, in the *Tempest*, in reference to her beloved *Ferdinand*, the affectionate *Grace* could apply the same perfect character to her restored lover, that he was “gentle and not fearful.”

In justification of this theory, *Raby's* eyes glowed as he described the sea-fight with the pirate, and how, contending for life, liberty, and love, he slew the chief renegade with his own sword. His hands were clenched, and his teeth set, as he mentioned *St. Kitts* ; and his foot even stamped as he confessed that his first object on touching English ground was to stretch his murderous kinsman on its turf. But then he melted like a woman when he spoke of his father and

brother, and the sufferings of his dear Grace ; he was still the same affectionate merciful being, in love with all creatures, however minute, that were harmless and unoffending. He had no longer any spurious sensibility, it is true : he would have shot a hare, a pheasant, or a partridge, but he would not “needlessly set foot upon a worm.”

On the anniversary of Raby's return, he was united to Grace Rivers, a union that promised the more felicity as the parties had already fulfilled that universal condition of human happiness, that it shall be alloyed with grief. Their bliss was as perfect as it was pure, and as they stood together at the altar, the young couple might have adopted the beautiful lines quoted in “The Old Couple :”—

“Blest happiness !—*Gently, my joys, distil,
Lest ye do break the vessel you should fill !*”

POSTSCRIPT.

THE postscript of a letter is generally supposed to contain the subjects nearest to the writer's heart ; but in a novel, on the contrary, it merely glances usually at the fate and fortunes of the subordinate characters of the *dramatis personæ*. Briefly, then, be it said, that a Coroner's verdict of “Justifiable Homicide” absolved the Squire from all legal consequences on account of the death of the Creole. The evidence of Raby, in proof of the unfair conduct of the deceased, in shooting so prematurely, partly inducing the jury to give such a sentence. Ned, however, was considerably embarrassed by having his *protégé* left upon his hands, whose claims had been superseded by the return of a nearer heir to the Hall ; but from this difficulty he was extricated by the

poor student himself. For some time he maintained a decent exterior and correct conduct ; but one unlucky day the influence of his old habits prevailed, and for the ensuing week he was never sober for an hour. Occasionally, Mr. Twigg had the mortification of seeing his cousin ranting before his door, "with his tail on," as the Highlanders say of their chieftains, for there was always a troop of boys laughing, capering, and shouting after Tom in Tatters. This annoyance, added to the failure of all their country speculations, gave a disgust to the ex-Sheriff and his family ; they suddenly found out that the air of Hollington did not agree with them—the Hive was sold at less than prime cost—and they returned to the metropolis, where the blue and orange liveries, and the bright brass bees were paraded every Sunday in Hyde Park. Matilda gave her hand to a rich soap-boiler ; and T. junior married a housemaid, to the utter dismay of his family, and their displeasure was aggravated by his defence. She was a "tight little one," he said ; "twice as much of a lady as his mother ; and as a beauty, beat 'Tilda all to sticks."

Similar to the fate of Tom in Tatters was that of Unlucky Joe, who also found a patron. The new Baronet tried to mend his fortune by installing him in the porter's lodge at the Hall ; but though luck came at last, it arrived too late.

The poor fatalist, in his way to take possession, was knocked down, and run over by the last of all vehicles that ought to run away, a broad-wheeled waggon. Strange to say, his misfortunes arrived at this climax, corresponding with his own superstitious forebodings, on a Friday, and on that very Friday, too, which, in the Christian calendar, is described as Good !

The remains of Indiana slept undiscovered for years, and when found at last, presented merely a human skeleton

enveloped in faded silk. Her name and origin were unknown, and she was never spoken of, but as the Queen of the Gipsies, nor was any human being conscious of the secret influence she had exercised over the fate of two generations of the family that inherited TYLNEY HALL.

1835.

[THE "Comic" this year is again without a dedication. The whole of its contents has been used for "Hood's Own."]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1835.



PREFACE.

"WELL, men alive!"—as Walking Stewart used to address the cashier and clerks of a Life Assurance office, where he held an annuity,—“well, men alive, here I am again!” Although somewhat later than usual, I am still in good time. The winter is not far advanced—its first snow is now lying on the ground. At all events January is not out, and the Comic is.

I do not pretend to compete with the fast ones among my contemporaries, whom “Time gallops withal,” till the old mower is blown and distressed by the rattling pace he must go at to keep up with them, to say nothing of the desperate leaps he must take that Christmas may fall about Michaelmas, and the new year begin in October. “There is a time,” it is written, “for everything,”—but the saying does not seem to be applied to Annuals:—the “quarter of an hour too soon” recommended by Lord Nelson, is stretched into a quarter of a year. To judge by the distance at which certain editors lay hold of it, Time’s forelock must be a thousand times longer than a Chinese pigtail!—but is there

not something approaching to cruelty to animals, in hauling him along by it till he breaks his shins over his own calendar, or knocks his head against one of his own date trees? He is, we know, a notable *Edax Rerum*—but is it therefore necessary to give him his dinner at breakfast time? Must he always have his victuals in advance—his Good Friday buns on the Thursday, and his Shrove Tuesday pancakes on the Monday before? Time and tide wait for no man, and in return the editors of the annuals seem determined not to wait for time or tide. Literary gentlemen who have no doubt read and relished Thomson, ought to know better than to shuffle the four seasons together like the four suits at cards. It is not decent with their antedated volumes, whilst the old year is still vigorous, to show us the new year standing barefooted, and waiting to slip into his shoes. What would be thought of a sportsman who set before his friends a leash of partridges with a boat of bread-sauce on the glorious 1st of June? What would be said if the waits wouldn't wait, but, "beating time" by two months, began their Christmas serenades upon the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude? What would be done if the boxing beadle of St. Bride's took it into his head to go about carolling his "glad tidings of great joy" on the eve of Gunpowder Plot? But what could would and should be thought said and done if one of these very *forward* editors thought proper to prematurely salute his lady contributors all round, by warrant of a sprig of mistletoe, on Lord Mayor's day? To be consistent, are the gentlemen in question as precocious in their private as their public habits? Do they put on their winter woollen and great coats at the first hint from Sirius, and slip into nankeens and washing waistcoats at sight of the first snow-drop? Do they unfurl their umbrellas on Midsummer day against St. Swithin, and lay in salt cod and *fresh* eggs,

in January, against Lent in March. In short, do not they anticipate in everything—even to keeping the birthday of “the babe that is unborn” and breakfasting over night, and knocking at number nine to leave a card at number twelve?

The “Oriental,” with its sultry associations, and those naked natives, might properly appear in the dog days, if duly dated, but what has the “Winter’s Wreath” to do with May day? Is it really the nick to produce the Stanfields, when the sickle is in the cornfields? Ought *Heaths* to appear in London, just when grouse-shooting begins on the *Moors*? Is it wise to present a Friendship’s Offering so long before its ostensible date, that a moderately everlasting friendship might be born, bred, and buried, in the interval—above all, ought the juveniles intended for Christmas and new year’s gifts, to come out coeval with “Bartlemy fairings,” in the very teeth of the opinion of Donna Inez about juveniles,

“————— To be precocious
She reckon’d of all things the most atrocious?”

For my own part, I affect none of these unseasonable forestallings: I never in my life gave five guineas for a quart of very early peas, or a crown a pound for very new potatoes. I am content with things as they naturally ripen, without forcing; and my gardener, who inclines to *otium cum dig*—is of the same opinion; forcing *thyme* is quite out of the question. What rational man would give a dump for a chronometer “warranted fast?” I never, like Scott’s stern Covenanter, give the long hand a push forwards, in its course round the dial; feeling that Sol, who drives the Old Regulator, knows his daily pace too well to be deceived; still less should I dream of juggling my royal almanack by having plum-pudding, mince-pie, and snapdragon before the fall of

ODE TO MESSRS. GREEN, HOLLOND, AND
MONCK MASON,

ON THEIR LATE BALLOON EXPEDITION.

“Here we go up, up, up,—and there we go down, down, downy.”
Old Ballad.

O LOFTY-minded men !
Almost beyond the pitch of my goose pen !
And most inflated words !
Delicate Ariels ! ethereals !—birds
Of passage ! fliers ! angels without wings !
Fortunate rivals of Icarian darings !
Male-witches, without broomsticks,—taking airings !
Kites—without strings !
Volatile spirits ! light mercurial humours !
O give us soon your sky adventures truly,
With full particulars, correcting duly
All flying rumours !

Two-legg'd high-fliers !
What upper-stories you must have to tell !
And nobody can contradict you well,
Or call you liars !
Your Region of Romance will many covet ;
Besides that, you may scribble what you will,
And this great luck will wait upon you, still
All criticism, you will be above it !
Write, then, Messrs. Monck Mason, Hollond, Green !
And tell us all you have, or havn't seen !—

['Twas kind, when the balloon went out of town,
 To take Monck Mason up and set him down,
 For when a gentleman is at a shift
 For carriage—talk of carts and gigs, and coaches !
 Nothing to a balloon approaches,

For giving one a *lift* !]

O say, when Mr. Frederick Gye
 Seem'd but a speck—a mote—in friendship's eye,
 Did any tongue confess a sort of dryness
 Seeming the soaring rashness to rebuke ;
 Or did each feel himself, like Brunswick's Duke,
 A most serene Highness !

Say, as you cross'd the Channel,
 Well clothed in well air'd linen and warm flannel,
 How did your company, perceived afar,
 Affect the tar ?

Methinks I see him cock his weather eye
 Against the sky,
 Turning his *ruminating* quid full oft,
 With wonder sudden taken all aback—

“ My eyes ! ” says he,
 “ I'm blow'd if there arn't *three* !
 Three little Cherubs 'smiling up aloft,
 A-watching for poor Jack ! ”

Of course, at such a height, the ocean
 Affected no one by its motion—
 But did internal comfort dwell with each,
 Quiet and ease each comfortable skin in ?
 Or did brown Hollond of a sudden bleach

As white as Irish linen ?

Changing his native hue,
 Did Green look blue ?—
 In short was any air-sick ? P'rhaps Monck Mason
 Was forc'd to have an air-pump in a bason ?

Say, with what sport, or pleasure,
 Might you fill up your lofty leisure ?
 Like Scotchman, at High jinks ?
 (High-spy was an appropriate game methinks)
 Or cards—but playing very high ;—
 Or skying coppers, almost to the sky ;—
 Or did you listen, the first mortal ears
 That ever drank the music of the spheres ?—
 Or might you into vocal music get,
 A trio—highly set ?
 Or, as the altitude so well allow'd,
 Perchance, you “blew a cloud.”
 Say, did you find the air
 Give you an appetite up there ?
 Your cold provisions—were you glad to meet 'em ?
 Or did you find your victuals all so *high*,—
 Or blown so by your *fly*—
 You couldn't eat 'em ?

Of course, you took some wine to sup,
 Although the circumstance has not been stated ;
 I envy you the effervescing cup !
 Warn't your champagne *well up* ?
 Nay, you, yourselves, a little *elevated* ?

Then, for your tea and breakfast, say,
 Was it not something delicately new,

To get *sky-blue*
 Right genuine from the real *milky way* ?

Of course, you all agreed,
 Whate'er your conversation was about,
 Like friends indeed,—
 And faith ! not without need,
 'Twas such an awkward place for *falling-out* !

Say, after your gastronomy,
 Kept you a watch all night,
 Marking the planets bright,
 Like three more Airys, studying astronomy ;
 Or near the midnight chime,
 Did some one haul his nightcap on his head,
 Hold out his mounted watch, and say "*high time*
 To go to bed ? "

Didn't your coming scare
 The sober Germans, until every cap
 Rose lifted by a frighten'd fell of hair ;
 Meanwhile the very pipe, mayhap,
 Extinguish'd, like the vital spark in death,
 From wonder locking up the smoker's breath !
 Didn't they crouch like chickens, when the kite
 Hovers in sight,
 To see your vehicle of huge dimension
 Aloft, like Gulliver's Laputa—nay,
 I'd better say,
 The Island of Ascension ?

Well was it plann'd
 To come down thus into the German land,

Where Honours you may score by such event,—
 For, if I read the prophecy aright,
 You'll have the Eagle-Order for your flight,
 And all be Von'd, because of your *descent* !

[It was during this year that the Copyright question began to occupy the public attention. On this subject my father wrote five letters—three during this year, just before the House of Commons was called on to legislate, and two more in 1842, when that so-called collective wisdom of England refused to protect and encourage England's men of letters. I believe my father was never very sanguine as to the result of the appeal to the Legislature : indeed, to have done anything so obviously and simply just, as to protect a man's mental property in the same way as his tangible goods and chattels, would have been a sufficient departure in that body from its usual line of conduct, to entitle it to the designation of a House of un-Commons.]

COPYRIGHT AND COPYWRONG.



LETTER I.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

MY DEAR SIR,

I have read with much satisfaction the occasional exposures in your Journal of the glorious uncertainty of the Law of Copyright, and your repeated calls for its revision. It is high time, indeed, that some better system should be established ; and I cannot but regret that the Legislature of our own country, which patronizes the great cause of liberty all over the world, has not taken the lead in protecting the common rights of Literature. We have a national interest in each ; and their lots ought not to be cast asunder. The French, Prussian, and American governments, however, have already got the start of us, and are concerting

measures for suppressing those piracies, which have become, like the influenza, so alarmingly prevalent. It would appear, from the facts established, that an English book merely *transpires* in London, but is *published* in Paris, Brussels, or New York.

'Tis but to sail, and with to-morrow's sun
The pirates will be *bound*.

Mr. Bulwer tells us of a literary gentleman who felt himself under the necessity of occasionally going abroad to preserve his self-respect; and, without some change, an author will equally be obliged to repair to another country to enjoy his circulation. As to the American reprints, I can personally corroborate your assertion, that heretofore a Transatlantic bookseller "has taken five hundred copies of a single work," whereas he now orders none, or merely a solitary one, to set up from. This, I hope, is a matter as important as the little question of etiquette, which, according to Mr. Cooper, the fifty millions will have to adjust. Before, however, any international arrangements be entered into, it seems only consistent with common sense that we should begin at home, and first establish what copyright is in Britain, and provide for its protection from native pirates or Book-aneers. I have learned, therefore, with pleasure, that the state of the law is to be brought under the notice of Parliament by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, who, from his legal experience and literary tastes, is so well qualified for the task. The grievances of authors have neither been loudly nor often urged on Lords or Commons; but their claims have long been lying on the library table, if not on the table of the House,—and methinks their wrongs have only to be properly stated to obtain redress. I augur for them at least a good hearing, for such seldom and low-toned appeals ought to find their way to organs as "deaf

to clamour" as the old citizen of Cheapside, who said that "the more noise there was in the street, the more he didn't hear it." In the meantime, as an author myself, as well as proprietor of copyrights in "a small way," I make bold to offer my own feelings and opinions on the subject, with some illustrations from what, although not a decidedly serious writer, I will call my experiences. And here I may appropriately plead my apology for taking on myself the cause of a fraternity of which I am so humble a member ; but, in truth, this very position, which forbids vanity on my own account, favours my pride on that of others, and thus enables me to speak more becomingly of the deserts of my brethren, and the dignity of the craft. Like P. P., the Clerk of the Parish, who, with a proper reverence for his calling, confessed an elevation of mind in only considering himself as "a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron," I own to an inward exultation at being but a Precentor, as it were, in that worship which numbers Shakspeare and Milton amongst its priests. Moreover, now that the rank of authors, and the nature and value of literary property, are about to be discussed, and, I hope, established for ever, it becomes the duty of every literary man—as much as of a Peer when his Order is in question—to assert his station, and stand up manfully for the rights, honours, and privileges of the Profession to which he belongs. The question is not a mere sordid one—it is not a simple inquiry in what way the emoluments of literature may be best secured to the author or proprietors of a work ; on the contrary, it involves a principle of grave importance, not only to literary men, but to those who love letters,—and, I will presume to say, to society at large. It has a moral as well as commercial bearing ; for the Legislature will not have to decide *directly*, by a formal act, whether the literary interest is worthy of a place beside the shipping interest, the landed

interest, the funded interest, the manufacturing, and other public interests, but also it will have *indirectly* to determine whether literary men belong to the privileged class,—the higher, lower, or middle class,—the working class,—productive or unproductive class,—or, in short, to any class at all.* “Literary men,” says Mr. Bulwer, “have not with us any fixed and settled position as men of letters.” We have, like Mr. Cooper’s American lady, no precedence. We are, in fact, nobodies. Our place, in turf language, is nowhere. Like certain birds and beasts of difficult classification, we go without any at all. We have no more caste than the Pariahs. We are on a par—according as we are scientific, theologic, imaginative, dramatic, poetic, historic, instructive, or amusing—with quack doctors, street-preachers, strollers, ballad-singers, hawkers of last dying speeches, Punch-and-Judies, conjurers, tumblers, and other “divarting vagabonds.” We are as the Jews in the East, the Africans in the West, or the gipsies anywhere. We belong to those to whom nothing can belong. I have even misgivings—heaven help us—if an author have a parish! I have serious doubts if a work be a qualification for the workhouse! The law apparently cannot forget, or forgive, that Homer was a vagrant, Shakspeare a deer-stealer, Milton a rebel. Our very cracks tell against us in the statute; Poor Stoneblind, Bill the Poacher, and Radical Jack have been the ruin of our gang. We have neither character to lose nor property to protect. We are by law—outlaws, undeserving of civil rights. We may be robbed, libelled, outraged with impunity, being at the same time liable, for such offences, to all the rigour of the code. I will not adduce, as I could do, a long catalogue of the victims of this system which seems to have been drawn up by the “Lord of

* At a guess, I should say we were classed, in opposition to a certain literary sect, as Inutilitarians.

Misrule," and sanctioned by the "Abbot of Unreason." I will select, as Sterne took his captive, a single author. To add to the parallel, behold him in a prison! He is sentenced to remain there during the monarch's pleasure, to stand three times in the pillory, and to be amerced besides in the heavy sum of two hundred marks. The sufferer of this threefold punishment is one rather deserving of a triple crown, as a man, as an author, and as an example of that rare commercial integrity which does not feel discharged of its debts, though creditors have accepted a composition, till it has paid them in full. It is a literary offence—a libel, or presumed libel, which has incurred the severity of the law; but the same power that oppresses him, refuses or neglects to support him in the protection of his literary character and his literary rights. His just fame is depreciated by public slanderers, and his honest, honourable earnings are forestalled by pirates. Of one of his performances no less than twelve surreptitious editions are printed, and 80,000 copies are disposed of at a cheap rate in the streets of London. I am writing no fiction, though of one of fiction's greatest masters. That captive is—for he can never die—that captive author is Scott's, Johnson's, Blair's, Marmontel's, Lamb's, Chalmers's, Beattie's—good witnesses to character these!—every Englishman's, Britain's, America's, Germany's, France's, Spain's, Italy's, Arabia's; all the world's DANIEL DE FOE!

Since the age of the author of Robinson Crusoe, the law has doubtless altered in complexion, but not in character, towards his race. It no longer pillories an author who writes to the distaste, or, like poor Daniel, above the comprehension of the Powers that be, because it no longer pillories any one; but the imprisonment and the fines remain in force. The title of a book is, in legal phrase, the worst title there is. Literary property is the lowest in the market. It is declared

the leaf. Thus it is that my Annual for 1835 did not come out in 1834, like certain other volumes, which doubtless plume themselves, and chuckle over their being*so early, as the "bonny grey cock" did, after misleading the Scottish Juliet in the ballad, by "crowing an hour too soon." I should be loth to suggest such treatment of my precocious brethren,—but didn't she twist Chanticleer's neck for it, till he could no more cry cock-a-doodle than a cork-screw?

If it be "well to be off with the old love, before you are on with the new," it is particularly a prudent principle with regard to old and new years. For example, had this work been published precipitately in September, its pages would have been closed against such a subject as the burning of the parliament houses, instead of my having the gratification of contributing my quota of facts and materials, for the use of the future Humes and Smolletts of the British empire. Let the extra early reflect well on this point, and they may come to the conclusion, that a day before the fair is as bad as a day after it. Surely it can be of no earthly use to hurry your beasts into Smithfield on Wednesday, because Friday is cattle day!

As I have alluded above to the great conflagration, I am anxious to say a few words, lest some exception should be taken to the choice of such a subject, by some of those decidedly serious characters who are fun-proof all over, and may therefore feel disposed to exclaim, "Fire is no joke, burning houses are not things to play upon." They have no notion of what Scrub calls "laughing consumedly." Properly impressed with every grave feeling that belongs to such a catastrophe, I have nevertheless made it my business to collect, arrange, and record, all the whimsicalities that arose out of the calamity, for in this motley world the most solemn events sometimes give birth to very comical issues.

As many journalists have described the most tragic parts of the narrative, I felt the more called upon to present the ludicrous passages that occurred, and thus supply the lights to the shades of a picture that is destined to occupy a prominent place in the National Gallery. The accuracy of the statements may be implicitly relied upon. The Jubb letters are from real originals, and any gentleman who may be sceptical upon the epistle of Ann Gale, shall be welcome to her hand. I confess I had doubts myself of the genuineness of M. Chabert's account, till it was corroborated by a policeman (N. 75), who assured me that he was severely burnt in both hands by a large hot inkstand that was delivered to him by a gentleman in a great coat. For the rest of the particulars I confidently appeal to the Ode to Mr. Buckingham, with its extracts from the Temperance Report itself, in proof of my anxiety to adduce nothing that cannot be strictly verified. The descriptive reports of the fire, I had from the highest authorities, persons for instance on the steeple of St. Margaret's Church, or in the iron galleries of the Monument and St. Paul's. Besides, I was at the scene myself. Through my not being personally intimate with all the peers, and indeed with many of the commoners, I may have made some confusion as to individuals; such as mistaking Sir John Hobhouse for Lord Althorp, or Mr. Cobbett for Sir Andrew Agnew, or Mr. O'Gorman Mahon for Mr. Pease. I can only say, that all such errors will be cheerfully amended, on application, in a new edition; and that if any nobleman, or gentleman, who was present, feels himself hurt by being out of the fire, a warm place shall be booked for him, in either House, or the Hall, at his own option, or he may go over them all in three heats.

With this liberal promise, I bow and take my leave, sincerely hoping that I have committed no breach of

disclaim any connection with a periodical in which I was advertised as a contributor. There was more recently, and probably still is, one Marshall, of Holborn Bars, who publicly claims me as a writer in his pay, with as much right to the imprint of my name, as a print collector has to the engravings in another man's portfolio; but against this man I have taken no rash steps, otherwise called legal, knowing that I might as well appeal to Martial Law versus Marshall, as to any other. As a somewhat whimsical case, I may add the following:—Mr. Chappell, the music-seller, agreed to give me a liberal sum for the use of any ballad I might publish; and another party, well known in the same line, applied to me for a formal permission to publish a little song of mine, which a lady had done me the honour of setting to an original melody. Here seemed to be a natural recognition of copyright, and the moral sense of justice standing instead of law; but in the meantime a foreign composer—I forget his name, but it was set in G——, took a fancy to some of my verses, and without the semiquaver of a right, or the demisemiquaver of an apology, converted them to his own use. I remonstrated, of course; and the reply, based on the assurance of impunity, not only admitted the fact, but informed me that Monsieur, not finding my lines agree with his score, had taken the liberty of altering them at my risk. Now, I would confidently appeal to the highest poets in the land, whether they do not feel it quite responsibility enough to be accountable for their own lays in the mother tongue! but to be answerable also for the attempts in English verse by a foreigner—and, above all, a Frenchman—is really too much of a bad thing!

Would it be too much to request of the learned Serjeant who has undertaken our cause, that he would lay these cases before Parliament? Noble Lords and Honourable

Gentlemen come down to their respective Houses, in a fever of nervous excitement, and shout of "Privilege ! Breach of Privilege !" because their speeches have been erroneously reported, or their meaning garbled in perhaps a single sentence ; but how would they relish to see whole speeches, — nay, pamphlets, — they had never uttered or written, paraded, with their names, styles, and titles at full length, by those placarding walkers, who, like fathers of lies, or rather mothers of them, carry one staring falsehood pickaback, and another at the bosom ? How would those gentlemen like to see extempore versions of their orations done into English by a native of Paris, and published, as the pig ran, down all sorts of streets ? Yet to similar nuisances are authors exposed without adequate means of abating them. It is often better, I have been told, to abandon one's rights than to defend them at law, — a sentence that will bear a particular application to literary grievances. For instance, the law would have something to say to a man who claimed his neighbour's umbrella as his own parasol, because he had cut off a bit round the rim : yet, by something of a similar process, the better part of a book may be appropriated — and this is so *civil* an offence, that any satisfaction at law is only to be obtained by a very costly and doubtful course. There was even a piratical work, which, — to adopt Burke's paradoxical style, — disengenuously ingenuous and dishonestly honest, assumed the plain title of "The Thief," professing, with the connivance of the law, to steal all its materials. How this Thief died I know not ; but as it was a literary thief, I would lay long odds that the law was not its finisher. ●

These piracies are naturally most injurious to those authors whose works are of a fugitive nature, or on topics of temporary interest ; but there are writers of a more solid

stamp—of a higher order of mind or nobler ambition, who devote themselves to the production of works of permanent value and utility. Such works often creep but slowly into circulation and repute, but then become classics for ever. And what encouragement or reward does the law hold forth to such contributors to our Standard National Literature? Why, that after a certain lapse of years, coinciding probably with the term requisite to establish the sterling character of the work, or, at least, to procure its general recognition—then, aye, just then, when the literary property is realised, when it becomes exchangeable against the precious metals, which are considered by some political and more practical economists as the standard of value—the law decrees that then all right or interest in the book shall expire in the author, and by some strange process, akin to the Hindoo transmigrations, revive in the great body of the booksellers. And here arises a curious question. After the copyright has so lapsed, suppose that some speculative publisher, himself an amateur writer, should think fit to abridge, or expand the author's matter—extenuate or aggravate his arguments—French polish his style—Johnsonise his phraseology—or even, like Winifred Jenkins, wrap his own “bit of nonsense under his Honor's kiver,”—is there any legal provision extant to which the injured party could appeal for redress of such an outrage on all that is left to him, his reputation? I suspect there is none whatever. There is yet another singular result from this state of the law, which I beg leave to illustrate by my own case. If I may modestly appropriate a merit, it is that, whatever my faults, I have at least been a decent writer. In a species of composition, where, like the ignis fatuus that guides into a bog, a glimmer of the ludicrous is apt to lead the fancy into an indelicacy, I feel some honest pride in remembering that the reproach of

impurity has never been cast upon me by my judges. It has not been my delight to exhibit the Muse, as it has tenderly been called, "high-kilted." I have had the gratification, therefore, of seeing my little volumes placed in the hands of boys and girls; and as I have children of my own, to, I hope, survive me, I have the inexpressible comfort of thinking that hereafter they will be able to cast their eyes over the pages inscribed with my name, without a burning blush on their young cheeks to reflect that the author was their father. So whispers Hope, with the dulcet voice and the golden hair; but what thunders Law, of the iron tone and the frizzled wig? "Decent as thy Muse may be now—a *delicate* Ariel—she shall be indecent and indelicate hereafter! She shall class with the bats and the fowls obscene! The slow reward of thy virtue shall be the same as the prompt punishment of vice. Thy copyright shall depart from thee—it shall be everybody's and anybody's, and 'no man shall call it his own!'"

. Verily, if such be the proper rule of copyright, for the sake of consistency two very old copywriters should be altered to match, and run thus:—"Virtue is its own *punishment!*"—"Age commands *disrespect!*"

To return to the author, whose fame is slow and sure—to be its own reward,—should he be dependent, as is often the case, on the black and white bread of literature—should it be the profession by which he lives, it is evident that under such a system he must beg, run into debt, or starve. And many have been beggars—many have got into debt; it is hardly possible to call up the ghost of a literary hero, without the apparition of a catchpole at his elbow, for, like Jack the Giant-killer, our elder worthies, who had the Cap of Knowledge, found it equally convenient to be occasionally invisible, as well as to possess the Shoes of Swiftmess,—and

some have starved! Could the "Illustrious Dead" arise, after some Anniversary Dinner of the Literary Fund, and walk in procession round the table, like the resuscitated objects of the Royal Humane Society, what a melancholy exhibition they would make! I will not marshal them forth in order, but leave the show to the imagination of the reader. I doubt whether the Illustrious Living would make a much brighter muster. Supposing a general summons, how many day-rules—how many incognitos from abroad—how many visits to Monmouth Street would be necessary to enable the members to put in an appearance! I fear, Heaven forgive me! some of our nobles even would show only Three Golden Balls in their coronets! If we do not actually starve or die by poison in this century, it is, perhaps, owing partly to the foundation of the Literary Fund, and partly to the invention of the Stomach Pump; but the truly abject state of Literature may be gathered from the fact, that, with a more accurate sense of the destitution of the Professors, than of the dignity of the Profession, a proposal has lately been brought forward for the erection of alms-houses for paupers of "learning and genius," who have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, under the specious name of Literary *Retreats*, or as a military man would technically and justly read such a record of our failures, *Literary Defeats*. Nor is this the climax: the proposal names half a dozen of these humble abodes to "make a beginning" with—a mere brick of the building—as if the projector, in his mind's eye, saw a whole Mile End Road of one-storied tenements in the shell, stretching from Number Six—and "to be continued!"

"Visions of paupers, spare my aching sight,
Ye unbuilt houses, crowd not on my soul!"

I do hope, before we are put into yellow-leather very small-

privilege in publishing such parliamentary proceedings, and that throughout the narrative, there is no call for any cry like "chair, chair ! order, order !"

[In the beginning of 1835 my father was involved in heavy pecuniary difficulties by the failure of a firm, and resolved on going abroad to live—in the vain hope of being able to retrench and save. In his passage from England to Rotterdam he was nearly lost in the *Lord Melville*. This Sonnet was probably written soon after the event ; the original MS., written in a hand that betrays signs of weakness, being in my possession. In spite of the forgiveness he extended to his "old love," I fear it is only too certain that from the storm of the 4th of March, 1835, dated the commencement of a long series of illnesses, which—could anything have embittered existence to one so cheerful in spirit—would have made his life a suffering, to be endured with a sad resolution and patience, chiefly founded on its probably brief duration.]

SONNET TO OCEAN.

SHALL I rebuke thee, Ocean, my old love,
 That once, in rage, with the wild winds at strife,
 Thou dar'est menace my unit of a life,
 Sending my clay below, my soul above,
 Whilst roar'd thy waves, like lions when they rove
 By night, and bound upon their prey by stealth ?
 Yet didst thou ne'er restore my fainting health ?—
 Didst thou ne'er murmur gently like the dove ?
 Nay, dost thou not against my own dear shore
 Full break, last link between my land and me ?—
 My absent friends talk in thy very roar,
 In thy waves' beat their kindly pulse I see,
 And, if I must not see my England more,
 Next to her soil, my grave be found in thee !

COBLENZ, *May*, 1835.

[The following lines were printed in the "Athenæum" in March, the month in which my father left England. It was afterwards included in "Up the Rhine."]

TO

COMPOSED AT ROTTERDAM.



I GAZE upon a city,—
A city new and strange,—
Down many a watery vista
My fancy takes a range ;
From side to side I saunter,
And wonder where I am ;
And can *you* be in England,
And *I* at Rotterdam !

Before me lie dark waters
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep ;
A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am ;
Yes, yes, you are in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Tall houses with quaint gables,
Where frequent windows shine,
And quays that lead to bridges,
And trees in formal line,
And masts of spicy vessels
From western Surinam,
All tell me you're in England,
But I'm in Rotterdam.

Those sailors, how outlandish
The face and form of each !
They deal in foreign gestures,
And use a foreign speech ;
A tongue not learn'd near Isis,
Or studied by the Cam,
Declares that you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market
My doubtful way I trace,
Where stands a solemn statue,
The Genius of the place ;
And to the great Erasmus
I offer my salaam ;
Who tells me you're in England
But I'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee-room is open—
I mingle in its crowd,—
The dominos are noisy—
The hookahs raise a cloud ;
The flavour, none of Fearon's,
That mingles with my dram,
Reminds me you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper—
The toast it shall be mine,
In schiedam, or in sherry,
Tokay, or hock of Rhine ;

It well deserves the brightest,
 Where sunbeam ever swam—
 “The Girl I love in England”
 I drink at Rotterdam !

March, 1835.

[This Sonnet was sent to my mother from Coblenz, whither my father had preceded her in order to select a place of residence, and make arrangements for her arrival, her state of health being very precarious. Like the lines from Rotterdam, and some other lines of the same class in “Up the Rhine,” they were addressed to her—as, indeed, are the original copies of all the love poems written by my father, of which I possess the MS.]

SONNET.



THINK, sweetest, if my lids are not now wet,
 The tenderest tears lie ready at the brim,
 To see thine own dear eyes—so pale and dim,—
 Touching my soul with full and fond regret,
 For on thy ease my heart's whole care is set ;
 Seeing I love thee in no passionate whim, •
 Whose summer dates but with the rose's trim,
 Which one hot June can perish and beget,—
 Ah, no ! I chose thee for affection's pet,
 For unworn love, and constant cherishing—
 To smile but to thy smile—or else to fret
 When thou art fretted—rather than to sing
 Elsewhere. Alas ! I ought to soothe and kiss
 Thy dear pale cheek while I assure thee this !

[The following poem was written by my father at Coblenz, where my mother had joined him at the end of March.]

LINES

ON SEEING MY WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN SLEEPING IN THE
SAME CHAMBER.

AND has the earth lost its so spacious round,
The sky its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there is found
Both earth and heaven—my universe of love !
All that my God can give me, or remove,
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death.
Sweet that in this small compass I behave
To live their living and to breathe their breath !
Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,
We might resign all mundane care and strife,
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,
Together pant in everlasting life !

COBLENZ, *Nov.*, 1835.

[From internal evidence I should be inclined to attribute these Stanzas to 1835.]

STANZAS.

—♦—
Is there a bitter pang for love removed,
Oh God ! The dead love doth not cost more tears
Than the alive, the loving, the beloved—
Not yet, not yet beyond all hopes and fears !

Would I were laid
 Under the shade
 Of the calm grave, and the long grass of years,—

That love might die with sorrow :—I am sorrow ;
 And she, that loves me tenderest, doth press
 Most poison from my cruel lips, and borrow
 Only new anguish from the old caress ;
 Oh, this world's grief,
 Hath no relief,
 In being wrung from a great happiness.

Would I had never filled thine eyes with love,
 For love is only tears : would I had never
 Breathed such a curse-like blessing as we prove ;
 Now, if “Farewell” *could* bless thee, I would sever !
 Would I were laid
 Under the shade,
 Of the cold tomb, and the long grass for ever !

[The “Comic” this year is announced in the “Athenæum,” in September, by a longer letter than usual addressed by my father to his publishers.]

DEAR SIRs,

I am truly happy to inform you that the report was premature of my being “lost in the Hoffnung ; Murphy, of and to Cuxhaven.” It was however a most narrow escape. After running foul against the wind all the morning, about 4 p.m. a heavy squall struck our topmasts, and split the mainsheet to rags before the reefs could be furled, nearly all the crew being underhatched at the time,—the rascally steers-

such bonuses to gentlemen who write as little as they well can, viz., their names to the receipts, appear a little like a wish to discountenance those other gentlemen who write as much as they well can, and are at the expense of printing it besides?

I had better here enter a little protest against these remarks being mistaken for the splenetic and wrathful ebullitions of a morbid or addled egotism. I have not "deviated into the gloomy vanity of drawing from self;" I charge the State, it is true, with backing literature as the champion backed Cato—that is to say, tail foremost—but I am far from therefore considering myself as an overlooked, under-kept, wet-blanketed, hid-under-a-bushel, or lapped-in-a-napkin individual. I have never, to my knowledge, displayed any remarkable aptitude for business, any decided predilection for politics, or unusual mastery in political economy—any striking talent at "a multiplicity of talk,"—and withal, I am a very indifferent hand at a rubber. I have never, like Bubb Doddington, expressed a determined ambition "to make a public figure—I had not decided what, but a public figure I was resolved to make." Nay, more, in a general view, I am not anxious to see literary men "giving up to a party what was meant for mankind," or hanging like sloths on the "branches of the revenue," or even engrossing working situations, such as gauger-ships, to the exclusion of humbler individuals, who, like Dogberry, have the natural gifts of reading and writing, and nothing else. Neither am I eager to claim for them those other distinctions, titles, and decorations, the dignity of which requires a certain affluence of income for its support. A few orders indeed, domestic or foreign, conferred through a bookseller, hang not ungracefully on an author, at the same time that they help to support his slender revenue; but there would be something

man even was not at the steerage. The consequence was exactly what Captains Hall or Marryat, or any experienced naval officer would expect. The rudder would not answer the helm, she luffed away from the wind, shipped a sea that carried away all the left larboards and gave such a lee-lurch to port that we expected she would pitch head-foremost on her beam-ends, in which case she must inevitably have missed stays with her keel uppermost. Providentially at this awful crisis she broached-to athwart hawse, which unexpectedly righted her, though not without damage. When we went to hoist sail upon it, we found that the mast had stepped out, but we fished with a spare stern-post for a jury, and by dint of tacking were able to claw off to a lee-shore, where slipping our cables we brought up fifteen fathoms of water and a sandy bottom with our best bower anchor. It was a miraculous escape. "For the moment," Murphy said, "he thought all hands were on their last legs."

In such an extremity it was a comfort to reflect that even the "babe unborn" was well provided for; I mean the Comic for 1836, the materials for which I deposited in your hands on leaving England. By this time I suppose it is all engraved, printed, and bound; but I must reiterate my injunction not to bring it out before the First of December. A more premature publication, after the tone of my last preface would be too much like "flying in my own face."

As to your query of "where can you write to me?" The only certain address I could give you would be *poste restante* Timbuctoo. To-day for instance I am at Berlin, to-morrow figuratively at Copenhagen, the next day at Geneva, and the day after that at Damascus. It is not unlikely therefore that in my search after "fresh fields and pastures new," I may find myself some day under the mud crust of that great dirt pie an African hut, surrounded by fresh fields of

sand that would new pasture a herd of all the hour-glasses in the world.

Between ourselves I expect that this travelling will benefit my own health and that of the Comic besides. There are three things which the public will always clamour for, sooner or later ; namely : novelty, novelty, novelty ; and it is well to be beforehand.

I remember Grimaldi being hissed once at Sadler's Wells, after singing his celebrated comic song of "Tippety-witchet," and he appealed to the audience. "He had nodded," he said, "frowned, winked, sneezed, choked, gaped, cried, grinned, grimaced, and hiccupped ; he had done all that could be done by brows, chin, checks, eyes, nose and mouth, and what more did they want ?"—"Why, we want," yawned a languid voice from the pit, "we want a new feature."

I am, dear Sirs,

Yours truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

September 2, 1835.

but perhaps the greater proportion may be traced to the want of any definite ideas amongst people in general, on the following particulars:—1. How an author writes. 2. Why an author writes. 3. What an author writes. And firstly, as to how he writes, upon which head there is a wonderful diversity of opinions; one thinks that writing is “as easy as lying,” and pictures the author sitting carefully at his desk “with his glove on,” like Sir Roger de Coverley’s poetical ancestor. A second holds that “the easiest reading is d—d hard writing,” and imagines Time himself beating his brains over an extempore. A third believes in inspiration, i. e., that metaphors, quotations, classical allusions, historical illustrations, and even dramatic plots—all come to the waking author by intuition; whilst ready-made poems, like Coleridge’s *Kubla Khan*, are dictated to him in his sleep. Of course the estimate of his desert will rise or fall according to the degree of learned labour attributed to the composition: he who sees in his mind’s eye a genius of the lamp, consuming gallons on gallons of midnight oil—will assign a rate of reward, regulated probably by the success of the Hull whalers; whilst the believer in inspiration will doubtless conceive that the author ought to be fed as well as prompted by miracle, and accordingly bid him look up, like the apostle on the old Dutch tiles, for a bullock coming down from heaven in a bundle. 2ndly. *Why* an author writes; and there is as wide a patchwork of opinions on this head as on the former. Some think that he writes for the present—others, that he writes for posterity—and a few, that he writes for antiquity. One believes that he writes for the benefit of the world in general—his own excepted⁶—which is the opinion of the law. A second conceives that he writes for the benefit of booksellers in particular—and this is the trade’s opinion. A third takes it for granted that he writes

for nobody's benefit but his own—which is the opinion of the green-room. He is supposed to write for fame—for money—for amusement—for political *ends*—and, by certain schoolmasters, “to improve his mind.” Need it be wondered at, that in this uncertainty as to his motives, the world sometimes perversely gives him anything but the thing he wants. Thus the rich author, who yearns for fame, gets a pension ; the poor one, who hungers for bread, receives a diploma from Aberdeen ; the writer for amusement has the pleasure of a mohawking review in a periodical ; and the gentleman in search of a place has an offer from a sentimental milliner !

3rdly. *What* an author writes. The world is so much of a Champollion, that it can understand hieroglyphics, if nothing else ; it can comprehend outward visible signs, and grapple with a tangible emblem. It knows that a man on a table stands for patriotism, a man in a pulpit for religion, and so on, but it is a little obtuse as to what it reads in King Cadmus's types. A book hangs out no sign. Thus persons will go through a chapter, enforcing some principal duty of man towards his Maker or his neighbour, without discovering that, in all but the name, they have been reading a sermon. A solid mahogany pulpit is wanting to such a perception. They will con over an essay, glowing with the most ardent love of liberty, instinct with the noblest patriotism, and replete with the soundest maxims of polity, without the remotest notion that, except its being delivered upon paper instead of *vivâ voce*, they have been attending to a speech. As for dreaming of the author as a being who could sit in Parliament, and uphold the same sentiments, they would as soon think of chairing an abstract idea. They must see a *bonâ fide* waggon, with its true blue orange or green flag, to arrive at such a conclusion. The material keeps the upperhand. Hence the sight of a substantial

1836.

[FROM the "Comic" for this year nothing remains available for my present purpose but the Preface. Like its more immediate predecessors, it was given to the world without any dedication.]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1836.



PREFACE.

ONCE more—from a crest overlooking Kaltererberger in the Eifel—I make my annual bow. To be sure, I am more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea; on a Teutonic mountain, in the midst of a palpable fog, to which it is accustomed eight days out of seven,—but neither difference nor distance makes any difference to us Germans, in our salutes:—we can bow round a corner, or down a crooked lane. To see us bow retrospectively sometimes, would remind you of that polite Author, who submitting to a classical authority, said with an appropriate bend, "I bow to the Ancients."

And truly, of all bowers that ever bowed, including Lord Chesterfield, the Royal inventor of the "Prince's bow," the "booing" Sir Archy Macsycophant, Tom Moore, and his Bowers of Bendermeer, all the admirals of blue, white, and red, with their larboard bows, and starboard bows, all the bow-loving schoolmasters with their "Where's your bow?" and finally, Macduff and his whole army, who boughed out Macbeth—of all these, no man ever scraped his foot without

a scraper, or bent so agreeably to his own bent, as your very humble obedient servant. To be candid, I am in the humour to bow—age commands respect—to an old post. 'Tis better than bowing to a post obit.

“Oh ! my masters !” as the labourer said to the bricklayers after falling through the roof and rafters of an unfinished house, “I have gone through a great deal since you saw me last.”

First, there was my narrow escape in the Hoffnung off Cuxhaven, so narrow indeed, that I felt upon what is called “the edge of doom,” newly ground. I only wonder, that terrible storm, instead of letting me bow to you smilingly like Sir Robert Smirke, did not shake, terrify, and bully me into a serious writer ; solemnly bending, as we might suppose Blair to have done, with a presentation copy of his “Grave.” Secondly, there was my dangerous consultation of complaints, in the Spring, with its complication of High German physicians ; namely, two Animal-Magnetisers ; three Homœopathics, four “Bad” advisers, and the famous Doctor Farbe. The practice, which does not make perfect, of the first set of sine-cure-ists is well known,—the unit doses of the Hahne-mannites have been tried as well as all the *orts* you have to eat after them ; and the “bad” recommendations have been well tested by thousands of Accums. I need not describe how combining exercise with mineral waters, I walked by uneasy stages from Mayence to Coblentz and back again, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other ; drinking my own health, at every hundred yards, in a tumbler of one part pickle, one part soda water, one part soapsuds, one part ink, one part sour milk, one part musty egg, one part gall, and one part pump-water. I need not describe, how I bathed at Ems and Schlangenbad, but I will describe how I bathed at Schwalbach, as the Author of Bubbles from

the Brunnens advises ; namely, in the strong Stahl, or Steel, Brunnen, and dipping my head as Head persuades heads to be dipped, I soon found out the reason why “the cuncking Jews” all go to the Stahl Brunnen,—I had steeled my face so that no razor would touch it !

Of Doctor Farbe I must make more mention, as he may not yet have quacked loud enough to be heard in England. He has read somewhere, in St. Pierre if I recollect rightly, that insects take the colour of that which they feed upon ; and acting upon this hint, he proposes, by proper tints in diet, to paint one up to “a perfect picture of Health.” First, he proceeds by negatives : for example, in yellow jaundice, you are not to take mustard, yolk of egg, oranges, pease-pudding, saffron cakes, apricots, or yellowhammers. In hypochondria, or blue devils, he forbids plums with the bloom on, peas, if blue Prussians, blue rocks, sky-blue, and blue ruin. In scarlet fever, love-apples, red streaks, red currants, Cayenne pepper, red cabbage, and scarlet runners. In black jaundice, black currants, blackcocks, blackbirds, liquorice, blackheart cherries, black puddings, and black strap. And so forth, according to the hue. Then he prepares for the positive treatment, by endeavouring like a dyer, to take all colour out of you before he gives you a new tint. To this end he plies you with water ices, creams, white meats with white sauce, cauliflowers, turnips, blancmange, and lily white mussels ; gives you beside a ton of chalk to lick, like a country calf, to whiten your veal. Should he succeed in bleaching you to a plaster cast of yourself, your cure is certain ; he has then only to give you the true Hebe complexion, by commending you, when the season suits, to plenty of “strawberries smothered in cream.” But on the contrary, should the case prove obstinate, he attempts to divert it : for instance, he tries to turn yellow jaundice into green, by

the owner's fortune may be foretold at once—viz., a hill very hard to climb, and no prospect in life from the top. It is not always even a Mutton Hill, Garlick Hill, or Cornhill (remember Otway), for meat, vegetable, or bread. Let the would-be Cræsus then take up a Bank pen, and address himself to the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street, but not to the Muse : she may give him some “pinch-back,” and pinch-front too, but little of the precious metals. Authorship has been pronounced, by a judge on the bench, as but a hand-to-mouth business ; and I believe few have ever set up in it as anything else : in fact, did not Crabbe, though a reverend, throw a series of summersets, at least mentally, on the receipt of a liberal sum from a liberal publisher, as if he had just won the capital prize in the grand lottery ? Need it be wondered at, then, if men who embrace literature more for love than for lucre, should grasp the adventitious coins somewhat loosely ; nay, purposely scatter abroad, like Boaz, a liberal portion of their harvest for those gleaners with whom they have, perhaps, had a hand-and-glove acquaintance—Poverty and Want ! If there be the lively sympathy of the brain with the stomach that physiologists have averred, it is more than likely that there is a similar responsive sensibility between the head and the heart ; it would be inconsistent, therefore it would be unnatural, if the same fingers that help to trace the woes of human life were but as so many feelers of the polypus Avarice, grasping everything within reach, and retaining it when got. We, know, on the contrary, that the hand of the author of the “Village Poorhouse” was “open as day to melting charity ;” so was the house of Johnson munificent in proportion to his means ; and as for Goldsmith, he gave more like a rich Citizen of the World than one who had not always his own freedom.

But graver charges than improvidence have been brought

against the literary character—want of principle, and offences against morality and religion. It might be answered, pleading guilty, that in that case authors have only topped the parts allotted to them in the great drama of life—that they have simply acted like vagabonds by law, and scamps by repute, “who have no character to lose, or property to protect;” but I prefer asserting, which I do fearlessly, that literary men, as a body, will bear comparison in point of conduct with any other class. It must not be forgotten that they are subjected to an ordeal quite peculiar, and scarcely milder than the Inquisition. The lives of literary men are proverbially barren of incident, and consequently, the most trivial particulars, the most private affairs, are uncereimoniously worked up, to furnish matter for their bald biographies. Accordingly, as soon as the author is defunct, his character is submitted to a sort of Egyptian post-mortem trial; or rather, a moral inquest, with Paul Pry for the coroner, and a Judge of Assize, a Commissioner of Bankrupts, a Jew broker, a Methodist parson, a dramatic licenser, a dancing-master, a master of the ceremonies, a rat-catcher, a bone collector, a parish clerk, a schoolmaster, and a reviewer for a jury. It is the province of these personages to rummage, ransack, scrape together, rake up, ferret out, sniff, detect, analyse, and appraise, all particulars of the birth, parentage, and education, life, character and behaviour, breeding, accomplishments, opinions, and literary performances, of the departed. Secret drawers are searched, private and confidential letters published, manuscripts, intended for the fire, are set up in type, tavern bills and washing bills are compared with their receipts, copies of writs re-copied, inventories taken of effects, wardrobe ticked off by the tailor’s account, by-gone toys of youth—billets-doux, snuff-boxes, canes exhibited—discarded hobby-horses are trotted out,—perhaps

even a dissecting surgeon is called in to draw up a minute report of the state of the corpse and its viscera : in short, nothing is spared that can make an item for the clerk to insert in his memoir. Outrageous as it may seem, this is scarcely an exaggeration—for example : who will dare to say that we do not know, at this very hour, more of Goldsmith's affairs than he ever did himself? It is rather wonderful, than otherwise, that the literary character should shine out as it does after such a severe scrutiny. Moreover, it remains yet to be proved that the follies and failings attributed to men of learning and genius are any more their private property than their copyrights after they have expired. There are certain well-educated ignorant people who contend that a little learning is a dangerous thing—for the poor ; and as authors are poor, as a class, these hornbook monopolists may feel bound, in consistency, to see that the common errors of humanity are set down in the bill to letters. It is, of course, the black and white schoolmaster's dogs in a manger that bark and growl at the slips and backslidings of literary men ; but to decant such cant, and see through it clearly, it is only necessary to remember that a fellow will commit half the sins in the Decalogue, and all the crimes in the Calendar—forgery excepted—without ever having composed even a valentine in verse, or the description of a lost gelding in prose. Finally, if the misdeeds of authors are to be pleaded in excuse of the neglect of literature and literary men, it would be natural to expect to see these practical slights and snubbings falling heaviest on those who have made themselves most obnoxious to rebuke. But the contrary is the case. I will not invidiously point out examples, but let the reader search the record, and he will find, that the lines which have fallen in pleasant places have belonged to men distinguished for anything rather than morality or piety.

The idea, then, of merit having anything to do with the medals, must be abandoned, or we must be prepared to admit a very extraordinary result. It is notorious, that a foreign bird, for a night's warbling, will obtain as much as a native bard—not a second-rate one either—can realise in a whole year : an actor will be paid a sum per night equal to the annual stipend of many a curate ; and the twelvemonth's income of an opera-dancer will exceed the revenue of a dignitary of the church. But will any one be bold enough to say, except satirically, that these disproportionate emoluments are due to the superior morality and piety of the concert-room, the opera, and the theatre ? They are, in a great measure, the acknowledgments of physical gifts—a well-tuned larynx—a well-turned figure, or light fantastic toes, not at all discountenanced in their vocation for being associated with light fantastic behaviour. Saving, then, an imputed infirmity of temper—and has it not peculiar trials ?—the only well-grounded failing the world has to resent, as a characteristic of literary men, is their poverty, whether the necessary result of their position, or of a wilful neglect of their present interests, and improvidence for the future. But what is an author's future, as regards his worldly prosperity ? The law, as if judging him incapable of having heirs, absolutely prevents his creating a property, in copyrights, that might be valuable to his descendants. It declares, that the interest of the literary man and literature are not identical, and commends him to the composition of catch-penny works—things of the day and hour ; or, so to speak, encourages him to discount his fame. Should he, letting the present shift for itself, and contemning personal privations, devote himself, heart and soul, to some great work or series of works, he may live to see his right and temporal interest in his books pass away from himself to

strangers, and his children deprived of what, as well as his fame, is their just inheritance. At the best he must forego the superintendence of the publication and any foretaste of his success, and like Cumberland, when he contemplated a legacy "for the eventual use and advantage of a beloved daughter," defer the printing of his MSS. till after his decease. As for the present tense of his prosperity, I have shown that his possession is as open to inroad as any estate on the Border Land in days of yore ; such is the legal providence that watches over his imputed improvidence ! The law, which takes upon itself to guard the interest of lunatics, idiots, minors, and other parties incapable of managing their own affairs, not merely neglects to commonly protect, but connives at the dilapidation of the property of a class popularly supposed to have a touch of that same incompetence. It is, perhaps, rather the indifference of a generous spirit, which remembers to forget its own profit ; but even in that case, if the author, like the girl in the fairy tale, drops diamonds and pearls from his lips, without stooping to pick up any for himself, the world he enriches is bound to see that he does not suffer from such a noble disinterestedness. Suppose even that he be a man wide awake to the value of money, the power it confers, the luxuries it may purchase, the consideration it commands—that he is anxious to make the utmost of his literary industry—and literary labour is as worthy of its hire as any other—there is no just principle on which he can be denied the same protection as any other trader. It may happen, also, that his "poverty, and not his will," consents to such a course. In this imperfect world there is nothing without its earthly alloy ; and, whilst the mind of the poet is married to a body, he must perform the divine service of the Muses without banishing his dinner-service to the roof of the house, as in that

Brazilian cathedral, which, for want of lead, is tiled with plates and dishes from the Staffordshire potteries. He cannot dwell even in the temple of Parnassus, but must lodge sometimes in an humbler abode, like the old Scotch songsters,

“With bread and cheese for its door-cheeks,
And pancakes the rigging o’ t.”

Moreover, as authors—Protestant ones, at least—are not vowed to celibacy, however devoted to poverty, fasting and mortification, there may chance to exist other little corporealities, sprouts, offsets, or suckers, which the nature of the law, as well as the law of nature, refers for sustenance to the parent trunk. Should our bards, jealous of these evidences of their mortality, offer to make a present of them to the parish, under the plea of the *mens divini*or, would not the overseer, or may be the Poor Law Commissioners, shut the workhouse wicket in their faces, and tell them that “the men’s divini^{or} must provide for the men’s wives and children?” Pure Fame is a glorious draught enough, and the striving for it is a noble ambition; but, alas! few can afford to drink it *neat*. Across the loftiest visions of the poet earthly faces will flit; and even whilst he is gazing on Castaly little familiar voices will murmur in his ear, inquiring if there are no fishes, that can be eaten, to be caught in its waters!

It has happened, according to some inscrutable dispensation, that the mantle of inspiration has commonly descended on shoulders clad in cloth of the humblest texture. Our poets have been Scotch ploughmen, farmers’ boys, Northamptonshire peasants, shoe-makers, old servants, milk-women, basket-makers, steel-workers, charity-boys, and the like. Pope’s *protégé*, Dodsley, was a footman, and wrote “The Muse in Livery”—you may trace a hint of the double vocation in

his "Economy of Human Life."* Our men of learning and genius have generally been born, not with silver spoons in their mouths, but wooden ladles. Poetry, Goldsmith says, not only found him poor, but kept him so ; but has not the law been hitherto lending a hand in the same uncharitable task ? Has it not favoured the "Cormorants by the Tree of Knowledge"—the native Bookaneer ?—and "a plague the Devil hath added," as Sir J. Overbury calls the foreign pirate.

To give a final illustration of the working of the Law of Copyright Sir Walter Scott, besides being a mighty master of fiction, resembles Defoe in holding himself bound to pay in full all the liabilities he had incurred. But the amount was immense, and he died, no doubt prematurely, from the magnitude of the effort. A genius so illustrious, united with so noble a spirit of integrity, doubly deserved a national monument, and a subscription was opened for the purpose of preserving Abbotsford to his posterity, instead of a public grant to make it a literary Blenheim. I will not stop to inquire whether there was more joy in France when Malbrook was dead than sorrow in Britain, or rather throughout the world, when Scott was no more ; but I must point out the striking contrast between two advertisements in a periodical paper which courted my notice on the same page. One was a statement of the amount of the Abbotsford subscription, the other an announcement of a rival edition of one of Sir Walter's works, the copyright of which had expired. Every one may not feel with me the force of this juxtaposition, but I could not help thinking that the interest of any of his immortal productions ought to have belonged either to the

* The man of emulation, who panteth after fame. "The example of eminent men are in his visions by night—and his delight is to follow them [query, with a gold-headed cane ?] all the day long !"

a blue diet ; or the frightful blue stage of cholera into a green one, by a yellow diet ; or, what is preferable, into a purple stage, by the exhibition of pink Noyeau. As for black jaundice he has a method of making it piebald by the white diet, or in mild cases of reducing it to the spotted state, or Dalmatian. Finally, in extremity, he has recourse to his neutral tint, which is intended to make you neither one thing nor another : to this end, he mixes up all his dietetical pigments together, and it was at this point, when he had prescribed for me a compound of blue ruin, black strap, scarlet runners, green cheese, brown stout, mustard, flour, and a few trifles besides, without consulting my *palate*, that I begged him to “give me over.” He took his fee, and retired in dudgeon : and I never saw his white beaver turned up with green, his plum-coloured coat with a brown collar, his velvet waistcoat with tulips in their natural colours on a purple ground, his sky blue pantaloons with a pink stripe up the seams, his grey stockings, and his yellow handkerchief with a rainbow border, any more ! It was just in time. If I had not struck his colours he would have struck mine.

O, my Friends ! Foes ! and Indifferents ! was not that an escape, narrower by nine hair-breadths than the Hoffnung’s ? But, methinks, you ask, how came I, with my delicate health, for change of air on the top of this ever-foggy mountain ? My well-wishers, the answer is easy. I was smoked out down below. As you all know, it is a time of profound peace ; and the Germans all profoundly celebrate it like the American Indians, each with his calumet, or Pipe of Peace in his mouth. Such an atmosphere as you would find any where beneath, has made me far from particular : I do not despise mists, and even on this elevated ridge am not above fogs. But, farewell ! I smell a snow-storm coming, for I cannot see

and made private property? One thing is certain, that, by taking this high ground at once, and making copyright analogous in tenure to the soil itself—and it pays its land tax in the shape of a tax upon paper—its defence may be undertaken with a better grace, against trespass at home, or invasion from abroad. For, after all, what does the pirate or Bookaneer commit at present, but a sort of practical anachronism, by anticipating a period when the right of printing will belong to everybody in the world, including the man in the moon!

Such, it appears to me, is the grand principle upon which the future law of copyright ought to be based. I am aware that I have treated the matter somewhat commercially: but I have done so, partly because in that light principally the legislature will have to deal with it; and still more, because it is desirable, for the sake of literature and literary men, that they should have every chance of independence, rather than be compelled to look to extraneous sources for their support. Learning and genius, worthily directed and united to common industry, surely deserve, at least, a competence; and that their possessors should be something better than a Jarkman; that is to say, “one who can write and read, yea, some of them have a smattering in the Latin tongue, which learning of theirs advances them in office *amongst the beggars*.” The more moderate in proportion the rate of their usual reward, the more scrupulously ought every particle of their interests to be promoted and protected so as to spare, if possible, the necessity of private benefactions or public collections for the present distress, and “Literary Retreats” for the future. Let the weight and worth of literature in the state be formally recognised by the legislature:—let the property of authors be protected, and the upholding of the literary character will rest on their

heads. They will, perhaps, recollect that their highest office is to make the world wiser and better ; their lowest, to entertain and amuse it without making it worse. For the rest, bestow on literary men their fair share of public honours and employments,—concede to them, as they deserve, a distinguished rank in the social system, and they will set about effacing such blots as now tarnish their escutcheons. The surest way to make a class indifferent to reputation is to give it a bad name. Hence Literature having been publicly underrated, and its professors having been treated as vagabonds, scamps, fellows, “without character to lose or property to protect,” we have seen conduct to match,—reviewers, forgetful of common courtesy, common honesty, and common charity, misquoting, misrepresenting, and indulging in the grossest personalities, even to the extent of ridiculing bodily defects and infirmities—political partisans bandying scurrilous names, and scolding like Billingsgate mermaids—and authors so far trampling on the laws of morals, and the rights of private life, as to write works capable of being puffed off as club books got up amongst the Snakes, Sneerwells, Candors, and Backbites, of the School for Scandal.

And now, before I close, I will here place on record my own obligations to Literature : a debt so immense, as not to be cancelled, like that of nature, by death itself. I owe to it something more than my earthly welfare. Adrift early in life upon the great waters—as pilotless as Wordsworth’s blind boy afloat in the turtle-shell—if I did not come to shipwreck, it was, that in default of paternal or fraternal guidance, I was rescued, like the ancient mariner, by guardian spirits, “each one a lovely light,” who stood as beacons to my course. Infirm health, and a natural love of reading, happily threw me, instead of worse society, into the company of poets, philosophers, and sages—to me good angels and ministers of

grace. From these silent instructors—who often do more than fathers, and always more than godfathers, for our temporal and spiritual interests—from these mild monitors—no importunate tutors, teasing Mentors, moral taskmasters, obtrusive advisers, harsh censors, or wearisome lecturers—but, delightful associates—I learned something of the divine, and more of the human religion. They were my interpreters in the House Beautiful of God, and my guides among the Delectable Mountains of Nature. They reformed my prejudices, chastened my passions, tempered my heart, purified my tastes, elevated my mind, and directed my aspirations. I was lost in a chaos of undigested problems, false theories, crude fancies, obscure impulses, and bewildering doubts—when these bright intelligences called my mental world out of darkness like a new creation, and gave it “two great lights,” Hope and Memory—the past for a moon, and the future for a sun.

Hence have I genial seasons—hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thoughts ;
And thus from day to day my little boat
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them, an eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !
Oh ! might my name be number'd among theirs,
How gladly would I end my mortal days.

[The "Ode to Rae Wilson, Esq.," which here follows, was one of the results of a blind and unrelenting persecution, to which my father was life-long subjected, and which drew from him those few really bitter bursts of indignation at cant and hypocrisy, which to this day make serious folk lift up their eyes at times.

Mr. Rae Wilson, who but for this Ode would probably be by this time forgotten, was only one of those who assailed my father, on what should surely be the most private matter,—his religion ;—and too often in language, which gentlemen and Christians do not apply to each other, but which some sectaries seem to consider the very Shibboleth of piety.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

MY DEAR SIR,

The following Ode was written anticipating the tone of some strictures on my writings, by the gentleman to whom it is addressed. I have not seen his book ; but I know by hearsay that some of my verses are characterised as "profaneness and ribaldry"—citing, in proof, the description of a certain sow, from whose jaw a cabbage sprout—

"Protruded, as the dove so staunch
For peace supports an olive branch."

If the printed works of my Censor had not prepared me for any misapplication of *types*, I should have been surprised by this misapprehension of one of the commonest emblems. In some cases the dove unquestionably stands for the Divine Spirit ; but the same bird is also a lay representative of the peace of this world, and, as such, has figured time out of mind in allegorical pictures. The sense in which it was used by me is plain from the context ; at least, it would be plain to any one but a fisher for faults, predisposed to carp at some things, to dab at others, and to flounder in all. But I am possibly in error. It is the female swine, perhaps, that is profaned in the eyes of the Oriental tourist. Men find

strange ways of marking their intolerance ; and the spirit is certainly strong enough, in Mr. W.'s works, to set up a creature as sacred, in sheer opposition to the Mussulman, with whom she is a beast of abomination. It would only be going the whole sow.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,
THOS. HOOD.

ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQ.

"Close, close your eyes with holy dread,
And weave a circle round him thrice ;
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."—COLERIDGE.

"It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be."—*Old Ballad*.

A WANDERER, Wilson, from my native land,
Remote, O Rae, from godliness and thee,
Where rolls between us the eternal sea,
Besides some furlongs of a foreign sand,—
Beyond the broadest Scotch of London Wall ;
Beyond the loudest Saint that has a call ;
Across the wavy waste between us stretch'd,
A friendly missive warns me of a stricture,
Wherein my likeness you have darkly etch'd,
And though I have not seen the shadow sketch'd,
Thus I remark prophetic on the picture.

I guess the features :—in a line to paint
Their moral ugliness, I'm not a saint.
Not one of those self-constituted saints,
Quacks—not physicians—in the cure of souls,

Censors who sniff out mortal taints,
 And call the devil over his own coals—
 Those pseudo Privy Councillors of God,
 Who write down judgments with a pen hard-nibb'd ;
 Ushers of Beelzebub's Black Rod,
 Commending sinners, not to ice thick-ribb'd,
 But endless flames, to scorch them up like flax—
 Yet sure of heav'n themselves, as if they'd cribb'd
 Th' impression of St. Peter's keys in wax !

Of such a character no single trace
 Exists, I know, in my fictitious face ;
 There wants a certain cast about the eye ;
 A certain lifting of the nose's tip ;
 A certain curling of the nether lip,
 In scorn of all that is, beneath the sky ;
 In brief it is an aspect deleterious,
 A face decidedly not serious,
 A face profane, that would not do at all
 To make a face at Exeter Hall,—
 That Hall where bigots rant, and cant, and pray,
 And laud each other face to face,
 Till ev'ry farthing-candle *ray*
 Conceives itself a great gas-light of grace

Well !—be the graceless lineaments confest !
 I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth ;
 And dote upon a jest
 “ Within the limits of becoming mirth ; ”—
 No solemn sanctimonious face I pull, “
 Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious—
 Nor study in my sanctum supercilious
 To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull.

I pray for grace—repent each sinful act—
 Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible ;
 And love my neighbour far too well, in fact,
 To call and twit him with a godly tract
 That's turn'd by application to a libel.
 My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,
 All creeds I view with toleration thorough,
 And have a horror of regarding heaven
 As anybody's rotten borough.

What else ? no part I take in party fray,
 With tropes from Billingsgate's slang-whanging tartars,
 I fear no Pope—and let great Ernest play
 At Fox and Goose with Fox's Martyrs !
 I own I laugh at over-righteous men,
 I own I shake my sides at ranters,
 And treat sham-Abr'am saints with wicked banters,
 I even own, that there are times—but then
 It's when I've got my wine—I say d—— canters !

I've no ambition to enact the spy
 On fellow souls, a Spiritual Pry—
 'Tis said that people ought to guard their noses,
 Who thrust them into matters none of theirs ;
 And tho' no delicacy discomposes
 Your Saint, yet I consider faith and pray'rs
 Amongst the privatest of men's affairs.

I do not haah the Gospel in my books,
 And thus upon the public mind intrude it,
 As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,
 No food was fit to eat till I had chew'd it.

On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk ;
 Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk,—
 For man may pious texts repeat,
 And yet religion have no inward seat ;
 'Tis not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,
 A man has got his belly full of meat
 Because he talks with victuals in his mouth !

Mere verbiage,—it is not worth a carrot !
 Why, Socrates—or Plato—where's the odds ?—
 Once taught a jay to supplicate the Gods,
 And made a Polly-theist of a Parrot !

A mere professor, spite of all his cant, is
 Not a whit better than a Mantis,—
 An insect, of what clime I can't determine,
 That lifts its paws most parson-like, and thence,
 By simple savages—thro' sheer pretence—
 Is reckon'd quite a saint amongst the vermin.

But where's the reverence, or where the *nous*,
 To ride on one's religion thro' the lobby,
 Whether a stalking-horse or hobby,
 To show its pious paces to "the House ?"

I honestly confess that I would hinder
 The Scottish member's legislative rigs,
 That spiritual Pinder,
 Who looks on erring souls as straying pigs,
 That must be lash'd by law, wherever found,
 And driv'n to church, as to the parish pound.
 I do confess, without reserve or wheedle,
 I view that grovelling idea as one

Worthy some parish clerk's ambitious son,
A charity-boy, who longs to be a beadle.

On such a vital topic sure 'tis odd
How much a man can differ from his neighbour :
One wishes worship freely giv'n to God,
Another wants to make it statute-labour—
The broad distinction in a line to draw,
As means to lead us to the skies above,
You say—Sir Andrew and his love of law,
And I—the Saviour with his law of love.

Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,
Like the magnetic needle to the Pole ;
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,
Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,
Fresh from St. Andrew's College,
Should nail the conscious needle to the north ?

I do confess that I abhor and shrink
From schemes, with a religious willy-nilly,
That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly—
My soul revolts at such a bare hypocrisy,
And will not, dare not, fancy in accord
The Lord of Hosts with an Exclusive Lord
Of this world's aristocracy.
It will not own a notion so unholy,
As thinking that the rich by easy trips
May go to heav'n, whereas the poor and lowly
Must work their passage, as they do in ships.

One place there is—beneath the burial sod
 Where all mankind are equalised by death ;
 Another place there is—the Fane of God,
 Where all are equal, who draw living breath ;—
 Juggle who will *elsewhere* with his own soul,
 Playing the Judas with a temporal dole—
 He who can come beneath that awful cope,
 In the dread presence of a Maker just,
 Who metes to ev'ry pinch of human dust
 One even measure of immortal hope— •
 He who can stand within that holy door,
 With soul unbow'd by that pure spirit-level,
 And frame unequal laws for rich and poor,—
 Might sit for Hell and represent the Devil !

Such are the solemn sentiments, O Rae,
 In your last Journey-Work, perchance you ravage,
 Seeming, but in more courtly terms, to say
 I'm but a heedless, creedless, godless savage ;
 A very Guy, deserving fire and faggots,—
 A Scoffer, always on the grin,
 And sadly given to the mortal sin
 Of liking Mawworms less than merry maggots !

The humble records of my life to search,
 I have not herded with mere pagan beasts ;
 But sometimes I have “sat at good men's feasts,”
 And I have been “where bells have knoll'd to church.
 Dear bells ! how sweet the sounds of village bells
 When on the undulating air they swim !
 Now loud as welcomes ! faint, now, as farewells !
 And trembling all about the breezy dells

As flutter'd by the wings of Cherubim.
 Meanwhile the bees are chanting a low hymn ;
 And lost to sight th' ecstatic lark above
 Sings, like a soul beatified, of love,—
 With, now and then, the coo of the wild pigeon ;—
 O Pagans, Heathens, Infidels and Doubters !
 If such sweet sounds can't woo you to religion,
 Will the harsh voices of church cads and touters ?

A man may cry "Church ! Church !" at ev'ry word,
 With no more piety than other people—
 A daw's not reckon'd a religious bird
 Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple.
 The Temple is a good, a holy place,
 But quacking only gives it an ill savour ;
 While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,
 And bring religion's self into disfavour !

Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon,
 Who, binding up his Bible with his Ledger,
 Blends Gospel texts with trading gammon,
 A black-leg saint, a spiritual hedger,
 Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak
 Against the wicked remnant of the week,
 A saving bet against his sinful bias—
 "Rogue that I am," he whispers to himself,
 "I lie—I cheat—do anything for pelf,
 But who on earth can say I am not pious ?"

•

In proof how over-righteousness re-acts,
 Accept an anecdote well based on facts.

One Sunday morning—(at the day don't fret)—
 In riding with a friend to Ponder's End
 Outside the stage, we happen'd to commend
 A certain mansion that we saw To Let.
 "Ay," cried our coachman, with our talk to grapple,
 "You're right! no house along the road comes nigh it
 'Twas built by the same man as built yon chapel,
 And master wanted once to buy it,—
 But t'other driv the bargain much too hard—
 He ax'd sure-*ly* a sum purdigious!
 But being so particular religious,
 Why, *that*, you see, put master on his guard!"

 Church is "a little heav'n below,
 I have been there and still would go,"—
 Yet I am none of those, who think it odd
 A man can pray unbidden from the cassock,
 And, passing by the customary hassock,
 Kneel down remote upon the simple sod,
 And sue in formâ pauperis to God.

As for the rest,—intolerant to none,
 Whatever shape the pious rite may bear,
 Ev'n the poor Pagan's homage to the Sun
 I would not harshly scorn, lest even there
 I spurn'd some elements of Christian pray'r—
 An aim, tho' erring, at a "world ayont"—
 Acknowledgment of good—of man's futility,
 A sense of need, and weakness, and indeed
 That very thing so many Christians want—
 Humility.

Such, unto Papists, Jews or turban'd Turks,
 Such is my spirit—(I don't mean my wraith !)
 Such, may it please you, is my humble faith ;
 I know, full well, you do not like my *works* !
 I have not sought, 'tis true, the Holy Land,
 As full of texts as Cuddie Headrigg's mother,
 The Bible in one hand,
 And my own common-place-book in the other—
 But you have been to Palestine—alas !
 Some minds improve by travel, others, rather,
 Resemble copper wire, or brass,
 Which gets the narrower by going farther !
 Worthless are all such Pilgrimages—very !
 If Palmers at the Holy Tomb contrive
 The human heats and rancour to revive
 That at the Sepulchre they ought to bury.
 A sorry sight it is to rest the eye on,
 To see a Christian creature graze at Sion,
 Then homeward, of the saintly pasture full,
 Rush bellowing, and breathing fire and smoke,
 At crippled Papistry to butt and poke,
 Exactly as a skittish Scottish bull
 Hunts an old woman in a scarlet cloak !

Why leave a serious, moral, pious home,
 Scotland, renown'd for sanctity of old,
 Far distant Catholics to rate and scold
 For—doing as the Romans do at Rome ?
 • With such a bristling spirit wherefore quit
 The Land of Cakes for any land of wafers,
 About the graceless images to flit,
 And buzz and chafe importunate as chafers,

Longing to carve the carvers to Scotch collops ?—
 People who hold such absolute opinions
 Should stay at home, in Protestant dominions,
 Not travel like male Mrs. Trollopes.

Gifted with noble tendency to climb,
 Yet weak at the same time,
 Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,
 That grasps the nearest stem with tendril-rings ;
 And as the climate and the soil may grant,
 So is the sort of tree to which it clings.
 Consider then, before, like Hurlothrumbo,
 You aim your club at any creed on earth,
 That, by the simple accident of birth,
 You might have been High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo.

For me—thro' heathen ignorance perchance,
 Not having knelt in Palestine,—I feel
 None of that griffinish excess of zeal,
 Some travellers would blaze with here in France.
 Dolls I can see in Virgin-like array,
 Nor for a scuffle with the idols hanker
 Like crazy Quixote at the puppet's play,
 If their "offence be rank," should mine be *rancour* ?
 Mild light, and by degrees, should be the plan
 To cure the dark and erring mind ;
 But who would rush at a benighted man,
 And give him two black eyes for being blind ?

Suppose the tender but luxuriant hop
 Around a canker'd stem should twine,
 What Kentish boor would tear away the prop
 So roughly as to wound, nay, kill the bine ?

The images, 'tis true, are strangely dress'd,
 With gauds and toys extremely out of season ;
 The carving nothing of the very best,
 The whole repugnant to the eye of reason,
 Shocking to Taste, and to Fine Arts a treason—
 Yet ne'er o'erlook in bigotry of sect
 One truly *Catholic*, one common form,
 At which uncheck'd
 All Christian hearts may kindle or keep warm.

Say, was it to my spirit's gain or loss,
 One bright and balmy morning, as I went
 From Liege's lovely environs to Ghent,
 If hard by the wayside I found a cross,
 That made me breathe a pray'r upon the spot—
 While Nature of herself, as if to trace
 The emblem's use, had trail'd around its base
 The blue significant Forget-me-not ?
 Methought, the claims of Charity to urge
 More forcibly, along with Faith and Hope,
 The pious choice had pitch'd upon the verge
 Of a delicious slope,
 Giving the eye much variegated scope ;—
 "Look round," it whisper'd "on that prospect rare,
 Those vales so verdant, and those hills so blue ;
 Enjoy the sunny world, so fresh, and fair,
 But"—(how the simple legend pierced me thro' !)
 "PRIEZ POUR LES MALHEUREUX."

With sweet kind natures, as in honey'd cells,
 Religion lives, and feels herself at home ;
 But only on a formal visit dwells
 Where wasps instead of bees have formed the comb.

Shun pride, O Rae!—whatever sort beside
 You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!
 A pride there is of rank—a pride of birth,
 A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,
 A London pride—in short, there be on earth
 A host of prides, some better and some worse;
 But of all prides, since Lucifer's attaint,
 The proudest swells a self-elected Saint.

To picture that cold pride so harsh and hard,
 Fancy a peacock in a poultry yard.
 Behold him in conceited circles sail,
 Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff,
 In all his pomp of pageantry, as if
 He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail!

As for the humble breed retain'd by man,
 He scorns the whole domestic clan—
 He bows, he bridles,
 He wheels, he sidles,

At last, with stately dodgings in a corner
 He pens a simple russet hen, to scorn her
 Full in the blaze of his resplendent fan!

 "Look here," he cries (to give him words),
 "Thou feather'd clay—thou scum of birds!"

Flirting the rustling plumage in her eyes,—

"Look here, thou vile predestined sinner,

 Doom'd to be roasted for a dinner,
 Behold these lovely variegated dyes!

These are the rainbow colours of the skies,
 That Heav'n has shed upon me *con amore*—

A Bird of Paradise?—a pretty story!

I am that Saintly Fowl, thou paltry chick!

 Look at my crown of glory!

Thou dingy, dirty, drabbled, draggled jill !”
And off goes Partlet, wriggling from a kick,
With bleeding scalp laid open by his bill !
That little simile exactly paints
How sinners are despised by saints.
By saints !—the Hypocrites that ope heav’n’s door
Obsequious to the sinful man of riches—
But put the wicked, naked, barelegg’d poor,
In parish stocks instead of breeches.

The Saints !—the Bigots that in public spout,
Spread phosphorus of zeal on scraps of fustian,
And go like walking “ Lucifers ” about
Mere living bundles of combustion.

The Saints !—the aping Fanatics that talk
All cant and rant, and rhapsodies highflown—
That bid you baulk
A Sunday walk,
And shun God’s work as you should shun your own.

The Saints !—the Formalists, the extra pious,
Who think the mortal husk can save the soul,
By trundling with a mere mechanic bias,
To church, just like a lignum-vitæ bowl !

The Saints !—the Pharisees, whose beadle stands
Beside a stern coercive kirk.
A pieco of human mason-work,
Calling all sermons contrabands,
In that great Temple that’s not made with hands !

Thrice blessed, rather, is the man, with whom
 The gracious prodigality of nature,
 The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,
 The bounteous providence in ev'ry feature,
 Recall the good Creator to his creature,
 Making all earth a fane, all heav'n its dome !
 To *his* tuned spirit the wild heather-bells
 Ring Sabbath knells ;
 The jubilate of the soaring lark
 Is chant of clerk ;
 For choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet ;
 The sod's a cushion for his pious want ;
 And, consecrated by the heav'n within it,
 The sky-blue pool, a font.
 Each cloud-capp'd mountain is a holy altar ;
 An organ breathes in every grove ;
 And the full heart's a Psalter,
 Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love !

Sufficiently by stern necessitarians
 Poor Nature, with her face begrimed by dust,
 Is stoked, coked, smoked, and almost choked ; but my
 Religion have its own Utilitarians,
 Labell'd with evangelical phylacteries,
 To make the road to heav'n a railway trust,
 And churches—that's the naked fact—mere factories '

Oh ! simply open wide the Temple door,
 And let the solemn, swelling, organ greèt,
 With *Voluntaries* meet,
 The willing advent of the rich and poor !
 And while to God the loud Hosannas soar,

With rich vibrations from the vocal throng—
From quiet shades that to the woods belong,
 And brooks with music of their own,
Voices may come to swell the choral song
With notes of praise they learn'd in musings lone.

How strange it is while on all vital questions,
That occupy the House and public mind,
We always meet with some humane suggestions
Of gentle measures of a healing kind,
Instead of harsh severity and vigour,
The Saint alone his preference retains
 For bills of penalties and pains,
And marks his narrow code with legal rigour !
Why shun, as worthless of affiliation,
What men of all political persuasion
Extol—and even use upon occasion—
That Christian principle, Conciliation ?
But possibly the men who make such fuss
With Sunday pippins and old Trots infirm,
Attach some other meaning to the term,
 As thus :

One market morning, in my usual rambles,
Passing along Whitechapel's ancient shambles,
Where meat was hung in many a joint and quarter,
I had to halt awhile, like other folks,
 To let a killing butcher coax
A score of lambs and fatted sheep to slaughter.

A sturdy man he look'd to fell an ox,
Bull-fronted, ruddy, with a formal streak

Of well-greased hair down either cheek,
 As if he dee-dash-dee'd some other flocks
 Beside those woolly-headed stubborn blocks
 That stood before him, in vexatious huddle—
 Poor little lambs, with bleating wethers group'd,
 While, now and then, a thirsty creature stoop'd
 And meckly snuff'd, but did not taste the puddle.

Fierce bark'd the dog, and many a blow was dealt,
 That loin, and chump, and scrag and saddle felt,
 Yet still, that fatal step they all declined it,—
 And shunn'd the tainted door as if they smelt
 Onions, mint sauce, and lemon juice behind it.
 At last there came a pause of brutal force,
 The cur was silent, for his jaws were full
 Of tangled locks of tarry wool,
 The man had whoop'd and holloed till dead hoarse.
 The time was ripe for mild expostulation,
 And thus it stammer'd from a stander-by—
 “Zounds!—my good fellow,—it quite makes me—wh
 It really—my dear fellow—do just try
 Conciliation!”

Stringing his nerves like flint,
 The sturdy butcher seized upon the hint,—
 At least he seized upon the foremost wether,—
 And hugg'd and lugg'd and tugg'd him neck and crop
 Just *nolens volens* thro' the open shop—
 If tails come off he didn't care a feather,—
 Then walking to the door and smiling grim,
 He rubb'd his forehead and his sleeve together—
 “ There !—I have *conciliated* him ! ”

Again—good-humouredly to end our quarrel—
(Good humour should prevail !)
I'll fit you with a tale,
Whereto is tied a moral.

Once on a time a certain English lass
Was seized with symptoms of such deep decline,
Cough, hectic flushes, ev'ry evil sign,
That, as their wont is at such desperate pass,
The Doctors gave her over—to an ass.
Accordingly, the grisly Shade to bilk,
Each morn the patient quaff'd a frothy bowl
Of asinine new milk,
Robbing a shaggy suckling of a foal
Which got proportionably spare and skinny—
Meanwhile the neighbours cried “poor Mary Ann !
She can't get over it ! she never can !”
When lo ! to prove each prophet was a ninny
The one that died was the poor wetnurse Jenny.

To aggravate the case,
There were but two grown donkeys in the place ;
And most unluckily for Eve's sick daughter,
The other long-ear'd creature was a male,
Who never in his life had given a pail
Of milk, or even chalk and water.
No matter : at the usual hour of eight
Down trots a donkey to the wicket-gate,
With Mister Simon Gubbins on its back,—
“Your sarvant, Miss,—a werry spring-like day,—
Bad time for hasses tho' ! good lack ! good lack !
Jenny be dead, Miss,—but I'ze brought ye Jack,
He doesn't give no milk—but he can bray.”

So runs the story,
 And, in vain self-glory,
 Some Saints would sneer at Gubbins for his blindness—
 But what the better are their pious saws
 To ailing souls, than dry hec-haws,
 Without the milk of human kindness ?

[This Letter in the "Athenæum," referring to the "Comic" for 1838, appears to be intended to contradict an advertisement which announced it for November. What would my father have thought of the style adopted by many of the Magazines now—which are issued every month about a week before their dates ?]

DEAR SIRS,

Having seen in the newspapers a stamped rumour that "The Comic" will appear on the 1st of November, I beg you will take prompt measures to contradict the report.

To say nothing of courtesy or modesty, it would be the height of impolicy for "The Comic" to offer itself to public notice so near the publication of that "Splendid Annual," the Lord Mayor of London ; particularly when he is coming out with Extraordinary Embellishments, under the Especial Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen. If I were capable of the vanity and indelicacy of leading up to such honours, I know enough of cards to be aware that a Court Blaze sweeps the Board ; and truly my poor ninth Volume would make a very sorry show indeed near such an effulgent Ninth of November !

You will be pleased, therefore, to chain up your circulars, muzzle your paragraphs, hoard your puffs, 'save your chalk, husband your broadsides, restrain your bill-stickers, postpone your placard men, and all the other immodesties that modest merit is compelled to commit in this age of speaking

trumpets and gongs, till after the gorgeous solemnity. Then at such interval as may seem safe, my humble piece of work may be brought forward at Cornhill with some chance of attracting attention; but pray do not be rash: keep my "pretty pages" at a secure distance from the heels of the City Marshal's charger.

I think I told you that I had picked up some little German whims and oddities during a halt by the Rhine, and a march with a Prussian regiment. They are in a fair way for getting on box-wood and into paper and print; and you may therefore add them to my list of irons in the fire.

N.B. The fire is not only laid but lighted, in witness whereof I send you one of the sticks, that is to say, the blocks.

I am, dear sirs,

Yours truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

[In this year two papers, one on Fly-fishing, and one on Donkey-racing, appeared in Nimrod's "Sporting," a book now out of print, and not likely, I believe, to be republished. Permission to make use of these papers for the present Edition has been refused by the proprietor of that work. The reason of this may be discovered, by those curious in the matter, in the second chapter of the second volume of the Memorials, and in a letter of my father's, to be found on page 829 of the Athenæum for 1840—a letter of which I beg my readers by no means to omit the perusal.]

1838.

[FROM the "Comic" of this year, besides the Preface, two poems—"The Green Man" and "Hit or Miss,"—remain available for this edition.]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1838.

PREFACE.

THERE are nine Muses to a Poet ; nine Tailors to a Man ; nine points of the law to "one possessed ;" nine lives to a cat ; nine tails to a flogging ; nine points to an agony of whist ; nine diamonds to Pope Joan ; nine ninepins to a bowl ; nine cheers to a toast ; and now there are nine Comic Annuals to the set.

Whatever may be the mystic influence of the witching number—

"Thrice to thine,
And thrice to *mine*,
And thrice again to make up *Nine* !"

My little work is now within its sphere. The cycle is complete ; the tything time is come ; and, like Rudolph's Seventh Bullet, my Ninth Volume is now at evil behest. In what manner the Weird Sisters will choose to do their wicked will with it, is past sounding ; but of course they will try their best or worst to turn it into a Work of Darkness. They are notorious jugglers, practising on the

senses with shows and unreal mockeries ; and I feel as if the coldest wind of the Brocken were blowing over me, to think what diabolical appearances they may cause my book to assume.

I remember reading, in some Romance, of an unfortunate man thrown by "some devilish cantrip sleight," as Burns calls it, into such an optical delusion, that, whilst he thought he was only carving up a fowl, he was committing a foul murder. That is an awful power of garbling ! and the Fatal Three will chuckle at such a piece of literal Printer's Devilry as fobbing off their own matter for mine on a cheated Public.

Thus I have tried, as usual, to furnish forth a little harmless amusement for the Christmas fireside ; but, thanks to Hecate and her imps, the most innocent play upon words will perhaps be transformed, to shock the decidedly pious reader into a play upon the Scriptures. I have imagined a factitious correspondence, by way of shadowing out the inefficiency of certain establishments where Young Gentlemen are "boarded, lodged, and done for ;" but it will be as good a joke as laming cattle, for the spiteful Hags to show some indignant Schoolmaster his own name, and that of his Academy, at full length, in capitals, and as plain to all the Public as the show-board at his front gate.

In the same desire of being useful, I have tried to show up the imposture of Animal Magnetism ; but what can be expected from juggling Witches, patronesses of every cheat on the human body or soul, except that they will turn the whole article to an atrocious libel on some living Practitioner ? The little instance of Mistaken Patronage I have adduced, will infallibly be cooked up into an attack on the Aristocracy ; and, by working the faces in the drawings into likenesses, the whole Volume, text and cuts, may be thus bewitched into a

collection of personalities and political squibs and caricatures. Finally, the Critics will, no doubt, be hounded on to worry the devoted pages! for, alas! what grammar can withstand such grammaree—what spelling be proof against such spells? The most charming style might be charmed out of its propriety, and the droppings of a comic vein be transmuted, so as to show to the eyes of the Reviewer as mere “baboon’s blood.”

It is with some misgivings, then, that I put forth the New Volume under such awful auspices. Those who have not lived under the gloomy shadow of the Brocken,—who have not heard a Weird Trio from the Witches’ Orchestra, or made their own reflections on the Witches’ Lake, or tasted the Witches’ Spring, or essayed in vain to dry the chilly oozings of the Witches’ Dog-Stone,—will be apt to deride a faith in such Teutonic theories; indeed, in hunting, racing England, the mere notion of “*witching* the world with noble horsemanship” on the back of such an un-clever hack as a birch besom, would suffice to bring the whole creed into disrepute. It is difficult, however, to reside long in Germany without believing, more or less, in those Old Original Broom Girls. Antiquated, ugly, and revolting as they appear in more sylvan scenery, in the neighbourhood of their own thick and slab Mountain, amid the wild savage features of the Black Forest, the withered Beldames, “formed to engage all *Hartz*, and *charm* all eyes,” are absolutely enchanting. The locality must, then, excuse terrors, which are apt to haunt wanderers in those wild regions. A little month may serve to dissipate all such fears; for should nothing happen out of the common—Macbeth called it a “*blasted heath*”—to the present Volume, I shall be quite ready to suppose that the Weird Women have bought new brooms, and swept themselves clean away from the face of the earth.

And now, with three times three in bows, and all seasonable benisons—may they not be Sycorax'd into malisons!—I take my leave for the ninth time. We may meet again—and we may not meet again. Who but a Witch knows which?

THE GREEN MAN.

—♦—

TOM SIMPSON was as nice a kind of man
As ever lived—at least at number Four,
In Austin Friars, in Mrs. Brown's first floor,
At fifty pounds,—or thereabouts,—per ann.
The Lady reckon'd him her best of lodgers,
His rent so punctually paid each quarter,—
He did not smoke like nasty foreign codgers—
Or play French horns like Mr. Rogers—
Or talk his flirting nonsense to her daughter,—
Not that the girl was light behaved or courtable—
Still on one failing tenderly to touch,
The Gentleman did like a drop too much,
(Tho' there are many such)
And took more Port than was exactly portable.
In fact,—to put the cap upon the nipple,
And try the charge,—Tom certainly *did* tipple.
He thought the motto was but sorry stuff
On Cribb's Prize Cup—Yes, wrong in ev'ry letter—
That “*D*—d be he who first cries *Hold Enough!*”
The more cups hold, and if enough, the better.
And so to set example in the eyes
Of Fancy's lads, and give a broadish hint to them,

All his cups were of such ample size
That he got into them.

Once in the company of merry mates,
In spite of Temperance's ifs and buts,
So sure as Eating is set off with *plates*,
His Drinking always was bound up with *cuts* !

Howbeit, such Bacchanalian revels
Bring very sad catastrophes about ;
Palsy, Dyspepsy, Dropsy, and Blue Devils,
Not to forget the Gout.
Sometimes the liver takes a splcenful whim
To grow to Strasbourg's regulation size,
As if for those hepatical goose pies—
Or out of depth the head begins to swim—
Poor Simpson ! what a thing occurred to him !
'Twas Christmas—he had drunk the night before,—
Like Baxter, who so “ went beyond his last ”—
One bottle more, and then *one* bottle more,
Till, oh ! the red-wine *Ruby-con* was pass'd !
And homeward, by the short small chimes of day,
With many a circumbendibus to spare,
For instance, twice round Finsbury Square,
To use a fitting phrase, he *wound* his way.

Then comes the rising, with repentance bitter,
And all the nerves—(and sparrows)—in a twitter,
Till settled by the sober Chinese cup :
The hands, o'er all, are members that make motions,
A sort of wavering, just like the ocean's,
Which has its swell, too, when it's getting up—

An awkward circumstance enough for elves
 Who shave themselves ;
 And Simpson just was ready to go thro' it,
 When lo ! the first short glimpse within the glass—
 He jump'd—and who alive would fail to do it ?—
 To see, however it had come to pass,
 One section of his face as green as grass !
 In vain each eager wipe,
 With soap—without—wet—hot or cold—or dry,
 Still, still, and still, to his astonished eye
 One cheek was green, the other cherry ripe !
 Plump in the nearest chair he sat him down,
 Quaking, and quite absorb'd in a deep study,—
 But verdant and not brown,—
 What could have happened to a tint so ruddy ?
 Indeed it was a very novel case,
 By way of penalty for being jolly,
 To have that evergreen stuck in his face,
 Just like the windows with their Christmas holly.

“ All claret marks,”—thought he—Tom knew his forte—
 “ Are red—this colour CANNOT come from Port ! ”

One thing was plain ; with such a face as his,
 'Twas quite impossible to ever greet
 Good Mrs. Brown ; nay, any party meet,
 Altho' 'twas such a parti-coloured phiz !
 As for the public, fancy Sarcy Ned,
 The coachman, flying, dog-like, at his head,
 With “ Ax your pardon, Sir, but if you please—
 Unless it comes too high—
 Vere ought a fellow, now, to go to buy
 The t'other half, Sir, of that 'ere green cheese ? ”

His mind recoil'd—so he tied up his head,
As with a raging tooth, and took to bed ;
Of course with feelings far from the serene,
For all his future prospects seemed to be,
 To match his customary tea,
 Black, mixt with green.

Meanwhile, good Mrs. Brown
Wondered at Mr. S. not coming down,
And sent the maid up-stairs to learn the why ;
To whom poor Simpson, half delirious,
 Returned an answer so mysterious
That curiosity began to fry ;
The more, as Betty, who had caught a snatch
By peeping in upon the patient's bed,
Reported a most bloody, tied-up head,
Got over-night of course—"Harm watch, harm catch,"
 From Watchmen in a boxing-match.

So, liberty or not,—
Good lodgers are too scarce to let them off in
 A suicidal coffin—
The dame ran up as fast as she could trot ;
"Appearance,—fiddlesticks !" should not deter
 From going to the bed,
 And looking at the head :
"La ! Mister S—, he need not care for her !
 A married woman that had had
Nine boys and gals, and none had turned out bad—
Her own dear late would come home late at night,
 And liquor always got him in a fight.
She'd been in hospitals—she wouldn't faint
At gores and gashes fingers wide and deep ;

She knew what's good for bruises and what ain't—
Turlington's Drops she made a p'int to keep.
Cases she'd seɣn beneath the surgent's hand—
Such skulls japann'd—she meant to say trepann'd !
Poor wretches ! you would think they'd been in battle,
 And hadn't hours to live,
From tearing horses' kicks or Smithfield cattle,
 Shamefully over-driv !—
Heads forced to have a silver plate atop,
 To get the brains to stop.
At imputations of the legs she'd been,
 And neither screech'd nor cried—
Hereat she pluck'd the white cravat aside,
And lo ! the whole phenomenon was seen—
“ Preserve us all ! He's going to gangrene ! ”

Alas ! through Simpson's brain
Shot the remark, like ball, with mortal pain ;
It tallied truly with his own misgiving,
 And brought a groan,
 To move a heart of stone—
A sort of farewell to the land of living !
And as the case was imminent and urgent,
He did not make a shadow of objection
To Mrs. B.'s proposal for a “ surgent,”
But merely gave a sigh of deep dejection,
While down the verdant cheek a tear of grief
Stole, like a dew-drop on a cabbage-leaf.

Swift flew the summons,—it was life or death !
And in as short a time as he could race it,
Came Doctor Puddicome, as short of breath,
To try his Latin charms against *Hic Jacet*.

He took a seat beside the patient's bed,
Saw tongue—felt pulse—examined the bad cheek,—
Poked, stroked, pinch'd, kneaded it—hepm'd—shook his
head—

Took a long solemn pause the cause to seek,
(Thinking, it seem'd, in Greek,)
Then ask'd—'twas Christmas—" Had he eaten grass,
Or greens—and if the cook was so improper

To boil them up with copper,
Or farthings made of brass ;

Or if he drank his Hock from dark green glass,
Or dined at City Festivals, whereat
There's turtle, and green fat ? "

To all of which, with serious tone of woe,
Poor Simpson answered " No."

Indeed he might have said in form auricular,
Supposing Puddicome had been a monk—
He had not eaten (he had only drunk)
Of any thing " Particular."

The Doctor was at fault ;

A thing so new quite brought him to a halt.
Cases of other colours came in crowds,

He could have found their remedy, and soon ;
But green—it sent him up among the clouds,
As if he had gone up with Green's balloon !

Black with Black Jaundice he had seen the skin ;
From Yellow Jaundice yellow,
From saffron tints to fallow ;—
Then retrospective memory lugg'd in
Old Purple Face, the Host at Kentish Town—
East Indians, without number,

He knew familiarly, by heat done Brown,
 From tan to a burnt umber,
 Ev'n those eruptions he had never seen
 Of which the Caledonian Poet spoke,
 As "*rashes* growing green !"
 "Phoo ! phoo ! a rash grow green !
 Nothing of course but a broad Scottish joke !'
 Then as to flaming visages, for those
 The Scarlet Fever answer'd, or the Rose—
 But verdant ! that was quite a novel stroke !
 Men turn'd to blue, by Cholera's last stage,
 In common practice he had really seen ;
 But Green—he was too old, and grave, and sage,
 To think of the last stage to Turnham Green !

So matters stood in-doors—meanwhile without,
 Growing in going like all other rumours,
 The modern miracle was buzz'd about,
 By people of all humours,
 Native or foreign in their dialecticals ;
 Till all the neighbourhood, as if their noses
 Had taken the odd gross from little Moses,
 Seem'd looking thro' green spectacles.
 "Green faces !" so they all began to comment—
 "Yes—opposite to Druggist's lighted shops,
 But that's a flying colour—never stops—
 A bottle-green that's vanish'd in a moment.
 Green ! nothing of the sort occurs to mind,
 Nothing at all to match the present piece ;
 Jack in the Green has nothing of the kind—
 Green-grocers are not green—nor yet green geese !"
 The oldest Supercargoes or Old Sailors
 Of such a case had never heard,

From Emerald Isle to Cape de Verd ;
 "Or Greenland !" cried the whalers.
 All tongues were full of the Green man, and still
 They could not make him out, with all their skill ;
 No soul could shape the matter, head or tail—
 But Truth steps in where all conjectures fail.

A long half hour, in needless puzzle,
 Our Galen's cane had rubbed against his muzzle ;
 He thought, and thought, and thought, and thought, and
 thought—
 And still it came to nought,
 When up rush'd Betty, loudest of Town Criers,
 "Lord, Ma'am, the new Police is at the door !
 It's B, ma'am, Twenty-four,—
 As brought home Mr. S. to Austin Friars,
 And says there's nothing but a simple case—
 He got that 'ere green face
 By sleeping in the kennel near the Dyer's !"

HIT OR MISS.

"Twa dogs, that were na thrang *at hame*,
 Forgather'd ance upon a time."—BURNS.

ONE morn—it was the very morn
 September's sportive month was born—
 The hour, about the sunrise, early :
 The sky grey, sober, still, and pearly,
 With sundry orange streaks and tinges
 Through daylight's door, at cracks and hinges ;

The air, calm, bracing, freshly cool,
As if just skimm'd from off a pool ;
The scene, red, russet, yellow, leaden,
From stubble, fern, and leaves that deaden,
Save here and there a turnip patch,
Too verdant with the rest to match ;
And far a-field a hazy figure,
Some roaming lover of the trigger.
Meanwhile the level light perchance
Pick'd out his barrel with a glance ;
For all around a distant popping
Told birds were flying off or dropping.
Such was the morn—a morn right fair
To seek for covey or for hare—
When, lo ! too far from human feet
For even Ranger's boldest beat,
A Dog, as in some doggish trouble,
Came cant'ring through the crispy stubble,
With dappled head in lowly droop,
But not the scientific stoop ;
And flagging, dull, desponding ears,
As if they had been soaked in tears,
And not the beaded dew that hung
The filmy stalks and weeds among.
His pace, indeed, seemed not to know
An errand, why, or where to go,
To trot, to walk, or scamper swift—
In short, he seemed a dog adrift ;
His very tail, a listless thing,
With just an accidental swing,
Like rudder to the ripple veering,
When nobody on board is steering.

So, dull and moody, cantered on
Our vagrant pointer, christen'd Don ;
When, rising o'er a gentle slope, ,
That gave his view a better scope,
He spied, some dozen furrows distant,
But in a spot as inconsistent,
A second dog across his track,
Without a master to his back ;
As if for wages, workman-like,
The sporting breed had made a strike,
Resolved nor birds nor puss to seek,
Without another paunch a week !

This other was a truant curly,
But, for a spaniel, wondrous surly ;
Instead of curvets gay and brisk,
He slouched along without a frisk,
With dogged air, as if he had
A good half mind to running mad ;
Mayhap the shaking at his ear
Had been a quaver too severe ;
Mayhap the whip's " exclusive dealing "
Had too much hurt e'en spaniel feeling,
Nor if he had been cut, 'twas plain
He did not mean to come again.

Of course the pair soon spied each other ;
But neither seemed to own a brother ;
The course on both sides took a 'curve,
As dogs when shy are apt to swerve ;
But each o'er back and shoulder throwing
A look to watch the other's going,

Till, having cleared sufficient ground,
With one accord they turned them round,
And squatting down, for forms not caring,
At one another fell to staring ;
As if not proof against a touch
Of what plagues humankind so much,
A prying itch to get at notions
Of all their neighbour's looks and motions.
Sir Don at length was first to rise—
The better dog in point of size,
And, snuffing all the ground between,
Set off, with easy jaunty mien ;
While Dash, the stranger, rose to greet him,
And made a dozen steps to meet him—
Their noses touch'd, and rubbed awhile
(Some savage nations use the style),
And then their tails a wag began,
Though on a very cautious plan,
But in their signals quantum suff.
To say, " A civil dog enough."

Thus having held out olive branches,
They sank again, though not on haunches,
But couchant, with their under jaws
Resting between the two forepaws,
The prelude, on a luckier day,
Or sequel, to a game of play :
But now they were in dumps, and thus
Began their worries to discuss,
The Pointer, coming to the point
The first, on times so out of joint.
" Well, Friend,—so here's a new September,
As fine a first as I remember ;

And, thanks to such an early Spring,
Plenty of birds, and strong on wing."

"Birds!" cried the little crusty chap,
As sharp and sudden as a snap,
"A weasel suck them in the shell!
What matter birds, or flying well,
Or fly at all, or sporting weather,
If fools with guns can't hit a feather!"

"Ay, there's the rub, indeed," said Don,
Putting his gravest visage on;
"In vain we beat our beaten way,
And bring our *organs* into play,
Unless the proper killing kind
Of *barrel tunes* are played behind:
But when *we* shoot—that's me and Squire—
We hit as often as we fire."

"More luck for you!" cried little Woolly,
Who felt the cruel contrast fully;
"More luck for you, and Squire to boot!
We miss as often as we shoot!"

"Indeed!—No wonder you're unhappy!
I thought you looking rather snappy;
But fancied, when I saw you jogging,
You'd had an overdose of flogging;
Or p'rhaps the gun its range had tried
While you were ranging rather wide."

"Me! running—running wide—and hit!
Me shot! what pepper'd?—Deuce a bit!"

I almost wish I had ! That Dunce,
My master, then would hit for once !
Hit me ! Lord how you talk ! why zounds !
He couldn't hit a pack of hounds ! ”

“ Well, that must be a case provoking.
What *never*—but, you dog, you're joking !
I see a sort of wicked grin
About your jaw you're keeping in.”
“ A joke ! an old tin kettle's clatter
Would be as much a joking matter.
To tell the truth, that dog-disaster
Is just the type of me and master,
When fagging over hill and dale,
With his vain rattle at my tail.
Bang, bang, and bang, the whole day's run,
But *leading* nothing but his gun—
The very shot, I fancy, hisses,
It's sent upon such awful misses ! ”

“ Of course it does ! But perhaps the fact is
Your master's hand is out of practice ! ”

“ Practice ?—No doctor, where you will,
Has finer—but he cannot kill !
These three years past, thro' furze and furrow,
All covers I have hunted thorough ;
Flush'd cocks and snipes about the moors ;
And put up hares by scores and scores ;
Coveys of birds, and lots of pheasants ;—
Yes, game enough to send in presents
To ev'ry friend he has in town,
Provided he had knock'd it down :

But no—the whole three years together,
He has not giv'n me flick or feather—
For all that I have had to do
I wish I had been missing too ! ”

“ Well,—such a hand would drive me mad ;
But is he truly quite so bad ? ”

“ Bad !—worse !—you cannot underscore him ;
If I could put up, just before him,
The great Balloon that paid the visit
Across the water, he would miss it !
Bite him ! I do believe, indeed,
It's in his very blood and breed !
It marks his life, and runs all through it ;
What can be miss'd, he's sure to do it.
Last Monday he came home to Tooting,
Dog-tired, as if he'd been a-shooting,
And kicks at me to vent his rage—
'Get out !' says he—'I've miss'd the stage !'
Of course, thought I—what chance of hitting ?
You'd miss the Norwich waggon, sitting ! ”

“ Why, he must be the county's scoff !
He ought to leave, and not let, off !
As fate denies his shooting wishes,
Why don't he take to catching fishes ?
Or any other sporting game,
That don't require a bit of aim ? ”

“ Not he !—Some dogs of human kind
Will hunt by sight, because they're blind.

My master angle !—no such luck !
There he might strike, who never struck !
My master shoots because he can't,
And has an eye that aims aslant ;
Nay, just by way of making trouble,
He's changed his single gun for double ;
And now, as girls a-walking do,
His *misses* go by two and two !
I wish he had the mange, or reason
As good, to miss the shooting season !”

“ Why yes, it must be main unpleasant
To point to covey, or to pheasant ;
For snobs, who, when the point is mooted,
Think *letting fly* as good as shooting !”

“ Snobs !—if he'd wear his ruffled shirts,
Or coats with water-wagtail skirts,
Or trowsers in the place of smalls,
Or those tight fits he wears at balls,
Or pumps, and boots with tops, mayhap,
Why we might pass for Snip and Snap,
And shoot like blazes ! fly or sit,
And none would stare, unless we hit.
But no—to make the more combustion,
He goes in gaiters and in fustian,
Like Captain Ross, or Topping Sparks,
And deuce a miss but some one marks !
For ~~K~~eeppers, shy of such encroachers,
Dog us about like common poachers !
Many's the covey I've gone by,
When underneath a sporting eye ;

Many a puss I've twigg'd, and pass'd her—
I miss 'em to prevent my master !”

“And so should I, in such a case !
There's nothing feels so like disgrace,
Or gives you such a scurvy look—
A kick and pail of slush from Cook,
Cleftsticks, or Kettle, all in one,
As standing to a missing gun !
It's whirr ! and bang ! and off you bound,
To catch your bird before the ground ;
But no—a pump and ginger pop
As soon would get a bird to drop !
So there you stand, quite struck a-heap,
Till all your tail is gone to sleep ;
A sort of stiffness in your nape,
Holding your head well up to gape ;
While off go birds across the ridges,
First small as flies, and then as midges,
Cocksure, as they are living chicks,
Death's Door is not at Number Six !”

“Yes ! yes ! and then you look at master,
The cause of all the late disaster,
Who gives a stamp, and raps an oath
At gun, or birds, or maybe both ;
P'raps curses you, and all your kin,
To raise the hair upon your skin !
Then loads, rams down, and fits new caps,
To go and hunt for more miss-haps !”

“Yes ! yes ! but, sick and sad, you feel
But one long wish to go to heel ;

You cannot scent, for cutting mugs—
Your nose is turning up, like Pug's ;
You can't hold up, but plod and mope ;
Your tail like sodden end of rope,
That o'er a wind-bound vessel's side
Has soak'd in harbour, tide and tide.
On thorns and scratches, till, that moment
Unnoticed, you begin to comment ;
You never felt such bitter brambles,
Such heavy soil, in all your rambles !
You never felt your fleas so vicious !
Till, sick of life so unpropitious,
You wish at last, to end the passage,
That you were dead, and in your sassage !”

“ Yes ! that's a miss from end to end !
But, zounds ! you draw so well, my friend,
You've made me shiver, skin and gristle,
As if I heard my master's whistle !
Though how you came to learn the knack—
I thought your squire was quite a crack !”

“ And so he is !—He always hits—
And sometimes hard, and all to bits.
But ere with him our tongues we task,
I've still one little thing to ask ;
Namely, with such a random master,
Of course you sometimes want a plaster ?
Such missing hands make game of more
Than ever passed for game before—
A pounded pig—a widow's cat—
A patent ventilating hat—

For shot, like mud, when thrown so thick,
Will find a coat whereon to stick !”

“ What ! accidentals, as they’re term’d ?
No never—none—since I was worm’d—
Not e’en the Keeper’s fatted calves,—
My master does not miss by halves !
His shot are like poor orphans, hurl’d
Abroad upon the whole wide world,—
But whether they be blown to dust,
As often-times I think they must,
Or melted down too near the sun,
What comes of them is known to none—
I never found, since I could bark,
A Barn that bore my master’s mark !”

“ Is that the case ?—why then, my brother,
Would we could swap with one another !
Or take the Squire, with all my heart,
Nay, all my liver, so we part !
He’ll hit you hares—(he uses cartridge)
He’ll hit you cocks—he’ll hit a partridge ;
He’ll hit a snipe—he’ll hit a pheasant ;
He’ll hit—he’ll hit whatever’s present ;
He’ll always hit,—as that’s your wish—
His pepper never lacks a dish !”

“ Come, come, you banter,—let’s be serious ;
I’m sure that I am half delirious,
Your picture set me so a-sighing—
- But does he shoot so well—shoot flying ?”

“Shoot flying? Yes—and running, walking,—
I’ve seen him shoot two farmers talking—
He’ll hit the game, whene’er he can,
But failing that he’ll hit a man,—
A boy—a horse’s tail or head—
Or make a pig a pig of lead,—
Oh, friend! they say no dog as yet,
However hot, was known to sweat,
But sure I am that I perspire
Sometimes *before my master’s fire!*
Misses! no, no, he *always* hits,
But so as puts me into fits!
He shot my fellow dog this morning,
Which seemed to me sufficient warning!”

“Quite, quite, enough!—So that’s a hitter!
Why, my own fate I thought was bitter,
And full excuse for cut and run;
But give me still the missing gun!
Or rather, Sirius! send me this,
No gun at all, to hit or miss,
Since sporting seems to shoot thus double,
That right or left it brings us trouble!”

So ended Dash ;—and Pointer Don
Prepared to urge the moral on;
But here a whistle long and shrill
Came sounding o’er the council hill,
And starting up, as if their tails,
Had felt the touch of shoes and nails,
Away they scamper’d down the slope,
As fast as other pairs elope,—

Resolv'd, instead of sporting rackets,
 To beg, or dance in fancy jackets ;
 At butchers' shops to try their luck ;
 To help to draw a cart or truck ;
 Or lead Stone Blind poor men, at most
 Who would but hit or miss a post.

[At this period a change was beginning to take place in the issue of publications. It was discovered that the public could better afford—and was better pleased—to buy monthly numbers at a shilling than yearly volumes at a guinea. The alteration being equally agreeable to public, author, and publisher, was soon carried out. The “Comic Annual” was carried on for another year, when it was put an end to by circumstances of a private nature. But in 1838 began the issue, in monthly numbers, of “Hood’s Own”—composed partly of a re-issue of the “Comics,” partly of fresh matter. The following prospectus in the “Athenaum,” in the January of this year, announced its publication.]

HOOD'S OWN.



ADDRESS.

THIS is the age of literary industry. The example of the great Novelist—Scott and *Lot*, as he might be termed for fertility—has excited authors, not merely to inscribe their names in the Temple of Fame, but to fill up whole shelves of its glorious library. Witness Bulwer, whose books, as well as the Booksellers, form a Row of themselves, and long may it be ere they reach to their Amen Corner. Whilst Marryat—

“His sword is in its sheath,
 But his fingers hold the pen,”

is perpetually laying down new works, or launching them, and like a literary Lord Cochrane, cuts out plenty of employment for his *boarders* !

Amongst such prolific pens, my own goosequill must appear what the gardeners call "a very shy bearer:" my whole annual crop (except on some remarkable comet year,) consisting in a single little volume. I am as a drone amongst the bees—a Christmas bellman, to the thick coming gatherers of Taxes! Like some petty prince, with his miserable contingent of a score of men and a drummer, to the great German Confederation, some twenty volumes make up my whole contribution to the national host. I really blush at the sorry front they present when drawn up in line, or rather in rank, and am not at all surprised, or offended, that those general officers in criticism the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh* have quite overlooked them in their *reviews*. In the meantime, the circumstance has not escaped the vigilance of that very officious body, the Willy Nilly Volunteers,—and even their Goose Gibbies! (*vide* Old Mortality,) have been thrust into my company, to nominally increase my muster. At least, I trust it has only been in consideration of the scantiness of the roll, and not with any squinting *dexterous sinister* views of their own, that so many overkind persons have undertaken to write for me by proxy, and avail themselves, by "forced loans" of my signature; indeed by a species of ultra-somnambulism, I have been made, not to read, but actually to write books behind my own back, and according to the usual magnetic principle, without any consciousness, on my own part, of such involuntary performances. For instance, I have written at second-hand on party politics, which I abhor, and I have contributed to the catchpennies of Holborn Bars, whom I avoid; nay I have been my own rival, with the Pseudo-Comic Annual, which so annoyed an "American in England" by being thrust into his hand at the Elephant and Castle, and into his eye at the White Horse Cellar. Other parties, again, persist in rashly or wilfully

ascribing to me any "deed without a name," that is not decidedly serious, and hence various works, if not expressly *hatched* for me by the authors, have been *laid* to me by the the Critics. Even thus have I been made to impudently patronise myself in "The Battle of the Annuals," to injudiciously parody myself in "The Comic Almanack," and even to adopt a son by another father and mother (the author of "Epsom Races") as T. Hood, Junior.

It is, of course, equally disagreeable and dangerous to endure so many parasitic plants upon me, and to be even nominally responsible for the fruits they may chance to bear.

The reader will remember that many of the imputed excesses of the republican French soldiery were in reality chargeable on a body of swindling irregulars, collectively known as the *Armée Roulante*: who contrived, by assumed uniforms and simulated documents, to levy contributions on an unwary public. Heaven only knows, then, what immorality, impiety, and sedition, may have been passed off for mine by such literary forgers and utterers; but supposing their impostures to be of a more innocent character, I am still averse to other *hands* being *palmed* off for mine. I am not a she-gipsy, and have therefore a natural objection to carry other people's bantlings in my *Hood*.

Against such evils, the first law of Nature—a law better understood and observed than that of Copyright—insists on some measure of self-defence, and fortunately, the modern system of re-issues presents an appropriate opportunity. Instead, therefore, of publishing New Editions of the by-gone Comic Annuals, it is intended to reproduce them in the popular form which has become so current, in order to guard against counterfeits by the wide diffusion of an authorised version. The nobility, gentry, and the public in general, will thus be in possession, by monthly instal-

ments, of what I have really written for their amusement during the two last Olympiads ; whilst, for the future, I shall be supplied with what the physicians call a vehicle for the exhibition of occasional whims and oddities, and especially on such topics as may be too temporary for the twelvemonths' *jestation* of the regular Annual. To speak metaphorically, the old flow of the Comic vein, with an infusion of fresh blood, will be thrown again into circulation.

The continued favour shown to each successive volume of the original work induces a hope that such a collection of unarsenicated *light* reading will be an acceptable one, especially to the rising generation. It is presumed that nothing grievously "pleasant but wrong" will have to be retrenched ; nevertheless, every page will be carefully weeded, and Heads and Tails of Families may be secure that nothing will be *low* about the work, but the price ; for it is one of my objects to conciliate the Benthamites, by humbly contributing to the greatest entertainment of the greatest number. To this end the principle of condensation, at a high pressure, will be employed by the proprietor, so as to enable him to present his standard work in the popular and double character of an ECONOMIC.

T. HOOD.

268 ANNOUNCEMENT OF COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1839.

[In November the following letter in the "Athenæum" heralded the last volume of the "Comic Annual" which was fated to appear. Like the last few similar announcements, it was addressed to the publishers.]

MY DEAR —, AND THE REST,

Your query whether there will be a Comic Annual for 1839 would formerly have answered itself. I could hardly have undertaken a Biennial much less an Annual at ZDW RNHLMNSKI, a place consonant enough with letters, but hardly adapted for a course of post. Thanks to Steam and Railways, however, such Ex-Communication is now exploded, and we are all nearer, and shall of course be dearer, to each other by many degrees. For instance the railroad from ZDW RNHLMNSKI to KPDGHFSKI is now completed, and you may go from one to the other in "no time at all." The next being a short stage is done, including stoppages, in something less. With good luck, and the steam well up, you may almost dispense with setting out at all: and instances have been known of arriving in twenty minutes previous to starting in spite of taking the wrong line. In fact, or rather, in short, we shall come to travel like the Angels, who, according to a decision of Dean Swift and the College of St. Omer, can fly from point to point without passing through the space between. With such extraordinary facilities it would appear to me quite possible to produce my yearly volume at the proper time, without bursting my boiler.

You may therefore safely announce as usual the Comic Annual for 1839 with articles in prose and verse, and numerous humorous woodcuts by

Dear —, and all the rest,

Yours very truly,

T. HOOD.

1839.

[FROM the "Comic" for 1839, the last of its race, much matter remains for this edition. The issue of the monthly numbers of "Hood's Own" was stopped from the same cause which put a period to the "Comic," and this volume was therefore never drained to swell its monthly brother. "A Table of Errata"—"All round my Hat"—"Ben Bluff"—"A Plain Direction"—"The Bachelor's Dream"—"Rural Felicity"—"A Flying Visit"—"The Doves and the Crows"—"The Doctor and the Vision" were all originally published in this volume.]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1839.

PREFACE.

THE Tenth Comic Annual is now in the field : and luckily, it is a field of which no tithe can be demanded in kind or in unkind.

To account for the unusual lateness of the present crop in coming to market, it must be told how, at the eleventh hour, when all that ought to be cut was cut, and only a small portion wanted carrying, the labourers, one and all, master and man, were suddenly disabled by the same complaint, and confined to the same bed. Marry it was a shrewd attack too ! But that is over and gone, as the broken-ribbed man said of the cart-wheel.

And now having made this necessary explanation, it would, perhaps be the most prudent course to make my bow without further prefacing. Nothing is more difficult than to address

the public perennially on the same subject ; a fact well understood by the Beadle of my old precinct of St. M***** B*****, who, as usual, presented me at Christmas-tide with a copy of verses. Instead of the Scriptural doggerel, however, which used to fill up his broadside, and which indeed had become sufficiently stale and irksome, the sheet exhibited a selection of Elegant Extracts from our Standard Authors ; and by no means a bad assortment, if our Scarbæus Parochialis had not most whimsically garbled the pieces to suit a purpose of his own. Finding, perhaps, that original composition was beyond his bounds, that Parnassus, in fact, was not his Parish, he had contrived, by here and there interpolating a line or two of his own, to adapt the lays of our British Bards to his Carol. For instance, Gray's Celebrated Elegy in a Country Churchyard, was thus made to do duty, after this fashion :—

“The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way—
 And this is Christmas Eve, and here I be !

“Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 Save Queen Victoria, who the sceptre holds !

“Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain—
 Save all the ministers that be in power,
 Save all the Royal Sovereigns that reign !

* * * * *

“Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The Parish Beadle calling at the door !

“Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn’d to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester’d vale of life,
 They kept the apple-women’s stalls away !

* * * * *

“Yet e’en these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh ;
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck’d,
 He never lets the children play thereby.

* * * * *

“Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the Reverend Vicar all in lawn !

“One morn I miss’d him on the ’custom’d hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
 Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor at the Magpie and the Stump was he !

“The next with hat and staff, and new array,
 Along all sorts of streets we saw him borne ;
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 He always brings upon a Christmas morn !

“Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
 He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
 And never failed on Sundays to attend !

“No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;
 Where they alike in trembling hope repose,
 John Bugsby, Number Thirteen, Tibbald’s Road.”

Was not that, my worthy masters and mistresses, a desperate shift to be put to for an Annual Address.

And now, gentle reader, farewell ! Should we two be left alive at the end of the eighteen hundred and thirty-nine Articles, we shall, probably, meet again. But the oddities,

as the old lady said, are sadly against one, menaced by all the torches in England, all the rushes in Russia, the Great Petersburg Yellow Candle, and the Links at Edinbro, 'twill be a mercy should Britain escape Unspontaneous Combustion. However, should she prove fire-proof so long, you may look Westward Ho ! for my return by the Flying Dutchman.

A TABLE OF ERRATA.

(Hostess loquitur.)

WELL ! thanks be to Heaven,
 The summons is given ;
 It's only gone seven
 And should have been six ;
 There's fine overdoing
 In roasting and stewing,
 And victuals past chewing
 To rags and to sticks !

How dreadfully chilly !
 I shake, willy-nilly
 That John is so silly
 And never will learn !
 This plate is a cold one,
 That cloth is an old one,
 I wish they had told one
 The lamp wouldn't burn.

Now then for some blunder,
 For nerves to sink under ;

I never shall wonder
 Whatever goes ill.
That fish is a riddle !
It's broke in the middle.
A Turbot ! a fiddle !
 It's only a Brill !

It's quite over-boil'd too,
The butter is oil'd too,
The soup is all spoil'd too,
 It's nothing but slop.
The smelts looking flabby,
The soles are as dabby,
It all is so shabby,
 That Cook shall not stop !

As sure as the morning,
She gets a month's warning,
My orders for scorning—
 There's nothing to eat !
I hear such a rushing,
I feel such a flushing,
I know I am blushing
 As red as a beet !

Friends flatter and flatter,
I wish they would chatter ;
What *can* be the matter
 That nothing comes next ?
How very unpleasant !
Lord ! there is the pheasant !
Not wanted at present,—
 I'm born to be vex !

The pudding brought on too !,
And aiming at ton too !
And where is that John too, ,
 The plague that he is ?
He's off on some ramble :
And there is Miss Campbell,
Enjoying the scramble,
 Detestable Quiz !

The veal they all eye it,
But no one will try it,
An Ogre would shy it
 So ruddy as that !
And as for the mutton,
The cold dish it's put on,
Converts to a button
 Each drop of the fat.

The beef without mustard !
My fate's to be fluster'd,
And there comes the custard
 To eat with the hare !
Such flesh, fowl, and fishing,
Such waiting and dishing,
I cannot help wishing
 A woman might swear !

Oh dear ! did I ever—
But no, I did never—
Well, come, that is clever,
 To send up the brawn !

That cook, I could scold her,
 Gets worse as she's older ;
 I wonder who told her
 That woodcocks are drawn !

It's really audacious !
 I cannot look gracious,
 Lord help the voracious,
 That came for a cram !
 There's Alderman Fuller
 Gets duller and duller.
 Those fowls, by the colour,
 Were boil'd with the ham !

Well, where is the curry ?
 I'm all in a flurry.
 No, cook's in no hurry—
 A stoppage again !
 And John makes it wider,
 A pretty provider !
 By bringing up cider
 Instead of champagne !

My troubles come faster !
 There's my lord and master
 Detects each disaster,
 And hardly can sit :
 He cannot help seeing,
 All things disagreeing ;
 If *he* begins d—ing
 I'm off in a fit ! ●

ALL ROUND MY HAT.

This cooking ?—it's messing !
 The spinach wants pressing,
 And salads in dressing
 Are best with *good* eggs.
 And John—yes, already—
 Has had something heady,
 That makes him unsteady
 In keeping his legs.

How *shall* I get through it !
 I never can do it,
 I'm quite looking to it
 To sink by and by.
 Oh ! would I were dead now,
 Or up in my bed now,
 To cover my head now
 And have a good cry !

ALL ROUND MY HAT.

A NEW VERSION.

“Meditate—meditate I beseech you, upon Trim's hat.”
Tristram Shandy.

COME, my old hat, my steps attend !
 However wags may sneer and scoff,
 My castor still shall be my friend,
 For I'll not be a caster-off.
 So take again your olden place,
 That always found you fit and pat,
 Whatever mode might please the race
 All round my hat, all round my hat !

All round the world while I've a head,
However I may chance to be
Without a home—without a shed,
My tile shall be a roof to me.
Black, rusty grey, devoid of pelt,
A shocking shape or beaten flat,
Still there are joys that may be felt
All round my hat, all round my hat !

The Quaker loves an ample brim,
A hat that bows to no salaam—
And dear the beaver is to him
As if it never made a dam.
All men in drab he calleth friends ;
But there's a broader brim than that—
Give me the love that comprehends
All round my hat, all round my hat !

The Monarch binds his brows in gold,
With gems and pearls to sparkle there ;
But still a hat, a hat that's old,
They say is much more easy wear.
At regal state I'll not repine
For Kaiser, King, or Autocrat,
Whilst there's a golden sun to shine
All round my hat, all round my hat !

The Soldier seeks the field of death,
He fights, he fires, he faints, he falls,—
To gain an airy laurel wreath,
With berries made of musket balls.

No love have I for shot and shell,
With hissings sharp that end in flat—
Chafers and gnats sing just as well .
All round my hat, all round my hat !

As yet, my hat, you've got a crown ;
A little nap the brush can find ;
You are not very, very brown,
Nor very much scrubb'd up behind.
As yet your brim is broad and brave,
I took some little care of that,
By not saluting ev'ry knave
All round my hat, all round my hat !

As yet, my hat, I've got a house,
And dine as other people do,
And fate propitious still allows
A home for me—a peg for you.
But say my bread were but a crumb,
Myself as poor as any rat—
Why, I could cry, " Good people, come
All round my hat, all round my hat ! "

As yet the best of womankind
Continues all that wife should be,
And in the self-same room I find,
Her bonnet and my hat agree.
But say the bliss should not endure,
That she should turn a perfect cat,
I'd trust to time to bring a cure
All round my hat, all round my hat !

No acres broad pertain to me
To furnish cattle, coal, or corn ;
Like people that are born at sea,
There was no land, where I was born :—
Yet, when my flag of life is furl'd—
What landlord can do more than that ?—
I'll leave my heir the whole wide world
All round my hat, all round my hat !

BEN BLUFF.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

“Pshaw, you are not on a whaling voyage, where everything that offers is game.”—*The Pilot*.

BEN BLUFF was a whaler, and many a day
Had chased the huge fish about Baffin's old Bay ;
But time brought a change his diversion to spoil,
And that was when Gas took the shine out of Oil.

He turn'd up his nose at the fumes of the coke,
And swore the whole scheme was a bottle of smoke :
As to London he briefly deliver'd his mind,
“Sparma-city,” said he—but the City declined.

So Ben cut his line in a sort of a huff,
As soon as his Whales had brought profits enough,
And hard by the Docks settled down for his life,
But, true to his text, went to Wales for a wife.

A big one she was, without figure or waist,
More bulky than lovely, but that was his taste ;
In fat she was lapp'd from her sole to her crown,
And, turn'd into oil would have lighted a town.

But Ben like a Whaler was charm'd with the match,
And thought, very truly, his spouse a great catch ;
A flesh-and-blood emblem of Plenty and Peace,
And would not have changed her for Helen of Greece.

For Greenland was green in his memory still ;
He'd quitted his trade, but retain'd the good-will ;
And often, when soften'd by bumbo and flip,
Would cry—till he blubber'd—about his old ship.

No craft like the Grampus could work through a floe,
What knots she could run, and what tons she could stow !
And then that rich smell he preferr'd to the rose,
By just nosing the hold without holding his nose !

Now Ben he resolved, one fine Saturday night,
A snug Arctic Circle of friends to invite,
Old Tars in the trade, who related old tales,
And drank, and blew clouds that were "very like whales."

Of course with their grog there was plenty of chat
Of canting, and flenching, and cutting up fat ;
And how Gun Harpoons into fashion had got,
And if they were meant for the Gun-whale or not ?

At last they retired, and left Ben to his rest,
 By fancies cetaceous, and drink, well possess'd,
 When, lo ! as he lay by his partner in bed,
 He heard something blow through two holes in its head !

"A start !" mutter'd Ben, in the Grampus afloat,
 And made but one jump from the deck to the boat ;
 "Huzza ! pull away for the blubber and bone—
 I look on that whale as already my own !"

Then groping about by the light of the moon,
 He soon laid his hand on his trusty harpoon ;
 A moment he poised it, to send it more pat,
 And then made a plunge to imbed it in fat !

"Starn all !" he sang out, "as you care for your lives—
 Starn all, as you hope to return to your wives—
 Stand by for the flurry ! she throws up the foam !
 Well done, my old iron, I've sent you right home !"

And scarce had he spoken, when lo ! bolt upright
 The Leviathan rose in a great sheet of white,
 And swiftly advanced for a fathom or two,
 As only a fish out of water could do.

"Starn all !" echoed Ben, with a movement aback,
 But too slow to escape from the creature's attack ;
 If flippers it had, they were furnish'd with nails,—
 "You willin, I'll teach you that Women an't Whales !"

WABEALAJUNG BAHAL

"Avast!" shouted Ben, with a sort of a screech,
"I've heard a Whale spouting, but *here* is a speech!"
"A-spouting, indeed!—very pretty," said she;
"But it's you I'll blow up, not the froth of the sea!"

"To go to pretend to take *me* for a fish!
You great Polar Bear—but I know what you wish—
You're sick of a wife, that your hankering baulks,—
You want to go back to some young Esquimaux!"

"O dearest," cried Ben, frighten'd out of his life,
"Don't think I would go for to murder a wife
I must long have bewail'd"—But she only cried "Stuff!
Don't name it, you brute, you've *be-whaled* me enough!"

"Lord, Polly!" said Ben, "such a deed could I do?
I'd rather have murder'd all Wapping than you!
Come, forgive what is passed." "Oh you monster!" she cried,
"It was none of your fault that it passed of one side!"

However, at last she inclined to forgive:
"But, Ben, take this warning as long as you live—
If the love of harpooning so strong must prevail,
Take a whale for a wife, not a wife for a whale."

A PLAIN DIRECTION.

“Do you never deviate?”—*John Bull.*

IN London once I lost my way
 In faring to and fro,
 And ask'd a little ragged boy
 The way that I should go ;
 He gave a nod, and then a wink,
 And told me to get there
 “Straight down the Crooked Lane,
 And all round the Square.”

I box'd his little saucy ears,
 And then away I strode ;
 But since I've found that weary path
 Is quite a common road.
 Utopia is a pleasant place,
 But how shall I get there ?
 “Straight down the Crooked Lane,
 And all round the Square.”

I've read about a famous town
 That drove a famous trade,
 Where Whittington walk'd up and found
 A fortune ready made.
 The very streets are paved with gold ;
 But how shall I get there ?
 “Straight down the Crooked Lane,
 And all round the Square.”

I've read about a Fairy Land,
In some romantic tale,
Where Dwarfs, if good, are sure to thrive,
And wicked Giants fail.
My wish is great, my shoes are strong,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard about some happy Isle,
Where ev'ry man is free,
And none can lie in bonds for life
For want of L. S. D.
Oh that's the land of Liberty !
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've dreamt about some blessed spot,
Beneath the blessed sky,
Where Bread and Justice never rise
Too dear for folks to buy.
It's cheaper than the Ward of Cheap,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is an ancient House,
As pure as it is old,
Where Members always speak their minds,
And votes are never sold.

I'm fond of all antiquities,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

•

They say there is a Royal Court
Maintain'd in noble state,
When ev'ry able man, and good,
Is certain to be great !
I'm very fond of seeing sights,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is a Temple too,
Where Christians come to pray ;
But canting knaves and hypocrites,
And bigots keep away.
O ! that's the parish church for me !
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is a Garden fair,
That's haunted by the dove,
Where love of gold doth ne'er eclipse
The golden light of love—
The place must be a Paradise,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard there is a famous Land
For public spirit known—
Whose Patriots love its interests
Much better than their own.
The Land of Promise sure it is !
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've read about a fine Estate,
A Mansion large and strong ;
A view all over Kent and back,
And going for a song.
George Robins knows the very spot,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard there is a Company
All formal and enroll'd,
Will take your smallest silver coin
And give it back in gold.
Of course the office door is mobb'd,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard about a pleasant land,
Where omelettes grow on trees,
And roasted pigs run, crying out,
"Come eat me, if you please."

My appetite is rather keen,
 But how shall I get there ?
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,
 And all round the Square."

•

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

—♦—

My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd,
 My curtains drawn and all is snug ;
 Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
 And Tray is sitting on the rug.
 Last night I had a curious dream ;
 Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,
 I could but woo and she was won,
 Myself in blue, the bride in white,
 The ring was placed, the deed was done !
 Away we went in chaise-and-four,
 As fast as grinning boys could flog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come !
 But tête-à-têtes must still defer !
 When Susan came to live with *me*,
 Her mother came to live with *her* !

With sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all *my* ties had leave to jog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—
A monkey too,—what work he made !
The sister introduced a Beau—
My Susan brought a favourite maid.
She had a tabby of her own,—
A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

The Monkey bit—the Parrot scream'd,
All day the sister strumm'd and sung ;
The petted maid was such a scold !
My Susan learn'd to use her tongue :
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sate and croak'd like any frog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

No longer “Deary,” “Duck,” and “Love,”
I soon came down to simple “M !”
The very servants cross'd my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seem'd my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

My clothes they were the queerest shape !
 Such coats and hats she never met !
 My ways they were the oddest ways !
 My friends were such a vulgar set !
 Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd—
 She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

At times we had a spar, and then
 Mamma must mingle in the song—
 The sister took a sister's part—
 The Maid declared her Master wrong—
 The Parrot learn'd to call me "Fool !"
 My life was like a London fog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
 As proved by bills that had no end—
 I never had a decent coat—
 I never had a coin to spend !
 She forced me to resign my Club,
 Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
 To fops and flirts, a pretty list ;
 And when I tried to steal away,
 I found my study full of whist !

Then, first to come and last to go,
 There always was a Captain Hogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

Now was not that an awful dream
 For one who single is and snug—
 With Pussy in the elbow-chair
 And Tray reposing on the rug ?—
 If I must totter down the hill,
 'Tis safest done without a clog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

RURAL FELICITY.

WELL, the country's a pleasant place, sure enough, for people
 that's country born,
 And useful, no doubt, in a natural way, for growing our grass
 and our corn.
 It was kindly meant of my cousin Giles, to write and invite
 me down.
 Tho' as yet all I've seen of a pastoral life only makes me
 more partial to town.

At first I thought I was really come down into all sorts of
 rural bliss,
 For Porkington Place, with its cows and its pigs, and its
 poultry, looks not much amiss ;

There's something about a dairy farm, with its different kinds
of live stock,
That puts one in mind of Paradise, and Adam and his innocent flock ;
But somehow the good old Elysium fields have not been well
handed down,
And as yet I have found no fields to prefer to dear Leicester
Fields up in town.

To be sure it is pleasant to walk in the meads, and so I
should like for miles,
If it wasn't for clodpoles of carpenters that put up such
crooked stiles ;
For the bars jut out, and you must jut out, till you're almost
broken in two,
If you clamber you're certain sure of a fall, and you stick if
you try to creep through.
Of course, in the end, one learns how to climb without
constant tumbles-down,
But still as to walking so stylishly, it's pleasanter done about
town.
There's a way, I know, to avoid the stiles, and that's by a
walk in a lane,
And I did find a very nice shady one, but I never dared go
again ;
For who should I meet but a rampaging bull, that wouldn't
be kept in the pound,
A trying to toss the whole world at once, by sticking his
horns in the ground ?
And that, by-the-bye, is another thing, that pulls rural
pleasures down,
Ev'ry day in the country is cattle-day, and there's only two
up in town.

Then I've rose with the sun, to go brushing away at the first
early pearly dew,
And to meet Aurory, or whatever's her name, and I always
got wetted through ;
My shoes are like sops, and I caught a bad cold, and a nice
draggie-tail to my gown,
That's not the way that we bathe our feet, or wear our
pearls, up in town !
As for picking flowers, I have tried at a hedge, sweet eglantine
roses to snatch,
But, mercy on us ! how nettles will sting, and how the long
brambles do scratch ;
Beside hitching my hat on a nasty thorn that tore all the
bows from the crown,
One may walk long enough without hats branching off, or
losing one's bows about town.
But worse than that, in a long rural walk, suppose that it
blows up for rain,
And all at once you discover yourself in a real St. Swithin's
Lane ;
And while you're running all duck'd and drown'd, and pelted
with sixpenny drops,
"Fine weather," you hear the farmers say ; "a nice growing
shower for the crops !"
But who's to crop me another new hat, or grow me another
new gown ?
For you can't take a shilling fare with a plough as you do
with the hackneys in town.

Then my nevys too, they must drag me off to go with them
gathering nuts,
And we always set out by the longest way and return by the
shortest cuts.

Short cuts, indeed ! But it's nuts to them, to get a poor
 lustyish aunt
To scramble through gaps, or jump over a ditch, when they're
 morally certain she can't,—
For whenever I get in some awkward scrape, and it's almost
 daily the case,
Tho' they don't laugh out, the mischievous brats, I see the
 'hooray !' in their face.

There's the other day, for my sight is short, and I saw what
 was green beyond,
And thought it was all terry firmer and grass, till I walked
 in the duckweed pond :
Or perhaps when I've pully-hauled up a bank they see me
 come launching down,
As none but a stout London female can do as is come a first
 time out of town.
Then how sweet, some say, on a mossy bank a verdurous
 seat to find,
But for my part I always found it a joy that brought a
 repentance behind ;
For the juicy grass with its nasty green has stained a whole
 breadth of my gown—
And when gowns are dyed, I needn't say, it's much better
 done up in town.
As for country fare, the first morning I came I heard such a
 shrill piece of work !
And ever since—and it's ten days ago—we've lived upon
 nothing but pork ;
One Sunday except, and then I turn'd sick, a plague take all
 countrified cooks !
Why didn't they tell me, *before* I had dined, they made
 pigeon pies of the rooks ?

Then the gooseberry wine, tho' it's pleasant when up, it
doesn't agree when it's down,
But it served me right, like a gooseberry, fool to look for
champagne out of town !
To be sure cousin G. meant it all for the best when he
started this pastoral plan,
And his wife is a worthy domestical soul and she teaches me
all that she can,
Such as making of cheese, and curing of hams, but I'm sure
that I never shall learn,
And I've fetched more back-ache than butter as yet by
chumping away at the churn ;
But in making hay, tho' it's tanning work, I found it more
easy to make,
But it tries one's legs, and no great relief when you're tired
to sit down on the rake.
I'd a country dance, too, at harvest home, with a regular
country clown,
But, Lord ! they don't hug one round the waist and give
one such smacks in town !
Then I've tried to make friends with the birds and the
beasts, but they take to such curious rigs,
I'm always at odds with the turkey-cock, and I can't even
please the pigs.
The very hens pick holes in my hands when I grope for the
new-laid eggs,
And the gander comes hissing out of the pond on purpose to
flap at my legs.
I've been bump'd in a ditch by the cow without horns, and
the old sow trampled me down,
The beasts are as vicious as any wild beasts—but they're
kept in cages in town !

Another thing is the nasty dogs—thro' the village I hardly
can stir
Since giving a pumpkin a pint of beer just to call off a
barking cur ;
And now you would swear all the dogs in the place were set
on to hunt me down,
But neither the brutes nor the people I think are as civilly
bred as in town.
Last night about twelve I was scared broad awake, and all in
a tremble of fright,
But instead of a family murder it proved an owl, that flies
screeching at night.
Then there's plenty of ricks and stacks all about, and I can't
help dreaming of Swing—
In short, I think that a pastoral life is not the most happiest
thing ;
For, besides all the troubles I've mentioned before, as endured
for rurality's sake,
I've been stung by the bees, and I've set among ants, and
once—ugh ! I trod on a snake !
And as to mosquitoes, they tortured me so, for I've got a
particular skin,
I do think it's the gnats coming out of the ponds, that drives
the poor suicides in !
And after all an't there new-laid eggs to be had upon
Holborn Hill ?
And dairy-fed pork in Broad St. Giles, and fresh butter
wherever you will ?
And a covered cart that brings Cottage Bread quite rustical-
like and brown ?
So one isn't so very uncountrified in the very heart of the
town.

Howsomever my mind's made up, and although I'm sure
 cousin Giles will be vext,
 I mean to book me an inside place up, to town upon
 Saturday next,
 And if nothing happens, soon after ten, I shall be at the Old
 Bell and Crown,
 And perhaps I may come to the country again, when London
 is all burnt down

A FLYING VISIT.

“A Calendar! a Calendar! look in the Almanac, find out moonshine—
 find out moonshine!”—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

THE by-gone September,
 As folks may remember,
 At least if their memory saves but an ember,
 One fine afternoon,
 There went up a Balloon,
 Which did not return to the Earth very soon.

For, nearing the sky,
 At about a mile high,
 The Aëronaut bold had resolved on a fly;
 So cutting his string,
 In a Parasol thing,
 Down he came in a field like a lark from the wing.

Meanwhile, thus adrift,
 The Balloon made a shift
 To rise very fast, with no burden to lift;

It got very small,
Then to nothing at all ;
And then rose the question of where it would fall ?

Some thought that, for lack
Of the man and his pack,
'Twould rise to the Cherub that watches Poor Jack ;
Some held, but in vain,
With the first heavy rain,
'Twould surely come down to the Gardens again !

But still not a word
For a month could be heard
Of what had become of the Wonderful Bird :
The firm Gye and Hughes,
Wore their boots out and shoes,
In running about and inquiring for news.

Some thought it must be
Tumbled into the Sea ;
Some thought it had gone off to High Germanie ;
For Germans, as shown
By their writings, 'tis known
Are always delighted with what is high-flown.

Some hinted a bilk,
And that maidens who milk,
In far distant Shires would be walking in silk :
Some swore that it must,
"As they said at the *fust*,
Have gone again' flashes of lightning and *bust* !"

However, at last,
When six weeks had gone past,
Intelligence came of a plausible cast ;
A wondering clown,
At a hamlet near town,
Had seen "like a moon of green cheese" coming down.

Soon spread the alarm,
And from cottage and farm,
The natives buzz'd out like the bees when they swarm ;
And off ran the folk,—
It is such a good joke
To see the descent of a bagful of smoke.

And lo ! the machine,
Dappled yellow and green,
Was plainly enough in the clouds to be seen :
"Yes, yes," was the cry,
"It's the old one, surely,
Where *can* it have been such a time in the sky ?

"Lord ! where will it fall ?
It can't find out Vauxhall,
Without any pilot to guide it at all !"
Some wager'd that Kent
Would behold the event,
Debrett had been posed to *predict* its "descent."

Some thought it would pitch
In the old Tower Ditch ,
Some swore on the Cross of St. Paul's it would hitch,

And Farmers cried "Zounds !
If it drops on our grounds,
We'll try if Balloons can't be put into pounds !"

But still to and fro
It continued to go,
As if looking out for soft places below—
No difficult job,
It had only to bob
Slap-dash down at once on the heads of the mob :

Who, too apt to stare
At some castle in air,
Forget that the earth is their proper affair ;
Till, watching the fall
Of some soap-bubble ball,
They tumble themselves with a terrible sprawl.

Meanwhile, from its height
Stooping downward in flight,
The Phenomenon came more distinctly in sight :
Still bigger and bigger,
And strike me a nigger
Unfreed, if there was not a live human figure !

Yes, plain to be seen,
Underneath the machine,
There dangled a mortal—some swore it was Green ;
Some Mason could spy ;
Others named Mr. Gye ;
Or Hollond, compell'd by the Belgians to fly.

'Twas Graham the flighty,
Whom the Duke high and mighty,
Resign'd to take care of his own lignum-vitæ ;
'Twas Hampton, whose whim
Was in Cloudland to swim,
Till e'en Little Hampton look'd little to him !

But all were at fault ;
From the heavenly vault
The falling balloon came at last to a halt ;
And bounce ! with the jar
Of descending so far,
An outlandish Creature was thrown from the car !

At first with the jolt
All his wits made a bolt,
As if he'd been flung by a mettlesome colt ;
And while in his faint,
To avoid all complaint,
The Muse shall endeavour his portrait to paint.

The face of this elf,
Round as platter of delf,
Was pale as if only a cast of itself :
His head had a rare
Fleece of silvery hair,
Just like the Albino at Bartlemy Fair.

His eyes they were odd,
Like the eyes of a cod,
And gave him the look of a watery God.

His nose was a snub ;
Under which for his grub,
Was a round open mouth like to that of a chub.

His person was small,
Without figure at all,
A plump little body as round as a ball :
With two little fins,
And a couple of pins,
With what has been christened a bow in the shins.

His dress it was new,
A full suit of sky-blue—
With bright silver buckles in each little shoe—
Thus painted complete,
From his head to his feet,
Conceive him laid flat in Squire Hopkins's wheat.

Fine text for the crowd !
Who disputed aloud
What sort of a creature had dropp'd from the cloud—
“ He's come from o'er seas,
He's a Cochin Chinese—
By jingo ! he's one of the wild Cherookes ! ”

“ Don't nobody know ? ”
“ He's a young Esquimaux,
Turn'd white like the hares by the Arctical snow.”
“ Some angel, my dear,
Sent from some upper *spear*
For Plumtree or Agnew, too good for this-here ! ”

Meanwhile, with a sigh,
 Having open'd one eye,
 The Stranger rose up on his seat by and by ;
 And finding his tongue,
 Thus he said, or he sung,
" Mi criky bo biggamy kickery bung ! "

" Lord ! what does he speak ! "
 " It's Dog-Latin—it's Greek ! "
 " It's some sort of slang for to puzzle a Beak ! "
 " It's no like the Scotch,"
 Said a Scot on the watch,
 " Phoo ! it's nothing at all but a kind of hotch-potch ! "

" It's not parly voo,"
 Cried a schoolboy or two,
 " Nor Hebrew at all," said a wandering Jew.
 Some held it was sprung
 From the Irvingite tongue,
 The same that is used by a child very young.

Some guess'd it high Dutch,
 Others thought it had much
 In sound of the true Hoky-poky-ish touch ;
 But none could be poz,
 What the Dickens (not Boz),
 No mortal could tell what the Dickens it was !

When who should come pat,
 In a moment like that,
 But Bowring, to see what the people were at—

A Doctor well able,
Without any fable,
To talk and translate all the babble of Babel.

So just drawing near,
With a vigilant ear,
That took ev'ry syllable in, very clear,
Before one could sip
Up a tumbler of flip,
He knew the whole tongue from the root to the tip !

Then stretching his hand,
As you see Daniel stand,
In the Feast of Belshazzar, that picture so grand !
Without more delay,
In the Hamilton way
He English'd whatever the Elf had to say.

" Krak kraziboo ban,
I'm the Lunatick Man,
Confined in the Moon since creation began—
Sit muggy bigog,
Whom, except in a fog,
You see with a Lantern, a Bush, and a Dog.

" Lang sinery lear,
For this many a year,
I've long'd to drop in at your own little sphere,—
Och, pad-mad aroon,
Till one fine afternoon,
I found that Wind-Coach on the horns of the Moon.

"Cush quackery go,
 But, besides you must know,
 I'd heard of a profiting Prophet below ;
Big botherum blether,
 Who pretended to gather
 The tricks that the Moon meant to play with the weather.

"So Crismus an crash,
 Being shortish of cash,
 I thought I'd a right to partake of the hash—
Slik mizzle an smak,
 So I'm come with a pack,
 To sell to the trade, of my own Almanack.

"Fiz, bobbery pershal,
 Besides aims commercial,
 Much wishing to honour my friend Sir John Herschel,
Cum puddin and tame,
 It's inscribed to his name,
 Which is now at the full in celestial fame.

"Wept wepton wish wept,
 Pray this Copy accept"—
 But here on the Stranger some Kidnappers leapt :
 For why ? a shrewd man
 Had devis'd a sly plan
 The Wonder to grab for a show Caravan.

So plotted, so done—
 With a fight as in fun,
 While mock pugilistical rounds were begun,

A knave who could box,
 And give right and left knocks,
 Caught hold of the Prize by his silvery locks.

And hard he had fared,
 But the people were scared
 By what the Interpreter roundly declared :
 " You ignorant Turks !
 You will be your own Burkes—
 He holds all the keys of the lunar works !

" You'd best let him go—
 If you keep him below,
 The Moon will not change, and the tides will not flow ;
 He left her at full,
 And with such a long pull,
 Zounds ! ev'ry man Jack will run mad like a bull ! "

So awful a threat
 Took effect on the set ;
 The fright, tho,' was more than their Guest could forget ;
 So taking a jump,
 In the car he came plump,
 And threw all the ballast right out in a lump.

Up soar'd the machine,
 With its yellow and green ;
 But still the pale face of the Creature was seen,
 Who cried from the car,
 "*Dam in yooman bi gar !*"
 That is,— " What a sad set of villains you are ! "

Howbeit, at some height,
He threw down quite a flight
Of Almanacks, wishing to set us all right—
And, thanks to the boon,
We shall see very soon
If Murphy knows most, or the Man in the Moon !

[The Stanzas here inserted are written on the back of the rough copy of a portion of "A Flying Visit."]

STANZAS.



WITH the good of our country before us,
Why play the mere partisan's game ?
Lo ! the broad flag of England is o'er us,
And behold on both sides 'tis the same !

Not for this, not for that, not for any,
Not for these, not for those, but for all,—
To the last drop of blood—the last penny—
Together let's stand, or let's fall !

Tear down the vile signs of a faction,
Be the national banner unfurl'd,—
And if we must have any faction,—
Be it "Britain against all the world."

THE DOVES AND THE CROWS.

“Come let us dance and sing
While all Barbadoes bells do ring.”—COLMAN.

COINCIDENCES are strange things, as the man said when he found himself confronted with *two* wives at Bow Street. Thus, having long since left that line of road, possessing not even an acquaintance amongst the Friends; and not taking any particular part in what used to be called the Black Question; it was somewhat singular, that I should find myself in the Tottenham stage, in company with five Quakers, on the very day appointed by law for the Abolition of Negro Slavery.

The interest—the compound interest—taken by the Society of Friends in the subject of African bondage, is well known. Negro slavery was their black bugbear. Their White Sunday was overclouded by a Black Monday. They could not enjoy their Black Tea, for the Black-made Sugar. Their Black Strap reminded them of the cow-hide. Blacks fell on their snow-white linen. Black night-mares squatted on their bosoms—in fact, Black Slavery was a perpetual black dose to them.

How the “Sable sons of Africa” became so signally the favourites, the pets, the “curled darlings,” of the sedate, sober, silent, serious, sad-coloured sect, over-looking the Factory Children, and other white objects of sympathy, is a moral mystery more puzzling than Desdemona’s selection of a sooty mate. Nothing can be more perfectly antagonistic than the peculiar characters of the Negro, and of the Negro’s Friend. In tastes, habits, temperaments, they are

perfectly antipodean, and instead of laying their heads together, should scorn each other, as Beatrice says, "with their heels." For instance :—

Aminadab is a Tea-totaller, or, at least, dispenses Temperance Tracts.

Agamemnon opines practically that rum is no bad thing.

Ephraim disapproves of music, from the trumpet to the dulcimer.

Pompey is no mean performer on any instrument that will make a noise.

Jacob hops not, neither doth he skip.

Mungo will caper and jump, "from morn till dewy eve, a summer's day."

Tobias is notably taciturn, and hath scarce a word to throw at a dog.

Quashy is garrulous as a starling, and has talkee talkee enough to pelt at a pack of hounds.

Obadiah affecteth sleek locks.

Sambo hath his hair dressed, as it were, by Nature for a perpetual party.

Nahum is professedly simple in his garb.

Lilywhite, as far as his means go, is a desperate dandy.

Eleazar hath a horror of all levity.

Cæsar grins from ear to ear, and is "a roaring boy" at a laugh.

Finally, Zacharias sweareth not at all—whereas Ebony indulges in frequent imprecations ; and, according to a West India Proprietor (*vide* Monk Lewis's Journal) "no one can appear to wish more sincerely for his enemy's perdition when he utters it." Verily, such a piebald association, of Black and Drab, is a curious one :—but "Extremes meet," as the whiting said with its tail in its mouth.

To return, however, to our stage. The drinking, dancing,

dressings, singing, swearing, drumming, grinning, gossiping, and gallivanting Blacks were free! They were no longer slaves, but their own masters. They were no more to be bought and sold, like Scotch cattle of the same colour. Black was admitted into the social firm, like Black and Parry, or Black and Young. Black and White, in fact, were equals, and henceforward met upon the square, like the squares upon a draught-board. It was a morn, to be recorded for ever in Black's Morning Chronicle. On no occasion, past or to come, could Quakers' smiles so justifiably be relaxed into broad grins. It was a time for Shakers to shake their sides—for Jumpers to jump for joy—for Foxites to snap their fingers, instead of twiddling their thumbs. A true friend to the Blacks might, "for that day only," have sported a suit of couleur de rose. Nay, the whole society might—for once in a way—have danced round a Tree of Liberty, which they had so zealously helped to nurse from its acorn!

The Quakers, however, enjoyed the matter in their own peculiar way; and, indeed, as it seemed to me, rather too placidly. Was it possible that there could be a reaction? Liberty is apt to run into licentiousness; and a beast that has just broken its tether, is especially liable to go "beyond beyond." Unluckily, in the human case, there are verbal invitations to such trespasses; and a Free Negro, taking the word in its widest sense, might feel himself entitled to turn a free-liver, a free-booter, or a free-thinker. At the least he might become a free-mason, or free of the Theatre; or a member of a Free and Easy; things which are all reckoned abominations, or vanities, by the followers of Fox.

Such anticipations would naturally cast their shadows before; or were the Friends only experiencing the languor, which follows even a successful exertion? The battle, if

Quakers ever battle, was won ; and they had only to rest upon their arms—if Quakers ever carry arms. Moreover, the Victory had brought with it a very embarrassing result. The Abolition, in annihilating Slavery, had also abolished the Abolitionists ; and a vast stock of sensibility and sympathy, and zeal and humanity, which had heretofore found a vent in another hemisphere, was left quite a drug upon hand. Instead, therefore, of being lost in apathy, my fellow-passengers were, perhaps, asking themselves the very question, which had more than once occurred to my own mind, namely,

“What will the Quakers do next?”

The most obvious answer was, that they ought to continue their patronage to the Emancipated ; but the manner in which it should be done, was more difficult to indicate. In common cases, the most simple mode would be for each negro-loving family to add a black servant to its establishment ; but, from the incongruities already pointed out, nothing could be more mutually uncomfortable than such an arrangement. “Two blacks,” says the Scotch proverb, “will not make a white ;” and two hundred blacks would, assuredly, never compose a drab. However associated in tracts, and facts, and parliamentary acts, the Negroes and their Friends are not intended to flock together, as birds of a feather, any more than the Crows with the Doves. They are as wide asunder as is possible for species, to belong to the same genus. In fact nothing could present a stronger contrast in imagination than the composed “Compliments of the Season,” at Tottenham, and the riotous Jubilee which, of course, took place in the West Indies. It amused me to picture the consternation of the Friends, could they have peeped in at the Black Saturnalia ; or, as they would have called it, Satanalia, in Barbadoes or Jamaica ; and as Sir Richard Blackmore used to compose poetry in his carriage, before alighting from the

leathern conveniency I had put my speculations into verse. The result, as the reader will perceive, was something between an Ode and an Elegy.

•
Come all ye sable little girls and boys,
Ye coal-black Brothers—Sooty Sisters, come !
With kitty-katties make a joyful noise ;
With snaky-snekies, and the Eboe drum !
From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Play, Sambo, play,—and, Obadiah, groan !

Ye vocal Blackbirds, bring your native pipes,
Your own *Moor's* Melodies, ye niggers, bring ;
To celebrate the fall of chains and stripes,
Sing “ Possum up a gum-tree,”—roar and sing !
From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Chaunt, Sambo, chaunt,—and, Obadiah, groan !

Bring all your woolly pickaninnies dear—
Bring John Canoe and all his jolly gang :
Stretch ev'ry blubber-mouth from ear to ear,
And let the driver in his whip go hang !
From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Grin, Sambo, grin,—and, Obadiah, groan !

Your working garb indignantly renounce ;
Discard your slops in honour of the day—
Come all in frill, and furbelow, and flounce,
Come all as fine as Chimney Sweeps in May—
From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Dress, Sambo, dress,—and, Obadiah, groan !

Come, join together in the dewy dance,
With melting maids in steamy mazes go ;
Humanity delights to see you prance,
Up with your sooty legs and jump Jim Crow—
From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Skip, Sambo, skip,—and, Obadiah, groan !

Kiss dark Diana on her pouting lips,
And take black Phoebe by her ample waist—
Tell them to-day is Slavery's eclipse,
And Love and Liberty must be embraced—
From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Kiss, Sambo, kiss,—and, Obadiah, groan !

With bowls of sangaree and toddy come !
Bring lemons, sugar, old Madeira, limes,
Whole tanks and water-barrels full of rum,
To toast the whitest date of modern times—
From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Drink, Sambo, drink,—and, Obadiah, groan !

Talk, all together, talk ! both old and young,
Pour out the fulness of the negro heart ;
Let loose the now emancipated tongue,
And all your new-born sentiments impart—
From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Spout, Sambo, spout,—and, Obadiah, groan !

Huzza ! for equal rights and equal laws ;
The British parliament has doff'd your chain—
Join, join in gratitude your jetty paws,

And swear you never will be slaves again—
 From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Swear, Sambo, swear,—and, Obadiah, groan !

THE DOCTOR.

A SKETCH.

“Whatever is, is right.”—POPE.

THERE once was a Doctor,
 (No foe to the proctor,)
 A physic concocter,
 Whose dose was so pat,
 However it acted,
 One speech it extracted,—
 “Yes, yes,” said the Doctor,
 “I meant it for that !”

And first, all “unaisy,”
 Like woman that’s crazy,
 In flies Mistress Casey,
 “Do come to poor Pat
 The blood’s running faster !
 He’s torn off the plaster—”
 “Yes, yes,” said the Doctor,
 “I meant it for that !”

Alon, with an antic,
 Quite strange and romantic,
 A woman comes frantic—
 “What could you be at ?

My darling dear Aleck,
You've sent him oxalic ! ”
“ Yes, yes,” said the Doctor,
“ I meant it for that ! ”

Then in comes another,
Dispatch'd by his mother,
A blubbering brother,
Who gives a rat-tat—
“ Oh, poor little sister
Has lick'd off a blister ! ”
“ Yes, yes,” said the Doctor,
“ I meant it for that ! ”

Now home comes the flunkey,
His own powder-monkey,
But dull as a donkey—
With basket and that—
“ The draught for the Squire, Sir,
He chuck'd in the fire, Sir—”
“ Yes, yes,” said the Doctor,
“ I meant it for that ! ”

The next is the pompous
Head Beadle, old Bumpus—
“ Lord ! here is a rumpus :
That pauper, Old Nat,
In some drunken notion
Has drunk up his lotion—”
“ Yes, yes,” said the Doctor,
“ I meant it for that ! ”

At last comes a servant,
 In grief very fervent :
 "Alas ! Doctor Derwent,
 Poor Master is flat !
 He's drawn his last breath, Sir—
 That dose was his death, Sir."
 "Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
 "I meant it for that !"

 THE VISION.

"Plague on't ! the last was ill enough,
 This cannot but make better proof."—COTTON.

As I sate the other night,
 Burning of a single light,
 All at once a change there came
 In the colour of the flame.

Strange it was the blaze to view,
 Blue as summer sky is blue :
 One ! two ! three ! four ! five ! six ! seven !
 Eight ! nine ! ten ! it struck eleven !

Pale as sheet, with stiffen'd hair,
 Motionless in elbow chair—
 Blood congealing—dead almost—
 "Now," thought I, "to see a ghost !"

Strange misgiving, true as strange !
In the air there came a change,
And as plain as mortals be,
Lo ! a shape confronted me !

Lines and features I could trace
Like an old familiar face,
Thin and pallid like my own,
In the morning mirror shown.

“ Now,” he said, and near the grate
Drew a chair for *tête-à-tête*,
Quite at odds with all decorum,—
“ Now, my boys, let’s have a jorum ! ”

“ Come,” he cried, “ old fellow, come,
Where’s the brandy, where’s the rum ?
Where’s the kettle—is it hot ?
Shall we have some punch, or what ? ”

“ Feast of reason—flow of soul !
Where’s the sugar, where’s the bowl ?
Lemons I will help to squeeze—
Flip, Egg-hot or what you please ! ”

“ Sir,” said I, with hectic cough,
Shock of nerves to carry off—
Looking at him very hard,
“ Pray oblige me with a card.”

“Card,” said he—“Phoo—nonsense—stuff!
We’re acquainted well enough—
Still, my name if you desire,
Eighteen Thirty-Eight, Esquire.

•

“Ring for supper! where’s the tray?
No great time I have to stay,
One short hour, and like a May’r,
I must quit the yearly Chair!”

Scarce could I contain my rage—
O’er the retrospective page,
Looking back from date to date,
What I owed to Thirty-Eight.

Sickness here and sickness there,
Pain and sorrow, constant care;
Fifty-two long weeks to fall,
Nor a trump among them all!

“Zounds!” I cried, in quite a huff,
“Go—I’ve known you long enough.
Seek for supper where you please,
Here you have not bread and cheese.”

“Nay,” cried he, “were things so ill?
Let me have your pardon still—
What I’ve done to give you pain
I will never do again.”

TO MY DAUGHTER.

“As from others, so from you,
 Let me have my honours due ;
 Soon the parish bells about
 Will begin to ring me out.”

“Ring you out?—With all my heart!”
 From my chair I made a start,
 Pull’d the bell and gave a shout—
 “Peter, show the Old Year out!”

[This poem was written at Ostende, in the September of this year, in an album, a birth-day present for my sister.]

TO MY DAUGHTER.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.



DEAR Fanny ! nine long years ago,
 While yet the morning sun was low,
 And rosy with the Eastern glow
 The landscape smiled—
 Whilst lowed the newly-waken’d herds—
 Sweet as the early song of birds,
 I heard those first, delightful words,
 “Thou hast a Child !”

Along with that uprising dew
 Tears glisten’d in my eyes, though few,
 To hail a dawning quite as new
 To me, as Time :

It was not sorrow—not annoy—
 But like a happy maid, though coy,
 With grief-like welcome even Joy
 Forestalls its prime.

So mayst thou live, dear ! many years,
 In all the bliss that life endears,
 Not without smiles, nor yet from tears
 Too strictly kept :
 When first thy infant littleness
 I folded in my fond caress,
 The greatest proof of happiness
 Was this—I wept.

[This poem was published in the “Amaranth” for 1839.]

MORNING MEDITATIONS.



LET Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,
 How well to rise while nights and larks are flying—
 For my part getting up seems not so easy
 By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
 Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
 Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly ?
 I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
 The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime—
 Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
 A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are nought,
His steeds that paw impatiently about,—
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
The first turn-out !

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear
Besprinkled by the rosy-finger'd girl ;
What then,—if I prefer my pillow-beer
To early pearl ?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
And grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
“ Wherefore should master rise before the hens
Have laid their eggs ? ”

Why from a comfortable pillow start
To see faint flushes in the east awaken ?
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
“ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ”—
Well—he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps, that earn betimes their bit and sup ;
But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be
“ All up—all up ! ”

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon ;—
A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*,
Must be a spoon.

W. A. B. S. A. L. P. J. N. G. B. A. H. A. U. R. A.

1840.

[At the beginning of this year appeared "Up the Rhine," the result of my father's residence in Germany. It was so eagerly sought after, that in a fortnight the first edition was gone. Of late years it has been very difficult to obtain a copy of the original publication, though a German re-print is sold on the Rhine pretty generally.]

UP THE RHINE.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

To forestal such Critics as are fond of climbing up a Mât de Cocagne for a Mare's Nest at the top, the following work was constructed, partly on the ground-plan of Humphrey Clinker, but with very inferior materials, and on a much humbler scale. I admire the old mansion too much, to think that any workmanship of mine could erect a house fit to stand in the same row.

Many persons will doubtless differ with me as to the inferences I have drawn from things seen and heard abroad. But we are all liable to mistakes : and I may have been as wrong in my speculations as was another Traveller in Germany, who, seeing a basketful of purple Easter Eggs, exclaimed, "Good heaven ! what colour can their hens be ?"

Should the members of the present family party be found agreeable or amusing, by the great family circle of the Public, I may be induced, next year, to publish their sub-

sequent Tour in Belgium. In the meantime, my dear Public, to adopt the words of another Traveller :

“Where’er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell’d, fondly turns to thee.”

THOMAS HOOD.

1st December, 1839.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE reader of Robinson Crusoe will doubtless remember the flutter of delight and gratitude the Ex-Solitary was thrown into, after his return to England, by receiving from his Factor such very favourable accounts of the prosperity of his Brazilian plantations. “In a word,” says he, “I turned pale and grew sick ; and had not the old man run and fetched me a cordial, I believe the sudden surprise of joy had overset nature, and I had died on the spot.”

Something of this joyful surprise it was my own pleasant lot to feel, on learning from my Publisher, that in one short fortnight, the whole impression of the present work had been taken off his hands, “and left the world no copy.”—A fact the more gratifying from occurring at a season affording topics of such engrossing interest, as Prince Albert—the Queen’s marriage—the Chartist outbreaks—and the new Penny Post,—a measure which, by imposing one uniform rate on Peer and Peasant, has established a real Republic of Letters. So flattering a reception quite overpowered me with joy and gratitude ; and, like Robinson, my feelings were not properly composed till I had quaffed off a flask of Hochheimer to the health of all the friends, known and unknown, who had relished my Rhenish outpourings.

To be candid and confidential, the work was not offered to the public without some misgivings.

A plain Manufacturer of Roman Cement; in the Greenwich road, was once turned by a cramped showboard into a "MANUFACTURER OF ROMANCEMENT;" and a Tour up the Rhine has generally been expected to convert an author into a dealer in the same commodity. There was some danger, therefore, that readers might be disappointed or dissatisfied at not meeting with the usual allowance of real or affected raptures, sentimental lays, romantic legends, enthusimoozy and the foodle ages. In fact, one of my critics (it is the fashion now for the reviewed to retaliate on their reviewers, as Roderick Random flogged his school-master) plainly snubs my book, for not being like others on the same subject, and roundly blames the author for not treading more exactly, like an Indian disguising his trail, in the footprints of his predecessors. According to this gentleman (he is not Miss Martineau), I engaged in a somewhat heretical enterprise, which no man of ordinary sensibility would have embarked in. I took my apparatus of caricature up the Rhine, quizzed Cologne Cathedral and the façade of the English National Gallery, and turned the storied scenery, the fine traditions, and the poetic atmosphere of the abounding river into a succession of drolleries.

In reply to these serious charges, I can only say that heretical enterprises—witness Luther's—are sometimes no bad things. That the animals most inclined to pursue the follow-my-leader system are geese. That a man of ordinary sensibility ought to be shy of exhibiting it where such extraordinary sensibilities had been paraded beforehand. That I have never even seen the National Gallery; and instead of quizzing the Dom Kirche of Cologne, have admired and lauded it in the highest terms. That I expressly declined

to touch on the scenery, because it had been so often painted, not to say daubed, already ; that I left the fine legends precisely as I found them ; and that the poetic atmosphere remained as intact, for me, as the atmosphere of the moon. Since Byron and the Dampschiff, there has been quite enough of vapouring, in more senses than one, on the blue and castled river, and the echoing nymph of the Lurley must be quite weary of repeating such *bouts rimés* as—the Rhine and land of the vine—the Rhine and vastly fine—the Rhine and very divine. As for the romantic, the Age of Chivalry is Burked by Time, and as difficult of revival in Germany as in Scotland. A modern steamboat associates as awkwardly with a feudal ruin, as a mob of umbrellas with an Eglintoun “plump of spears.”

With these explanations and apologies I take my leave ; fortunately possessing the unquestioned privilege of printing, publishing, and selling my proceedings, without committing myself, the Sheriffs and the Judges ; or setting the Speaker, the Chief Justice and Mr. Commissioner Reynolds by the ears ; I gratefully present my Second Edition, with my warmest acknowledgments, to an indulgent public, without any fear of that presently awful personage the Serjeant at Mace.

T. H.

23rd January, 1840.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ., LEMINGTON, HANTS.

MY DEAR BROOKE,

Your reproach is just. My epistolary taciturnity has certainly been of unusual duration ; but instead of filling up a sheet with mere excuses, I beg to refer you at once to "Barclay's Apology for Quakerism," which I presume includes an apology for silence.

The truth is, I have had nothing to write of, and in such cases I philosophically begrudge postage, as a contradiction to the old axiom *ex nihilo nihil fit*, inasmuch as the revenue through such empty epistles gets something out of nothing. Now, however, I have news to break, and I trust you are not so good a man as "unconcerned to hear the mighty crack." WE ARE GOING UP THE RHINE!!!

You, who have been long aware of my yearning to the abounding river, like the supposed mystical bending of the hazel twig towards the unseen waters, will be equally pleased and surprised at such an announcement. In point of fact, but for the preparations that are hourly going on before my eyes, I should have, as Irish Buller used to say, some considerable doubts of my own veracity. There seemed plenty of lions in the path of such a Pilgrim's Progress ; and yet, here we are, resolved on the attempt, in the hope that, as Christian dropped his burthen by the way, a little travelling will jolt off the load that encumbers the broad shoulders of a dear, hearty, ailing, dead-alive, hypochondriacal old bachelor uncle. If my memory serves me truly, you once met with the personage in question at one of our coursing meetings : if not, you will be glad to have what Willis the *Penman* calls a *Pencilling*, but which ought rather to be denominated

an *Inkling*. Imagine, then, a handsome, stout, well-built specimen of the species, somewhat the worse for wear, but still sound in wind and limb, and in possession of all his faculties—a little stiff in the anatomical hinges—but still able to find a hare and not bad at a halloo—in short, the *beau ideal* of a fine old country gentleman, for such he is. But here comes the mystery. To all appearance a picture of Health, painted in the full florid style by Rubens himself, or one of his pupils, my hale uncle is a martyr to hypochondriasis, not the moping melancholy sort anatomised by old Burton—not the chronic kind—but the acute. Perhaps he has some latent affection of the heart or obstructions of the liver, causing sudden derangements of the circulation, and consequent physical depressions,—I am not physician enough to determine,—but I have known instances of the same malady in other individuals, though never so intense. As jovial a man, between his paroxysms, as you shall find in a chimney corner, the next moment he sees a coffin, as the superstitious call it, fly out of the fire, and fancies his Death-Fetch standing on the domestic hearth. But as Shakspeare says, “a coward dies many times before his death,” and my uncle is certainly no exception to the canon. On an average he has three or four attacks a week,—so that at the end of the year his “dying moments” would probably amount to a calendar month, and his “last words” to an octavo volume.

As you may suppose, it is sometimes difficult to preserve one's gravity during such solemn leave-takings at Death's door, at which you know he is only giving a runaway knock. Like the boy in the fable, he has cried “Wolf!” too often for those about him seriously to believe that the Destroyer is at hand ;—though at the same time, being thoroughly in earnest himself, and long habit and frequent rehearsals

having made him quite at home in the part, he performs it so admirably and naturally, that even his familiars are staggered and look on and listen, with a smile and a tear. As yet I have never seen the stranger who was not horrified, by what appeared so sudden a visitation, as well as edified by the manly fortitude, good sense, and Christian spirit with which the victim invariably prepares for his departure. He has made his will, of course ; and I verily believe every member of the family has his instructions for his funeral by heart. Amongst other memorials, there is an old family watch,—nicknamed *entre nous*, the Death watch,—which he has solemnly presented to me, his unworthy nephew, a hundred times over. On such occasions, I always seriously accept the gift, but take care to leave it about on some shelf or table in the way of the owner, who, when the qualm is over, quietly fobs the time-piece, without any remark on either side, and Nunky, Navy, and Watch go on as usual till another warning. I once ventured to hint that he died very hard ; but the joke was not well taken ; and he often throws my incredulity in my teeth. “ Well, God bless you, my boy,” he said the other day, in his *gravest* manner, though I was only to be a week absent, “ Well, God bless you, Frank,—for you’ve seen me for the last time. You know my last wishes. Yes, you may grin,—only don’t be shocked at your return if you find the shutters closed, or the hearse at the door ! ”

Such is my worthy hypochondriacal uncle, with his serio-comic infirmity,—and I assure you there is not a particle of exaggeration in the account. For the last five years he has paid a neighbouring practitioner 200*l.* per annum to look after his health,—and really the post is no sinecure, for besides the daily visit of routine, the Esculapius is generally sent for, in haste, some twice or thrice a week, extra, how-

beit the attack not unfrequently goes off in a hit at backgammon. A whimsical instance just occurs to me. My uncle, who is both a lover, and a capital judge, of horses, and always drives a remarkably clever nag, chose one morning to have a warning in his gig,—influenced, doubtless, by the sight of his medical adviser, who happened to be some hundred yards in advance. The doctor, be it said, is a respectable gigman, who also likes a fast horse, and having really some urgent new case on his hands, or being unwilling to listen to the old one, he no sooner recognised the traveller in his rear, than he applied a stimulant to his steed, that improved its pace into twelve miles an hour. My uncle did the like, and as pretty a chariot race ensued as any since the Olympic Games. For a mile or two the doctor took the lead and kept it; but his patient was too fast for him, and by degrees got within hail, bellowing lustily, “Hang it, man, pull up! I’m dying, doctor, I’m dying.”—“Egad,” cried the doctor, looking over his shoulder, “I think you are! And I never saw any one *going so fast*.”

It is with the sanction—indeed by the advice—of the medicus just mentioned (an original of the Abernethy school), that we are bound on an experimental trip up the Rhine, to try what change of scene and travelling will do for such an extraordinary disease. The prescription, however, was anything but palatable to the patient, who demurred most obstinately, and finally asked his counsellor, rather crustily, if he could name a single instance of a man who had lived the longer for wandering over the world? “To be sure I can,” answered the doctor, “the wandering Jew.” This timely hit decided the battle: my uncle, who is no hand at *repartee*, gave in; and at this present writing, his passport is made out for Rotterdam. In common with most invalids, he likes to have womankind about him; so he has invited

his sister, a widow, to be of the party, and she, in turn, has stipulated for the attendance of her favourite maid. Your humble servant will make the fourth hand, in this Rhenish rubber ; and for your sake, I intend to score with pen and pencil all the points of the game.

My kindest regards to Emily—and something more ; remember, should I ever get beyond prosing, all verses belong to her from,

Dear Brooke, yours ever very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ., SOLICITOR, CANTERBURY.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

Being about to leave England, and most likely for good, it's my wish to give you a parting shake of the hand, as far as can be done by letter before I go, time and circumstances forbidding my personally taking a last farewell. At present our destination is only Germany ; but inward feelings tell me I am booked for a much longer journey, and from which no traveller returns. As such I have informed all parties concerned, that my will is lodged in your hands ; and, regarding the rest of my worldly affairs, you had full instructions in my leave-taking letter of a month back. I had another terrible warning on Wednesday week, which, I am convinced, would have proved fatal, but providentially Dr. Truby was in the house at the time. What is remarkable, up to my seizure I had been in an uncommon flow of spirits, for Morgan and Dowley, and a few more of the old set, had come over, and we rubbed up our old stories and old songs, and I was even able myself to comply with the honour

of a call for the Maid of the Valley. But the moment the company was gone I had an attack ;—which is convincing to my mind of the correctness of the old saying about a lightening before death. Such repeated shocks must break down the constitution of a horse ; and, mark my words, *the next will be my whoo-oo !*

In course, you will be as much surprised as I am myself, at a man with my dispensation undertaking a visit to foreign parts. But, between one and another, I was fairly mobbed into it, and have been in twenty minds to call back my consent. But a man's word is his word ; and, besides, I wish my nephew to see a little of the world. Poor Kate will go along with us, in hopes the jaunting about a bit will make her forget the loss of her husband, or as she calls him, "Poor George." I did want the Doctor to join, and made him a handsome offer to that effect, over and above his expenses ; but he declined, on the plea of not leaving his other patients, which, considering the terms we have been on for so many years, I cannot help thinking is a little ungrateful, as well as hard-hearted, for he knows I ought not to go ten miles without medical help at my elbow. But I suppose the constant sight of death makes all physicians callous, or they could not feel the pulse of a dying man, much less of an old friend, with a broad grin on their faces. Talking of departing, I trust to you to regularly pay up the premium on my life assurance in the Pelican. I did hope the policy would be voided by going abroad, which would have put a spoke in our tour ; but, unluckily, it gives me latitude to travel all over Europe. But whether on an English road or a foreign one, for it will never be in my bed, is all one. So every place being alike, I have left the choice to my nephew, and he has fixed on the river Rhine. In course, he undertakes the lingo, for I can neither parley vous nor jabber High

Dutch ; and though it's not too soon, mayhap, to look out for a new set of teeth, it's too late in life for me to get a fresh set of tongues. Besides, all foreign languages are given to flattering ; and, as a plain Englishman, I should never find complimentary ideas enough to match with the words. There is the French inventory of my person in the passport, which I made Frank translate to me. You know what an invalid I am ; but what with high complexion, and robust figure, and so forth, Mounseur has painted me up like one of the healthiest and handsomest young fellows in the county of Kent !

So you see I am down in the way-bill ; and, provided I get to the end of the first stage, you will perhaps hear from me again. If not, you will know what has happened, and act accordingly. If I last out to Holland, it will be the utmost. I have betted old Truby two dozen of hock wine, against port and sherry, I shall never get to Cologne. Well, God bless you, my old friend, and all that belongs to you, from, dear Peter,

Your very faithful humble servant,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

P.S.—If I forward a few gallons of real Hollands to your London agents, Drinkwater and Maxwell, do you think they will send it down to Canterbury ?

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ., LEMINGTON, HANTS.

DEAR GERARD,

You will stare at receiving another letter dated London ; but we have been delayed a week beyond our time by my uncle, and a mysterious complaint in his luggage,

which, for several days, would not pack up for want of a family medicine chest that had been ordered of the celebrated Butler and Co. of Cheapside. Moreover, it appeared that the invalid had applied for more last words of medical advice from Dr. Truby ; but instead of a letter, who should walk in yesterday evening but the Doctor himself ! The fact is, he has a real regard for his *Malade Imaginaire*, though he sets his face against the fancy, and had made this sacrifice to friendship. My uncle's eyes glistened at sight of the familiar figure. "Ay, ay," said he, with sundry significant nods, "you are come to prevent my going." "Quite the reverse," answered the other ; "I suspected you would hang on hand, and have come thirty miles to help in giving you a shove off." Our Hyp looked a little disconcerted at this rebuff. "At least, doctor, you have something of importance to my health to remind me of?" "Not a syllable." "Mayhap, then, you have brought me some portable sort of medicine for travellers in a small compass?" suggested my uncle, expecting a welcome supplement to Butler's repository. "I have brought you," said the doctor, speaking leisurely, as he vainly tried to extract some refractory article from his coat-pocket, "something more to the purpose,—very useful to travellers too,—an invention of a professional friend ; you did not know the late Dr. Kitchiner ?—it's a most invaluable defence against sudden attacks." "Mayhap," cried uncle, now eagerly assisting in the extricating of the parcel, "it's a self-acting blood-letter." "It's more likely to prevent blood-letting," answered the doctor, at last producing the implement, "a sort of night-bolt, for securing your bed-room door at a strange inn."—"Good God," exclaimed my uncle, reddening like one of his own turkey-cocks, "is it possible you could so forget the nature of my sudden attacks ! I am not likely to die in my bed ; but if I do, it will be from

nobody coming near me ; and here you are for keeping every soul from the room !” “ Nevertheless,” said the doctor, “ I still recommend the night-bolt. As a lady never faints without water and smelling salts, and help at need, I am convinced, by analogy, that a locked door, and nobody at hand, must be the best preventives of *some sorts* of apoplexy that can be devised.” The wry face with which this illustration was received you may imagine, now that you have a key to the character. The doctor is not only a shrewd practitioner, but a humourist, and doubtless intended his night-bolt as a piece of practical irony on his patient’s monomania ; if so, our Abernethys and such medical eccentrics have more common sense in their oddities than some regular practitioners in their common-places. However, my uncle having been worsted in the encounter, his sister, who is sufficiently anxious on the subject of health, but with reference to everybody’s constitution except her own, then took up the argument, and anxiously inquired, “ What her poor dear brother ought to do in case of any travelling accidents—for example, wet feet ? ” “ In that case, madam,” replied the doctor, with a low bow and a marked emphasis, “ *don’t* let him change his shoes, *don’t* get him dry stockings ; and *don’t* let him bathe his feet in warm water. That has been his practice during the first fifty years of his life, and it has agreed so well with him, that I do not feel justified in making any alteration.” “ To be sure,” said my aunt thoughtfully, “ he used to ride through brooks, and rivers, and never shifted himself, and yet never had anything on his lungs. And I do remember once when he spent a fortnight in London on a visit, he took ill, and after thinking of everything that could have caused it, he could not account for it in any way except through missing his damp feet. But then as to his diet, doctor ;—what ought he to eat ? ” “ What-

ever he can get, madam," said the doctor, taking another grave pinch of snuff; "but as he values his life, let him avoid—anything else, for depend upon it, madam,—*it never can do him any good.*" This oracular response defeated my poor aunt, who, by way of covering her retreat, then pulled him aside, and with a glance at your humble servant, inquired if the air we were going to was favourable to my constitution, for I was delicate, like "Poor George." Of course, I pricked up my ears, and had an appropriate reward. "Madam," said he, "a young Englishman, on going abroad for the first time, generally gives himself so many airs, that the one he is going-to is of the least possible consequence."

I subsequently contrived to ask the doctor confidentially, whether his patient would require any particular treatment whilst abroad. "Medically," said he, "none at all. Your worthy uncle's complaint is a very common one, in kind, if not in degree. With old women who have been active in their youth, it takes the form vulgarly called the fidgets—with country gentlemen, in their decline, it becomes hypochondriasis. They cannot live as hard as they used to do, and so they think they are dying as fast as they can. Your fox-hunters and so forth are particularly liable to the disease. They are used to a kicking, bumping, jumping, thumping, jolting, bolting, scrubbing, scrambling, roll-and-tumble sort of existence, and the nerves and muscles will not subside kindly into quieter habits. To make the matter worse, a pedestrian, when he can no longer walk, will ride; but your equestrian, when he is past riding, will not condescend to walk. When he is unequal to horseback, instead of taking to coach-back, or boat-back, he takes to a high-backed chair, and backgammon. What your uncle really wants is a mill to grind him young again. There is no such mill on earth, but the next best thing is to go in search of it. Take

my word for it, the secret of your uncle's dying is, that he has more life in him, or steam, than the old machine knows how to get rid of." "Yes, yes," muttered my uncle, who had been musing, but caught the last sentence, "I always knew I should go off like a burst boiler!" "The Lord forbid!" ejaculated my aunt, who had been absorbed in her own steamboat speculations — and having thus, in sporting language, changed our hare, we had a burst with high pressure that lasted for twenty minutes. At the conclusion my aunt asked the doctor if he knew of any remedy against sea-sickness. "Only one, madam, the same that was adopted by Jack the giant-killer against the Welsh ogre." "And what was his remedy?" inquired my aunt, very innocently. "A false stomach, ma'am; put all you feel inclined to eat or drink into *that*; and I will stake my professional character against it coming up again!" Just at this juncture his lynx eyes happened to alight on the medicine-chest, "I do hope that box is insured!" "Good heavens!" exclaimed my aunt, "is there any danger? We have not insured anything!" "Because," exclaimed the doctor, "if your nephew is any better than a George Barnwell in disguise, he will take the first opportunity for pitching that trash overboard." My uncle's back was up in a moment. "By your leave," he said, "I did once have occasion to call in Doctor Carbuncle in your absence, and he prescribed for me more trash, as you call it, in ten days, than you have done in as many years." "No doubt he did," answered the impatient Truby. "He would send it in by the dozen, like Scotch ale or Dublin porter, or any other article on which he gets a commission. Fat bacon, for instance, was once in vogue amongst the faculty for weak digestions, and he would favour you with that or any other gammon, at a trifle above the market price." "Well, I always thought," exclaimed

my aunt, "that Doctor Carbuncle was considered a very skilful man!" "As to his other medical acquirements, madam, there may be some doubts, but you have only to look in his face to see that he is well *red* in noseology."

This palpable hit, for Carbuncle happens to have a very fiery proboscis, quite restored my uncle's good-humour. He laughed till the tears ran down his face, and even cracked a joke of his own, on the advantage of always hunting with a burning scent. The doctor, like a good general, seized this favourable moment for his departure, and took his patient by the hand—"Well, *bon voyage*, and fine weather on the Rhine." "I shall never see it," cried my uncle, fast relapsing into a fit of hypochondriacism. "Pooh! pooh!—good-bye, and a fair wind to Rotterdam." "I shall die at sea," returned my uncle; "at least if I reach the Nore. But mayhap I shall never get aboard. It is my belief I shan't live through the night," he bellowed after the doctor, who, foreseeing the point the argument must arrive at, had bolted out of the room and closed the door. "A clever man," said my uncle, when he was gone; "and no doubt understands my case, but as close as a fox. I only wish he would agree to my going suddenly—I should not die a bit the sooner for his giving me over."

Once more, farewell, with love to Emily from, dear Gerard,
yours, &c.,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ., LEMINGTON, HANTS.

MY DEAR BROOKE,

Your prophecy was a plausible one, but as the servant girl said, after looking out of a window in Piccadilly, for the Lord Mayor's show, "it did not come to pass." Instead of returning to Kent, we actually sailed from London on Wednesday morning, by the Lord Melville ; and here follows a log of our memorable voyage. It will prove a long one I foresee, but so was our passage.

To believe our tourists and travellers, our Heads and our Trollopes, it is impossible to take a trip in a hoy, smack, or steamer, without encountering what are technically called characters. My first care, therefore, on getting aboard, was to look out for originals ; but after the strictest scrutiny among the passengers, there appeared none of any mark or likelihood. However, at Gravesend, a wherry brought us two individuals of some promise. The first was a tall, very thin man, evidently in bad health, or, as one of the sailors remarked, performing quarantine, his face being of the same colour as the yellow flag which indicates that sanitary excommunication ; the other was a punchy, florid, red-wattled human cock-bird, who, according to the poultry wife's practice, had seemingly had two pepper-corns thrust down his gullet on first leaving the shell, and had ever since felt their fiery influence in his gizzard. In default of their proper names, I immediately christened them, after Dandie Dinmont's two celebrated dogs, Pepper and Mustard. I had, however, but a short glimpse of their quality, for the yellow-face went forward amongst the seamen, whilst the red-visage dived downwards towards the steward's pantry. In the

meantime we progressed merrily ; and had soon passed that remarkably fine specimen of sea-urchin, the buoy at the Nore. But here the breeze died off, an occurrence, before the invention of steamers, of some moment ; indeed, in the old shoy-hoy times I was once at sea three days and two nights between London and Ramsgate, now a certain passage of a few hours. But now calms are annihilated, and so long as the movement party are inclined to dance, the steam-engine will find them in music ; in fact, I could not help associating its regular tramp, tramp, tramp, with the tune of a galop I had recently performed.

But these musings were suddenly diverted by the appearance of one of the most startling and singular phenomena that ever came under my notice. Imagine on one side the sea gently ruffled by a dying wind into waves of a fine emerald green, playfully sparkling in the noon-tide sun ; on the other hand, a terrific pitch-black mass rising abruptly from sea to sky, as if visibly dividing “the warm precincts of a cheerful day” from “the dark realms of Chaos and Old Night.” But I am growing poetical. Suppose, then, if you have ever been under the white Flamborough Head, a black ditto, quite as bluff and as solid, and which you might have mistaken for some such stupendous headland but for the colour, and that on looking upwards you could find no summit. So strong was the impression on my own fancy, that when my aunt inquired where we were, I could not help answering, in allusion to the hue and build of the phenomenon, that we were off Blackwall. “You are right, sir,” said a strange voice—“I have observed the same black and wall-like appearance in the West Indies, and it was the forerunner of a hurricane.” I looked for this prophet of ill-omen, and saw the yellow-faced man at my elbow. “It would be a charity,” exclaimed my aunt, “to give the captain

warning." "*He* knows it well enough," said the stranger, "and so does the steward; yonder he runs to the caboose, to tell the cook to gallop his potatoes and scorch his roasts, that he may lay his cloth before the gale comes." "A gale, eh!" mumbled the red-face, who had just climbed from below, with his mouth still full of victuals—"why don't the captain put back?" "We have gone about once," said the yellow-face, "to run into Margate; but the master thinks, perhaps, that he can edge off, and so escape the storm, or only catch a flap with its skirts. There it comes!" and he pointed towards the black mass now rapidly diffusing itself over the surface of the sea, which became first black, and then white, beneath its shadow; whilst a few faint forks of lightning darted about between the base of the cloud and the water. The waves immediately round us had gradually subsided into a dead calm, and there was no perceptible motion but the vibration from the engine: when suddenly, with a brief but violent rush of wind, the vessel gave a deep lurch, and thenceforward indulged in a succession of rolls and heavings which took speedy effect on the very stoutest of our passengers. "Renounce me!" said he, "if I like the look of it!" "Or the feel of it, either," said a voice in an under-tone. The red-faced man turned still redder—fixed an angry eye on the speaker's complexion, and was evidently meditating some very personal retort; but whatever it might be, he was abruptly compelled to give it, with other matters, to the winds. If there be such a thing as love at first sight, there certainly are antipathies got up at quite as short a notice; and the man with the red face had thus conceived an instinctive aversion to the man with the yellow one, at whom he could not even look without visible symptoms of dislike. "And how do *you* feel, sir?" inquired the sufferer as I passed near him, just after one of his paroxysms.

“Perfectly well as yet.” “The better for you, sir,” said the peppery man, rather sharply. “As for me, I’m as sick as a dog! I should not mind *that*, if it was in regular course; but there’s that yellow fellow—just look at him, sir—there’s a liver for you,—there’s disordered bile! a perfect walking Jaundice! *He’s* the man to be sick, and yet he’s quite well and comfortable—and I’m the man to be well—and here I can’t keep anything! I assure you, sir, I have naturally a strong stomach, like a horse, sir—never had an indigestion—never! and as for appetite, I’ve been eating and drinking ever since I came on board! And yet you see how I am! And there’s that saffron-coloured fellow, I do believe it was his sickly face that first turned me—I do, upon my honour—there’s that yellow-fevered rascal—renounce me! if he isn’t going down to dinner!”

As had been predicted, we dined early, and, *par conséquent*, on half-dressed vegetables, a piece of red beef, superficially done brown, and a very hasty pudding. The coarse inferior nature of the fare did not escape my uncle’s notice: “but I suppose,” said he, “a keen salt water appetite is not particular as to feeding on prime qualities.” The words were scarcely uttered when he suddenly turned pale, and laid down his knife and fork. Never having been at sea before, and aware of some unusual sensations within, he instantly attributed them to the old source, and whispered to me to forbid my stirring. “I am a dead man—but don’t alarm your aunt.” Guessing how the matter stood, I let him scramble by himself to the deck; from which in a few minutes he returned, filled a glass of wine, drank it off, and then gave me a significant nod. “Another reprieve, Frank. It’s very unpleasant, but I’m convinced what has just happened was the saving of my life. The circulation was all but gone, when a sort of convulsion of the stomach set it

a-going again, and gave me time to rally." "Accidents that will happen at sea," remarked our skipper. "And on shore, too," replied my uncle very solemnly. "Captain, I have been dying suddenly these ten years." The captain screwed up his lips for a whistle, but it was not audible. "And for my part, sir," said our Daffodil, "I envy you your apoplexy. *I am going, going, going, going by inches.*"

At this announcement the cabin-boy hastily pulled out an assortment of basins, selected a large blue and white one, and placed it conveniently at the feet of the speaker. From the first glimpse of the sickly-looking passenger, our steward's-mate had pitched upon him for a pet-patient,—he had watched him, listened to him, and whenever "Boy" was summoned in a strange voice, he invariably tried first at the yellow-man. To his surprise, however, the latter only gave the utensil a slight touch with his foot, saying, "It will do very well at a pinch, and boy—(yes, sir)—another time when you bring me such a thing as this—(yes, sir)—let me have the kettle along with it,—(yes, sir)—the sugar, a few lemons, and a bottle of rum." The boy, in sea phrase, was taken all aback. "Renounce me," whispered the Red-face, who happened to sit next me, "renounce me, if he don't mean punch: I can't stand him!—I can't upon my soul!" and off he rushed again upon deck.

By this time the motion of the vessel had considerably increased, and between fear and curiosity, and certain more physical motives, the whole of the company successively went above to enjoy what proved to be a very bad look out. The whole sky had now gone into saffres, and like Hamlet seemed contending with "a sea of troubles." On the lee side, swaying by the backstay, stood the man with the red face, turned by recent exertion almost into purple. Instead of the languor and depression usually ascribed to the sea

malady, it seemed to put him up instead of down, and his temper rose with his stomach. "I am worse than ever!" he said to me, almost choking between his affliction and his passion, "and there's that yellow wretch, quite composed, with a d——d cigar in his mouth! I can't understand it, sir—it's against nature. As for me—I shall die of it! I know I shall!—I shall burst a vessel, sir. I thought I had just now—but it was only the pint of port!"

As he spoke the vessel shipped a heavy sea, and heeled over almost on her beam-ends. "I suppose," said my uncle, "that's what they call a water-spout." "It's a squall!" said the Yellow-face. "It's a female scream," cried my aunt, wringing her hands, and in reality we heard a shrill cry of distress that drew us in a body towards the fore-part of the vessel. "It's the lady o' title," said the mate, "she was above 'sociating with the passengers, and preferred sitting in her own carriage—lucky she didn't go overboard coach and all." My worthy uncle indignantly declared the thing to be impossible. "Do you pretend to say there's a human being shut up in that carriage, because she won't even condescend to be drowned along with her fellow-creatures?" By way of answer, the mate and assistants contrived to drag the human being out of the vehicle, and certainly, between fright and a good ducking, she was a very forlorn-looking specimen of her order. "Well," muttered my uncle, "this is dignity with a vengeance! I should have thought even a lady of title might prefer a comfortable cabin to sitting in such a bathing-machine, even with coronets on the top." "Poor thing," interposed my aunt, "it's the nature of her bringing up." "No doubt of it!" retorted Nunkle, "but to my mind it's an unchristian bringing up that prepares one so badly for going down." This shot silenced my poor aunt, but it did not prevent her from

paying all possible attention to the Woman of Quality, on her way to the ladies' cabin, where she was deposited, at her own request, in a high berth. And so ended for the present the little episode of Lady D—— and her own carriage.

And now, my dear Gerard, imagine us all to creep like the exclusive lady into our own narrow dormitories, not that we were sleepy, but the violent pitching of the ship made it difficult, if not impossible, for any mere landsman to sit or stand. Indeed it would not have been easy to sleep, in spite of the concert that prevailed. First, a beam in one corner seemed taken in labour, then another began groaning,—plank after plank chimed in with its peculiar creak,—every bulk-head seemed to fret with an ache in it—sometimes the floor complained of a strain—next the ceiling cried out with a pain in its joints—and then came a general squeezing sound as if the whole vessel was in the last stage of collapse. Add to these the wild howling of the wind through the rigging, till the demon of the storm seemed to be playing coronachs over us on an Æolian harp,—the clatter of hail, the constant rushes of water around and overhead—and at every uncommon pitch, a chorus of female shrieks from the next cabin. To describe my own feelings, the night seemed spent between dozing and delirium. When I closed my eyes I had dreams of nightmares, not squatting ones merely, but vicious jades, that kicked, plunged, reared with and rolled over me: when I opened them, I beheld stools, trunks, bags, endowed with supernatural life, violently dancing—change sides, down the middle, back again, all round, and then, *saute qui peut*, in a sudden panic making a general rush at the cabin stairs. In the midst of this tumult struggled a solitary human figure, sometimes sitting, sometimes kneeling, sometimes rolling, or desperately clinging to the table,—till the table itself burst its bonds, threw a preliminary summerset, and taking a

loose sofa between its legs, prepared for a waltz. It was a countryman of Van Tromp who had thus resolved not to be drowned in his bed ; and as even fright becomes comical by its extravagance, I could not help laughing, in spite of my own miseries, to see the poor Dutchman at any extraordinary plunge clapping his hands as ecstasically as if it had been meant for applause. To tell the truth, the vessel occasionally gave such an awful lurch, that I seriously thought we should be left in it. At last towards morning our terrors were brought to a climax by a tremendous crash overhead, followed by a prodigious rush of water, under which the Lord Melville seemed to reel and stagger as if it had been wine, whilst part of the briny deluge rushed down into the cabin and flooded the lower beds. Our *claqueur*, poor Mynheer, clapped his hands long and loudly, taking it of course for the catastrophe of the piece. The vessel had been pooped, as it is called, by a monstrous wave which had torn four men from the helm, where they were steering with a long iron tiller, and had thrown them luckily almost to the funnel instead of over the quarter, when they must inevitably have perished. On such angles, in this world, depend our destinies !

On going on deck I found the captain and the pilot anxiously looking out for the buoys which mark the entrance into the Maas. "I congratulate you, sir," said the yellow-face,—“steam has saved us,—mere canvas has not been so fortunate,” and he pointed to the hull of a large ship with only her lower masts standing ; she had gone down in shoal water, her stern resting on the bottom, whilst her bows still lifted with the waves. “And the crew ?” The yellow man significantly shook his head—“No boat could live in such a sea.” For the first time, Gerard, I felt sick—sick at heart. I have seen many completer wrecks, with their naval anatomy laid quite bare, but from that very circumstance, their wooden

ribs and vertebræ being thus exposed, they looked more like the skeletons of stranded marine monsters ; whereas, in the present instance, the vessel still preserved its habitable shape, and fancy persisted in peopling it with human creatures, moving, struggling, running to and fro, and at length in desperation clinging to the rigging of those now bare spars. I had even painted, Campbell-like, that wretched character, a Last Man, perched in dreary survivorship in the main-top, when, in startling unison with the thought, a voice muttered in my ear, " Yes ! there he is !—he's been up there all night—and every soul but himself down below ! " The speaker was the red-faced man. " A pretty considerable bad night, sir," said his Antipathy, by way of a morning salutation. " An awful one, indeed," said the red-face,— " of course you've been sick at last ? " " Not a notion of it. " " Egad, then," cried my uncle, who had just emerged from the companion, " you must have some secret for it worth knowing ! " " I guess I have," answered the other, very quietly. " Renounce me, if I didn't think so ! " exclaimed the red-face in a tone of triumph—" it can't be done fairly without some secret or other, and I'd give a guinea, that's to say a sovereign, to know what it is. " " It's a bargain " said the yellow-face, coolly holding out his hand for the money, which was as readily deposited in his palm, and thence transferred to a rather slenderly furnished squirrel-skin purse. " Now then," said the Carnation. " Why, then," said the Yellow Flower of the Forest, with a peculiar drawl through the nose, " you must jist go to sea, as I have done, for the best thirty years of your life. " The indignation with which this recipe was received was smothered in a general burst of laughter from all within hearing. Luckily we were now summoned to breakfast, where we found my aunt, who expatiated eloquently on the horrors of the past night. " I really thought," she said, " that I was

going to poor George." "Amongst sailors, ma'am," said our rough captain, very innocently, "we call him Old Davy."

In consequence of the sea running so high, we were unable to proceed to Rotterdam by the usual channel ; and were occupied during a great part of the second day in going at half-speed through the canals. Tedious as was this course, it afforded us a sight of some of the characteristic scenery of that very remarkable country called Holland. We had abundant leisure to observe the picturesque craft, with their high cabins, and cabin windows well furnished with flower-pots and frows,—in fact, floating houses ;—while the real houses scarcely above the water level, looked like so many family arks that had gone only ashore, and would be got off next tide. These dwellings of either kind looked scrupulously clean, and particularly gay ; the houses, indeed, with their bright pea-green doors and shutters, shining, bran new, as if by common consent, or some clause in their leases, they had all been freshly painted within the last week. But probably they must thus be continually done in oil to keep out the water,—the very Dryads, to keep them dry, being favoured with a coat, or rather pantaloons, of sky-blue or red, or some smart colour, on their trunks and lower limbs. At times, however, nothing could be seen but the banks, till perchance you detected a steeple and a few chimneys, as if a village had been sowed there, and was beginning to come up. The vagaries of the perspective, originating in such an arrangement, were rather amusing. For instance, I saw a ruminating cow apparently chewing the top of a tree, a Quixotic donkey attacking a windmill, and a wonderful horse, quietly reposing and dozing with a weathercock growing out of his back. Indeed it is not extravagant to suppose that a frog, without hopping, often enjoys a bird's eye view of a neighbouring town. So little was seen of the country, that my aunt, in the

simplicity of her heart, inquired seriously, "Where's Holland?" "It ought to be hereabouts, madam," said the yellow-face, "if it wasn't swamped in the night." "Swamped, indeed!" said the red-face; "it's sinful to mistrust Providence, but renounce me, if I could live in such a place without an everlasting rainbow overhead to remind me of the Promise." "They'd be drowned to-morrow, sir," said the captain, "if they wasn't continually driving piles, and building dams, like so many beavers on two legs." "They have all the ways of beavers, sure enough," chimed in my uncle, "and, egad!" pointing to a round-sterned fellow at work on the bank, "they have the same breadth of tail."

Amongst other characteristic features of the landscape, if it had land enough to deserve the name, we frequently saw a solitary crane or heron at the water's edge, watching patiently for food, or resting on one leg in conscious security. I pointed them out to my uncle, who, sportsman-like, was taking aim at a stork with his forefinger, when a hand was suddenly interposed before what represented the muzzle of the gun. It was the act of Mynheer the *claqueur*. My uncle reddened, but said nothing, though he afterwards favoured me with his opinion. "The Dutchman was right. I have been thinking it over; and I have a misgiving we are too wasteful of animal lives. In England, now, those birds would not live a week without being peppered by the first fellow with a gun." "Because," said I, "we can sleep in England in spite of Philomel; but the Dutch nightingales are more noisy, besides being as numerous as their frogs, and they are glad to preserve any birds that will thin them out." "No, no, Frank," replied my uncle, gravely shaking his head; "it's beyond a joke. I didn't say so before the Dutchman, because I don't choose to let down my native land: there's plenty of travellers to do that with a pre-

tended liberality ; but I don't set up for a cosmo-polite, which, to my mind, signifies being polite to every country except your own." "I have never heard the English accused," suggested your humble servant, "of wilful cruelty." "Not as to humankind, Frank : not as to humankind ; but haven't we exterminated the bastards—I mean to say bustards ; and haven't we got rid of the black cock of the walk—I should say the woods ? As for the storks, they're the most filial and affectionate birds to old parents in all nature, and I take shame to myself for only aiming at them with a finger. God knows, I ought to have more fellow-feeling for sudden death !"

It was night ere we arrived at Rotterdam, safe and well, with the exception of my uncle's umbrella and great-coat, supposed to have been washed overboard by the same sea that endangered the lady and her carriage. Whilst the rest of the family comfortably established themselves at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, I took a hasty ramble by moonlight through the city, and have thrown my first impressions into verse, which, according to agreement, please to present with my dear love to your sister.* In plainer but not less sincere prose, accept the hearty regard of,

My dear Gerard, yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

* See page 125 of this volume.

TO MISS WILMOT, AT WOODLANDS, NEAR BECKENHAM,
KENT.

MY DEAR MARGARET,

As I predicted, our travels began in trouble, and from the course of events, will end, I expect, in the same way. What could be more unfortunate than to come to the Continent in a storm so awful that I cannot bear to think of it, much less to describe it, beyond saying, that between raging winds and waves, and thunder and lightning, nature itself seemed on the point of being wrecked ! But I must not repine ; for though I have been frightened to death, and shaken to pieces, and worn down by sea-sickness, and subjected to all sorts of discomforts and disagreeables, and within an inch of being drowned at sea myself, it was all to wean me from my losses and restore my peace of mind. As such, it is my duty to reflect on nothing but my brother's affection, however distressing in its effects on my own weak nerves. It took us two whole days to reach Rotterdam, though it was but a remove from one danger to another, for the country of Holland lies so low in the water, that they say it would be as fatal to spring a leak as in a ship. Indeed, as my own eyes assured me, we were often swimming higher than the tops of the houses ; a dreadful consideration, when you think that a water-rat, by boring a hole in the banks, would do more havoc amongst the inhabitants than a loose tiger. As it is, the poor people are compelled to employ a whole army of windmills,—though how the water is to be ground dry into dry ground is beyond my chemical knowledge. I do not quite know what he means, but my nephew says the natives live like a party in a parlour and all dammed.

Still it was a change for the better, after all the dreadful sights and motions, and noises and smells, of a ship, to come to a quiet room and a comfortable meal. Above all, it was a real luxury to repose in a steady bed, with snow-white sheets, though, my spirits being overtired, I did nothing but cry all night long. But it is my dispensation to travel for the rest of my days through a vale of tears. Mentioning snow-white sheets, if cleanliness can ever be carried to excess, it is in Holland :—indeed, I fear I shall hardly be able to put up with English neatness when I return. The very servants have such caps and kerchiefs, and aprons, and lace, and so beautifully got up, I can compare it to nothing but a laundress on a pleasure party taking a day's wear of her mistress's best things. It is quite delightful to see,—though not unmixed with painful recollections, for you know how precise your dear late brother was about his linen. He was quite Dutch in that. Of course, they have a wash every week-day, besides the grand one on Saturdays, when they really wash up everything in the place except the water. As an instance of their particularity, at almost every house there is a sort of double looking-glass outside the window, as if for seeing up and down the street ; but Frank says it is, that the Dutch ladies may watch, before being at home to a friend, whether he has dirty boots or shoes.

We have seen the principal sights of Rotterdam, the statue of Erasmus, the Arsenal, the Cathedral, with its monuments of Dutch Admirals, and its great organ, which plays almost too powerfully for mortal ears. But what most took my fancy was the curious pleasure-grounds round the town, with their outlandish summer-houses and little temples. They are all what you and I should call Old Bachelor's Gardens, laid out in fantastic figures and formal walks, but full of the finest plants. I never saw such superb

flowers of their kind, or smelt so delicious a perfume. How the Dutch gentlemen can reconcile themselves to smoking tobacco in the midst of such a paradise of sweets, I cannot imagine, unless it is to kill the caterpillars ; but their noses are surely insensible to good or bad smells, or they would never allow so many stagnant ditches and ponds covered with duckweed, that towards evening give out a stench fit to breed a plague. But such is life, sweet in the morning, but oh, how different in savour at the close ! Knowing your partiality for flowers, I intended to send you a few of the fine sorts, particularly tulips and hyacinths, and was lucky enough, as I thought, to find out a shop, with roots and plants in the window, and a clerk who spoke a little English, and politely helped me in selecting the choicest kinds. Indeed, they had all such fine names they were sure to be good. The young man himself very civilly carried the parcel home to the hotel : but judge of my feelings when I came to look at the bill. I can only say I screamed ! What do you think, Margaret, of seventy odd pounds for a few bulbs ! But that's where I miss your dear brother,—for, as you know, I used to leave all bargaining and accounts, and money matters, and in short everything, to poor George. The consequence was, we had quite a scene, which I need not say was extremely distressing in a strange hotel. To add to my agitation, my nephew was absent, and when I wanted to consult my brother, he was in his own room in one of his old fits, and nothing could be got from him except that he had done with this world. In the mean time the foreign clerk grew impatient, and at last worked himself into such a passion that he could not speak English, and Heaven knows what violence he threatened or would have done, if my brother, hearing the noise, had not rushed in, and scuffled him down the stairs. In the end, Frank had to go to the

shop and arrange the matter, but as he declines saying on what terms, I am convinced it cost no trifle to get the Dutchman to take back his bulbs. It was as much as I could do, when all was over, to keep from hysterics, especially as my brother chose to be extremely harsh with me, and said it was very hard he could not go out of the world without a parcel of trumpery flowers distracting his latter end. But I was born to troubles, and as the proverb says, they never come single. The roots might be an error in judgment, but there could be none about the Dutch linen ; which, of course, must be cheaper in Holland than anywhere else. Accordingly I laid in a good stock of shirting and sheeting, and napkins and towelling, for home use ; but although the quality was excellent, and the bill quite reasonable, this good bargain cost me as much vexation as the bad one. My brother, indeed, did not scold, but though both he and my nephew wished me joy of my purchase, I saw by their faces that they meant quite the reverse. Such an untoward beginning quite scares me, and fills me with misgivings that in going farther I shall only fare worse. It grieves me to think, too, how *you* would delight in this tripping up the Rhine, instead of taking my place at Woodlands, whilst I am only fit for domestic duties and the quiet of home. A heavy heart, weak nerves, and broken spirits, are bad travelling companions, and at every step, alas ! I am reminded, by some dilemma or other, what a stay and guide a woman loses in a husband like poor George.

Providentially we have not suffered as yet in our health, but I shall not be easy on that score till we leave Holland, as there is a low fever, they say, peculiar to the country, and very apt to attack the English, unless they smoke and drink drams all day long. Our next stage is by steamboat to Nimeguen, which is in a state of war against the Belgians

for being Roman Catholics. Frank says the best plan would be to convert the Belgians to the Church of England, and then they would take the Thirty-nine Articles instead of fighting about Twenty-four. And for the sake of peace, and to save bloodshed, I devoutly hope it may be settled in some such way. But fatigue compels me to close. Pray distribute my kindest regards amongst all friends, and accept my love from, dear Margaret,

Your affectionate sister,

CATHERINE WILMOT.

P.S.—Martha begs me to forward the enclosed. She has had her own troubles, but has become more reconciled; though not without flying occasionally to her old trick of giving warning. But her warnings are like my poor brother's, and I really believe she would be heart-broken if I took her at her word. Like her mistress she has been buying bargains—though more as foreign curiosities than for use, except a beautiful brass milkpail, which I have taken off her hands for the dairy at Woodlands.

TO REBECCA PAGE, AT THE WOODLANDS, NEAR
BECKENHAM, KENT.

DEAR BECKY,

Littel did I think I shud ever ever ever rite you again! We have all bean on eternitty's brinx. Such a terrifickle storm! Tho' we are on Shure, I cant get it out of my Hed. Every room keeps spinnin^h with me like a roundy-bout at Grinnage Fair. Every chare I set on begins rockin like a nussin chare and the stares pitch and toss so I cant go up them xcept on all fores. They do say elevin

other vessels floundered off the Hooks of Holland in the same tempest with all their cruise. It began in the arternoon, and prevaled all nite,—sich a nite O Grashus! Sich tossin and tumblin it was moraly unpossible to stand on wons legs and to compleat these discomfortables nothin wood sit easy. I might as well have et and drunk Hippokickany and Antinomial wine. O Becky the Tea-totlers only give up fomentid lickers, but the Sea Totlers give up everything. To add to my frite down flumps the stewardis on her nees and begins skreeking we shall be pitcht all over! we shall be pitcht all over! Think I if *she* give up we may prepair for our wartery graves. At sich crisisus theres nothin like religun and if I repeted my Catkism wunce I said it a hundered times over and never wonce rite. You may gudge by that of my orrifide state, besides ringing my hands till the nails was of a blew black. Havin nose wat else I sed for in my last agny I confest every partical I had ever dun,—about John Futman and all. Luckily Missus was too much decomposed to atend to it but it will be a Warnin for the rest of my days. O Becky its awful wurk when it cums to sich a full unbuzzuming and you stand before your own eyes stript nakid to the verry botom of your sole. Wat seemed the innocentest things turn as black as coles. Even Luvvers look armless but they aint wen all their kisses cum to fly in your face. Makin free with trifles is the same. Littel did I think wen I give away an odd lofe it would lay so heavy. Then to be shure a little of Missus's tea and sugger seams no grate matter, partickly if youve agreed to find yure own, but as I no by experence evry ownce will turn to a pound of lead in repentin. That wickid caddy Key give me menny a turn, and I made a pint as soon as the storm abatid to chuck it into the bottomless otion. I do trust Becky you will foller my xampel and give up watever goes

agin yure consheins. If I name the linnin I trust youl excuse. Charrity kivers a multitud of sins, and to be shure its a charrity to give a-way a raggid shurt of Masters providid its not torn a purpus which I fear is sum times the case. Pray say the like from me to Mister, Butler up at the Hall, he will take a Miss I no,—partickly as I hav drunk unbeknown wine along with him, but when yure at yur last pint what is Port in a storm! Won minit yure a living creetur, and the next you may be like wickid Jonas in the belly of Wales.

The only comfort I had besides Cristianity was to give Missus warnin witch I did over and over between her attax. No wagis on earth could reckonsile me to a sea-goin place. Dress is dress and its hard on a servent to find too nasty grate broke loose Trunks between them has battered my pore ban box into a pan cake. To make bad wus, as the otion they say levels all distinkshuns, and make won Woman as good as a nother I thought propper to go to sea in my best, and in course my waterd ribbins is no better for being washt with serges, or my bewtiful shot silk for gitting different shades of smoak blacks,—besides spiling my nice kid gluves with laying hold on tarry ropes, not to name bein drensht from top to toe with rottin salt water, and the personable risk of being drownded arter all. But I mite as well have tould the ship to soot itself as my Missus. I verrily beleave from her wild starin at me she did not no wether I talked English or Frentch. At last Martha says she we are going to a wurd where there is no sitivations. What an idear! But our superiers are always shy of our society, as if even hevin abuv was too good for servents. Talking of superiers there was a Tittled Lady in Bed in the Cabbin that sent every five minits for the captin, till at long and at last he got Crusty. Captin says she I insist on yure

gitting the ship more out of the wind. I wish I could says he. Dont you no who I am, says she very dignifide. Yes my Ladyship says the captin, but its blowin grate guns, and if so be you was a princess I couldn't make it blow littel pistles. Wat next but she must send for the Mate to ask him if he can swim. Yes my lady says he like a Duck. In that case says she I must condysend to lay hold on yure harm all nite. Axin pardin my ladyship says he its too grate honners for the like of me. No matter says she very proud-like, I insist on it. Then I'm verry sorry says the Mate makin a run off, but I'm terrible wanted up abuv to help in layin the ship on her beam ends. Thats what I call good authority, so you may suppose wat danger we was in.

Howsumever here we are thenk providens on dry land if so be it can be cauld dry that is half ditchis and cannals, at a forin city, by name Rotter D—m. The King lives at the Ha-gue and I'll be bound it's haguish enuf for Holland is a cold marshy flatulint country and lies so low they're only saved by being dammed. The wimmin go very tidy but the men wear very large close for smallclose and old fashionable hats. But I shouldn't prefer to settle in Holland for Dutch plaices must be very hard. Oh Becky such moppin and sloppin such chuckin up water at the winders and squirtin at the walls with littel fire ingins, but I suppose with their moist climit the houses wouldn't be holesum if they warn't continually washing off the damp. Then the furnitur is kept like span new without speck or spot, it must be sum-boddy's wurk to kill all the flies. To my mind the pepel are over clean—as John Futman said when his master objectid to his thum-mark on the hedge of the plate, a littel dirt does set off clenliness thats certin. Then as to nus makes they ought to have eyes all round their heds like spiders to watch the childrin by the cannals, thenk God I ant a Dutch parent,

I should be miserable for fear of my yung wons gittin to the keys. Lawk, an English muther in Holland wood be like a Hen with Ducklins !

We have seen many fine sites, and bildings, and partickly the Butcher's Hall, which is all of red Brix, pick't out with wite, jest as if it was bilt of beefstake. Likewise the statute of Erasmis who inventid pickle herrins,—they do say in any orange bovine revolushuns it jumps into the cannal, and then cums out agin when the trubbles is over—but in course that's only a popish mirakle. Then there's the House of Fears,—fears enough I warrant for every other hole and corner in the town was ravaged and ransackt by the French,—and the pore soles every minit expecten naber's fare. But that cant hapin agin, as in the case of beseiging they open all their slowces, and the Dutch being amphibbyus, all the enemy is drowndid xcept themselves. As respects vittles, we do verry well, only I am shi of the maid dishes, being sich a mashy forren country, for fear of eatin Frogs. Talkin of cookin, wat do you think Becky of sittin with a lited charcole stow under yure pettecots ? Its the only way they have for airin their linnin,—tho' it looks more like a new cookery receat for How to smoak your Hams. But I hear Missus bell, so with kind lue to all, includin John Futman, I remane in haste, my dear Becky Yure luvng friend,

MARTHA PENNY.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,

At last we have turned our backs on the good city of Rotterdam, and made our first advance up the Waal branch of the fashionable river. As you are aware, the banks

of the Lower Rhine are of a very uninteresting character : to sing their beauties one needs only, with Desdemona, to "sing all a green willow, sing willow, willow, willow." In such a case there is but one alternative. In the absence of good scenery and decorations, the traveller must turn for entertainment to the strolling company on board, and such *pièces de circonstance* as they may happen to present.

It is one of the discomforts of striving against the stream on the Rhine, that you must start extravagantly early, in order to accomplish the next stage before night. To aggravate this nuisance, the garçon appointed to rouse us crowed, like the "bonnie gray cock," a full hour too soon ; and then, by way of amends, called us as much too late ; so that we had to save our passage and passage-money (paid beforehand) by a race to the quay. Short as the course was, it led to a great deal of what the turf-men call *tailing*, Your humble servant was first on board, my Uncle made a bad second, my Aunt a worse third, her maid Martha barely saved her distance, and the baggage was nowhere at all. In fact, the steamer was already on the move before our Dutch porters made their appearance, so that the greater part of the luggage was literally pitched on board, with a clangor and clatter that excited a peal of merriment from ship and shore. "In the name of heaven, what is all this ?" inquired my Uncle, who noticed a considerable addition to our sundries. "Oh, it's the beautiful brass pail," moaned my Aunt, writhing in pantomimical distress ; "and look how it's all battered and bruised !" whilst her maid indignantly collected a shower of wooden shoes, intended to be presented as foreign curiosities to her fellow-servants at Woodlands. My Uncle shrugged up his shoulders and made a wry face at the prospect. "Zounds, Frank !" he said to me in an aside, "if we gather at this rate in our progress, we shall come to a stickfast in

the end, like the great snow-ball in Sanford and Merton. To my mind, your poor Aunt is making a toil of a pleasure ; however, the more little trouble she gets into, the more likely to forget her great one. Though, to be sure, it sounds odd," he continued, observing me smile, "for a widow to be wiping away her tears with a brass-pail."

I had now time to look round, and, on taking a survey of the company, was not sorry to recognise our old acquaintance the red-faced man, looking as ruddy as a Dutch apple, but like an apple that had been bruised. From whatever cause, there was a discoloration round his right eye, which hinted plainly with Lord Byron, that

"Sometimes we must box without the muffles,"

especially when we are blessed with a temper as hot and hasty as a pepper-castor with a loose top. He eagerly pounced upon me as one with whom he could pour out his bottled-up grievances, and thus they began their audible effervescence :—"Glad to see you, sir ; here's a pretty eye for the beauties of the Rhine—black as my hat, sir ;—well it wasn't knocked out !" I sympathised of course, and inquired how it happened. "How, sir ? it could only happen in one way. I've heard of black devils, and blue devils, and renounce me if I don't think there are yellow ones."—"You do not surely mean our old shipmate the American ?"—"Yes, but I do, though. You remember how unpleasant he made himself to every person on board—wouldn't be sick or anything. As for me, it was natural instinct or something, but I hated him from the first time I set eyes on him. It gave me a turn to look at him. I felt as if I was turning bilious myself ; I did indeed ! If I don't cut him, thought I, the moment we get on shore, my name's not Bowker—John Bowker. So I

asked him at Rotterdam to recommend a good inn, and he named the Skipper House. That was enough for me, and off I took myself to the Bath Hotel. Well, sir, what next? After supper, and making myself comfortable, up I went to bed, and what do you think I saw?" Here Mr. John Bowker made a solemn pause, and looked me full in the face; his visage grew redder, except the black circle, which seemed to darken; he knocked his hat down over the damaged eye, fiercely rammed his doubled fists into his pockets, drew in a long breath, and then resumed in a voice quite guttural from the broil within: "Renounce me, sir, if I didn't see his infernal jaundice face on the clean pillow!"—"Very unpleasant indeed."—"Yes, sir; there it was, all yellow in the middle of the white—just like a poached egg. By the bye, I don't think I shall ever eat one again—he has quite poisoned the idea, sir, he has, upon my life!" There was an expression of loathing about the red face as he said this that would have delighted Dr. Johnson, who has recorded his opinion of a "good hater." However, I affected concern, and inquired how the ontoward event had originated. "Originated!—phoo, phoo—no such thing. It was done on purpose, sir, sheer *malice prepense*. I told him quite civilly, I was afraid of a little mistake. 'I'm afraid there is,' said he: 'what's your number?' 'My name,' said I, 'is Bowker—John Bowker—and I'm number seventeen.' 'Ah,' said he, 'that's just where it is—my name is Take-care-of-yourself, and I reckon I'm number one.' Cool, sir, wasn't it? and I tried to be cool too, but I couldn't—blood will boil: it's human nature, sir—and mine began singing in my ears like a kettle. Thought I, this must be vented somehow, or I shall burst a vessel; it's a dread of mine, sir, that some day I shall burst a vessel, if my passion isn't worked off—and between that and his grinning at me, I couldn't help making a punch at the

fellow's head : I couldn't, upon my soul. That led to a scuffle, and the noise brought up the master and the garsoons—however, the end was, I got my bed and this beautiful black eye into the bargain—for the landlord soon proved my right to number seventeen.”—“And what excuse,” I asked, “did the usurper offer for his intrusion?”—“None in the world, sir. Not a syllable! except that the Skipper House happened to be full, and my bed happened to be empty. Confound his yellow face!—I thought it was jaundice, or the American fever—but it's brass, sir,—brass lacker. But that's not the end. ‘In course,’ said he, ‘you'll allow a half-naked individual about twenty minutes or so to make himself decent and collect his traps?’ Well, sir, having vented my warmth, I was quite agreeable, and how do you think he spent the time?” Here another pause for the speaker to muster all his indignation. “Why, sir, when it came to fresh making the bed, he had wound and rolled up both the sheets into balls, hard balls, sir, as big as your head!”—“An old trick,” I remarked, “amongst nautical men, and called reefing.”—“Nothing more likely, sir,” said the red face; “he'd been thirty years at sea, you know, as he told me when he swindled me out of my sovereign. However, there were the two sheets—the only pair not in use—and the devil himself couldn't pick an end out of them, landlord, garsoons, and all. Renounce me if I don't believe they're *in statu quo* at this very moment—I do, upon my life!” The fervor with which he made this declaration quite upset my gravity : and he joined at first in my mirth, but stopped short as abruptly as if he had been seized by a spasm. “No, no, sir,” he said, with a serious shake of his head—“the thing's beyond a laugh. It's my remark, sir, that I never took a strong dislike to a person at first sight without his giving me good reason for it in the end. Mark my words, sir,—that

turmeric-faced Yankee is my evil genius. He'll haunt me and spoil my pleasure wherever I go. He has poisoned the German ocean for me already, and now, sir, he'll poison the river Rhine—he will, sir, as sure as my name's Bowker—John Bowker—he'll poison the Rhine, and the Baths, and the Hock wine, and everything—as certain as I stand here !”

Absurd as this picture will seem to you, my dear Gerard, it is nevertheless sketched from nature. And, after all, how many of us there are who, in the pilgrimage of life, thus conjure up black, blue, or yellow-faced bugbears to poison our river Rhines ! But, not to moralise, suppose me now driven by a smart shower into a rather noisy, very odoriferous, and piping-hot cabin, the rule against smoking having been reversed, by turning the prohibitory placards with their faces to the wall. Here I found my Uncle good-humoredly playing, or rather trying to play, at dominoes with a German, the only difficulties being that the German and English games are as different as the two languages. Still they persevered with laudable patience, each after his own fashion, till they had finished two glasses a-piece of curaçoa. “It is very extraordinary,” remarked my Uncle, as he rose up, neither winner nor loser, “that in spite of the thousands and thousands of English who have passed up and down the Rhine, the natives have never yet learned to play at dominoes !”

A complaint from a countrywoman at the next table was quite in keeping. For some minutes past she had been calling out “Hoof ! hoof ! hoof !” to our squat little Dutchman of a garçon, who in return only grinned and shook his head. “It's really provoking,” exclaimed the lady, “to have such a stupid waiter. He doesn't even know the French for an egg !”

Our first stoppage was at Dordrecht, or Dort, a quaint, characteristic town, that looked like an old acquaintance, its features being such as are common on the pictorial Dutch tiles. Here, amongst other additions to our living freight, we obtained a private soldier, of whom his wife or sweetheart took a most affectionate leave—as of a house lamb about to be butchered by “les braves Belges.” Again, and again, and again, she called him back for more last words, and imprinted fresh editions, with additions, of her farewell, upon his lips, but the warning bell of the steamer rang, fatal as curfew to the light of love—the weeping female gave her warrior one more desperate hug, that almost lifted him off his feet; he tore himself from the arms that dropped listless, as if she had no further use for them in this world—the paddles revolved—and there on the quay, so long as Dordrecht remained in sight, we beheld the forlorn frow, gazing, as motionless and inanimate as one of the staring painted wooden dolls indigenous to her country. “Poor souls,” murmured my Aunt, who had been looking on with glistening eyes; “what a horrid cruel thing is war, when it comes home to us!” My Uncle, too, gave utterance to a thought which sounded like an echo of my own: “Egad, Frank, there wasn’t much Dutch phlegm in that!”

I was too much interested by this episode to notice the advent of another passenger, till he was announced in an angry whisper. “There he is again!—Curse his yellow face!—I thought he was a day a-head of me!” and lo! the American stood bodily before us, having halted at Dordrecht to inspect the saw-mills, and the ponds for containing the huge rafts of timber that float thither down the Rhine, from Switzerland and the Black Forest. His old opponent glared at him fiercely with his sound eye, and very soon found fuel for the flame. The deck of a steamer is supposed to be

divided amid-ships by an imaginary line, aft of which the steerage passengers are expected not to intrude. In the Rhenish vessels this trespass is forbidden, by sundry polyglott inscriptions, under penalty of paying the higher rate of passage; and the arrangement affords a curious test of character. A modest or timid individual, a lover of law and order, scrupulously refrains from passing across the boundary; another, of a careless easy disposition, paces indifferently within or beyond the invisible fence, whilst a third fellow (ten to one he wears his hat all aslant) ostentatiously swaggers to the very stern, as if glorying that there is a privilege to usurp, and a rule to be broken. It was soon apparent to which of these classes our American belonged. "Look at him, sir," growled Mr. John Bowker, giving me a smart nudge with his elbow, "*do* look at him! He's a steerage passenger, and see where he is, confound his impudence! sitting on the skylight of the best cabin. Pray come here, sir;" and seizing me by the arm, he dragged me to the paddle-box, and pointed to the deck regulations, conspicuously painted up in three different languages. "There, sir, read that;" but he kindly saved me the trouble, by reading aloud the English version of the rules—"There's the law distinctly laid down, and yet that yellow scoundrel—" He broke off abruptly, for the yellow scoundrel, himself, attracted by our movements, came to see what we were looking at; deliberately read over the inscriptions in French, Dutch, and English, and then quietly resumed his seat on the skylight. "Cool, isn't it?" asked the chafing Bowker, "he can't say *now* he has had no warning. Renounce me if I don't name it to the captain, I will, upon my life! What's to become of society, if we can't draw a line! Subversion of all order—levelling all ranks; democracy let loose; anarchy, sir, anarchy, anarchy, anarchy!" Here his vehemence

inciting him to physical action, he began to walk the deck, with something of the mien of a rampant red lion ; but still serving up to me the concoctions of his wrath hot and hot. "I suppose he calls that American independence ! (*A walk.*) Sir, if I abominate anything in the world, it's a Yankee, let alone his yellow face. (*Walk.*) It's hereditary, sir. My worthy father, John Bowker, senior, could never abide them—never ! (*Walk.*) Sir, one day he met a ship captain, in the city, that wanted to know his way to the Minories. Says my father, 'I've an idea you're an American.' 'I guess I am,' said the captain. 'And pray, sir,' said my worthy parent, 'what do you see in my face to make you think I'd tell a Yankee his way to the Minories, or anywhere else ?' Yes, sir, he did, upon my life. He was quite consistent in that ! (*Another walk and then a full stop.*) I suspect, sir, you think I am warm ?" I could not help smiling an assent. "Well, sir, I know it. I *am* warm. It's my nature, and it's my principle to give nature her head. I've strong feelings, very ; and I make a point never to balk them. For instance, if there's a colour I detest, it's yellow. I hate it, sir, as a buffalo hates scarlet—and there's that Yankee with a yellow face, yellow eyes, yellow teeth, and a yellow waistcoat—renounce me, if I don't think he's yellow all through, ugh !" and with a grimace to match the grunt, he hurried off to the bows, as if to place the whole length of the vessel between himself and the object of his aversion. Still, with the true perversity of a self-tormentor, who will neither like things nor let them alone, he continued to watch every movement of his enemy, and was not slow in extracting fresh matter of offence. "I must go below," he muttered as he again approached me, "it's an infernal bore, but I *must* ! There's no standing him ! I can't walk the same deck ! It's forbidden to talk to the helm, and there he is drawling

away to the steersman! Renounce me, if he isn't telling him the story of the rolled-up sheets—I know it by his grinning! Sir, if I stay above, I shall have a fever,—he'll change my whole mass of blood—he will, as sure as fate;” and with a furious glance at the yellow face, down scrambled the peppery-tempered gentleman to cool his heat—like Bowker, senior, “he was quite consistent in that”—with a stiff glass of hot brandy and water.

As you know, Gerard, I am not professedly a sentimental traveller, like Sterne, yet I could not help moralising on what had passed. Mr. John Bowker seemed to me but a type of our partisans and bigots, political and religious, who take advantage of any *colourable* pretext on the *palate* of their prejudices, to shut their hearts against a fellow-creature, who may wear green to their orange, or pink to their true blue. In short, Heaven knows how far I might have carried my reflections on the iniquity of hating a man for his yellow face, if I had not suddenly recollected that, ere now, many a human being has been stolen, enslaved, bought and sold, scourged, branded, and even murdered, merely because he happened to have a black one. Should you still require an apology for these extra ruminations, I must refer for my excuse to the sight of the fortress of Gorcum, where nineteen Catholic priests suffered death for the faith that was in them; and to a glimpse of the castle of Lowenstein, in which Grotius was imprisoned for his opinions, and reduced to compose his renowned treatise “*De Jure Belli et Pacis*,” where he could neither be comfortably at peace nor conveniently make war.

I have said that steaming up the lower Rhine is sufficiently tedious; and it was eight o'clock P.M. ere we arrived at Nimeguen, a frontier town, chiefly remarkable as the place where the triple treaty was signed in 1678, between

France, Holland and Spain. It will interest you more to remember that Sir Walter Scott spent a night here on his last memorable journey towards Abbotsford and his long home. There is a story current that the innkeepers eagerly sent their carriages to await the arrival of the steamer which conveyed so illustrious a personage, and that Sir Walter unconsciously availed himself of the vehicle belonging to one hotel to convey him to a rival establishment, of course to the great chagrin of the coach-proprietor. For our humble selves, we have set up our rest with Doctor, or Dokter,—a name which doubtless had a charm for my hypochondriac Uncle, quite independent of the recommendation of the German with whom he had played at dominoes, and who was probably a genteel “touter” in disguise. However, the house is clean, quiet and comfortable, with a small garden in the rear, and a painted wooden figure of a Dutchman at the end of the main walk ; to which figure, by the way, I caught my Uncle bowing, hat in hand, mistaking it, no doubt, for our Doctor himself. This wooden statuary is, timberly speaking, quite a branch of the Dutch fine arts, and surely art must be in its second childhood when it returns to playing with dolls. On which theme, my dear Gerard, I could write an essay, but my paper being filled up, as well as my leisure, I must conclude with kind regards to yourself, and love to Emily,

Yours, &c.,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ., SOLICITOR, CANTERBURY.

MY DEAR PETER,

I take shame to myself for not writing you before, as you could only come to one conclusion. But you have been long prepared for such an event, and consequently the less shock to your feelings ; still, an old friend is an old friend, and I heartily beg your pardon for the sorrow I am sure you would display at my loss. As for black clothes, being professional wear, you would be at no cost, I trust, on that score, but I do hope you have not added to trouble by acting on my last will. But you were never hasty in law matters. No doubt it was my bounden duty to let you hear from Rotterdam, and my mind misgives there was some sort of promise to that effect, provided I lived over the voyage. At all events, I owe you an apology, and it is a melancholy excuse to make, but from day to day I expected there would be news to break by another hand, that would fully account for my silence. I had two very smart warnings, one in a storm on board ship, and the other ashore, but both so nigh fatal that the next *must* be the finish. Though I am not sensibly weaker or worse, reason dictates that I am sapping in my vital parts ; and at last, even my constitution seems to have given in. If I only felt any bodily pain I should be a deal easier, but I am more comfortable than I have been for years, which I take to be about the worst symptom I could enjoy. Mayhap a mortification has set in, and my inward feelings are dead and gone beforehand, and in that case I shall go off in a moment, like a hair trigger. So much for the good to be done my health by the river Rhine ! The present is writ at Nimeguen, and it will take

two days more to get to Cologne, so that I am as sure of the port and sherry that Truby bet me as if it was in my own cellar. Well, God's will be done! Nimeguen is as nigh to Heaven as Beckenham in Kent; and a thousand miles north or south, east or west, make no odds in our journey to a world that has neither latitude nor longitude.

Now I am here, I am not sorry to have had a peep at such a country as Holland; but being described by so many better hands in books of travels, besides pictures, I need not enlarge. If you only fancy the very worst country for hunting in the whole world, except for otter dogs, you will have it exactly. Every highway is a canal; and as for lanes and bridle-roads, they are nothing but ditches. By consequence, the lives of the natives are spent between keeping out water and letting in liquor, such as schiedam, aniseed, curaçoa, and the like; for, except for the *damming* they would be drowned like so many rats, and without the *dramming* they would be martyrs to ague and rheumatics, and the marsh fever. Frank says, the Hollanders are such a cold-blooded people, that nothing but their ardent spirits keep them from breeding back into fishes; be that as it may, I have certainly seen a Dutch youngster, no bigger than your own little Peter, junior, toss off his glass of *schnapps*, as they call it, as if it was to save him from turning into a sprat. It is only fair to mention that Dutch water seems meant by Providence for scouring, or scrubbing, or washing, or sailing upon, or any other use in nature, except to drink neat. It costs poor Martha a score of wry faces only to hear it named, for she took one dose of it for want of warning, and it gave her a rattling fit of what she calls the Colliery Morbus.

As regards foreign parts, I was most taken with Rotterdam. It is a fine outlandish business-like city, with a real

Dutch medley of quays, and canals, and bridges, and steeples, and chimneys, and masts of ships, all in one point of view. The same forming, altogether, a picture that, to my mind, might be studied with advantage by certain folks at home. Not to name party spirit, which poisons every public measure in England, there is far too much of separating matters that ought never to be considered apart. By way of example, we hear the landed interest, and the funded interest, and the shipping interest, and so forth, talked of night after night in Parliament as if they were all private interests, instead of public ones ; or what is worse, in opposition, instead of being partners in one great national firm—namely, Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures and Company. As such, it is neither just nor wise for one branch to be protected or encouraged at the expense of the rest ; and besides, I have made up my mind that the welfare of any member, in the long-run, must be looked for in the prosperity of the whole. If we wish, then, to thrive as a nation, instead of splitting our bundle of sticks, we must bind them all up together, and consider our commerce, and agriculture, and manufactures, in one cluster, like the chimneys, the fine elm-trees, and the ships' masts on the Boomjes, as it is called, at Rotterdam. Those are my sentiments, though it is not speaking, mayhap, like a landowner with well-nigh a thousand acres in his own hand. But I am not going to favour you with a batch of politics, and besides I am called to meals, where I have promised myself the pleasure of drinking your health, old friend, in a bumper of Madeira, that has made a voyage to Java, in the East Indies.

•

DEAR PETER,

Since the above, you will be concerned to hear I have had another very serious attack. It took place in

Dokter's garden, having gone into the same after dinner to enjoy a little fresh air, when all at once I went off quite insensible, and nobody being by, except a painted wooden image of a Dutchman, it is unknown how long I remained in that state, and certainly should never have recovered, but for a providential cold shower of rain that brought me to by its shock to the system. My nephew will have it, that indulging in a glass of wine beyond the common, I only went to sleep in the bower; but relations are always sanguine, and particularly the youthful, and his affection, poor fellow, makes him hope the best. In my own mind, I am quite convinced it was suspended animation, and especially by being so terrible cold in my extremities. Truby makes light of these runaway knocks, as he calls them, but my own sense tells me, Peter, they are warnings that Death intends to soon call upon me in earnest. As such, you may suppose I am not best pleased to be pestered with matters, disagreeable at any time to freeborn principles, but particularly to a man under my serious circumstances. I allude to the passport system, whereby an Englishman abroad is treated like so much liquor, or wine, or soap, at home, that can't be moved without a permit. Here was a fellow just now wanting me to show myself up at the police-office to be vizeed, and so forth; but for an individual going to another world to be passported out of Holland into Prussia seemed such an idle piece of business, not to say presumption, that I declined stirring in it. Master Frank, however, thought otherwise, and not being in my solemn frame of mind, was so obstinate on the subject that we almost came to words. So the end is, I have been vizeed, and identified behind my back, and made passable in Germany, forsooth, for six months to come!

Sister Kate rubs on in her usual way, in tolerable health,

but taking on about poor George. She has got already into two or three travelling troubles, and by way of companion has encumbered herself with a bale of Dutch linen as big as a baby. And now, God bless you, and likewise all of the name. Something tells me it is a last farewell, from

Dear Peter, your sincere and dying friend,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

P.S.—I had the pleasure of forwarding a few gallons of real Dutch Hollands, which by this time should be on their road to Canterbury. It is called Schiedam, and makes a capital mixture, provided you don't brew it like a Mounseur in the house here, who makes his spirits and water without the spirits. That reminds me of your old joke against Bob Rugby, the classical schoolmaster, about mixing the Utile and Dulce. "Utile and Dulce be hanged!" says you, "the French drink it, and it's nothing but sugar and water."

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,

You will be glad to hear that we have escaped undrowned from that water-logged country called Holland,—a country, which, between its carillons and its canals, might be described by a punster as "wringing wet."

We left Nimeguen with something of the ill-will with which we are apt, unjustly, to remember a place where we have suffered pain or experienced disappointment. And truly, to be cheated of great nature's second course, to be balked unnaturally of one of the most important non-naturals, is enough to upset one's moral as well as local affections.

My Uncle says little, considering himself continually as on the brink of a sleep eternal ; but my Aunt complains that she has never had a regular night's rest since she left London ; whilst her maid declares, with a yawn, that foreign travelling is very racketty work, and has more than once hinted to her mistress that going abroad formed no part of her engagement. As for myself, I join with Dr. Watts' sluggard in wishing, tautologically, for "a little more sleep, and a little more slumber,"—but seem far more like a door *off* the hinges than *on* them, according to the serious poet's absurd simile. And all this gaping, and eye-watering, and drowsied and discontent to be the work of a ridiculous Cockney, whom our evil fortune, personified in a Dutch *touter*, had conducted to the same hotel. He had been a unit of our sum total of passengers from Rotterdam, but had escaped any particular observation by his insignificance. Boxcoated, bandana'd, and shawled, a compound of the coachman, the coxcomb, and the clerk, there was no difficulty in classifying the animal at a glance—still in spite of a slang air, a knowing look, and the use of certain significant phrases, that are most current in London, there was such a cold-muttonish expression in his round unmeaning face as assured you that the creature had no harm in him—that he was little likely to murder sleep or anything else. However, about midnight, when number one was dozing, number two dreaming, number three snoring, and number four, perhaps, panting under the nightmare of a heavy hot supper, the populous establishment was suddenly startled broad awake by two violent explosions that frightened the whole neighbourhood from its propriety. In the first confusion of the senses, I really fancied, for the moment, that the Belgians were attempting to carry the city by a *coup-de-main*. In fact, Nimeguen being in a state of war, the alarm turned out

the guard, and by the time I had donned my nether garments, some dozen soldiers were battering and clamouring for admittance at the door. On sallying from my room, I found the stairs and passages thronged with figures, male and female, in various degrees of nudity, amongst whom, our maid Martha was eminently conspicuous, having, for reasons of her own, exchanged her plain *bonnet-de-nuit* for her day-cap, with flaming geranium ribbons, the only article of full-dress on her person, or indeed amongst the whole party. As her mouth was wide open, she was probably either screaming or scolding, but her individual noise was lost and smothered in the confusion of tongues, that turned the lately quiet hotel into a second Babel. Some shouted "Fire!" others cried "Murder!" and one shrill feminine voice kept screaming, "The French! the French!" In the mean time, the patrol gained admittance, and with little ceremony forced their way up stairs towards the chamber to which we had traced the two reports. The door was locked and bolted, but was speedily burst open with the butt-end of a musket, the company entered, *en masse*, and lo! there was our Cockney, in a bright coloured silk handkerchief for a turban, sitting bolt upright in his bed, and wondering with all his might at our intrusion, and that he could not quietly and comfortably let off his fire-arms at Nimeguen, as he had done ever since Marr's murder, out of his own little back window at Paddington or Dalston. It was not an easy matter to explain to him the nature of his misdemeanor, or to convince him afterwards that there was any harm in it. The landlady scolded in Dutch, the garçon jabbered in French, the serjeant of the guard threatened and swore in all the languages he could muster, whilst the Cockney bounced and blustered in bad English, that he was a free-born Briton, and so forth, and had a right to let off pistols all over the world. The

squabble ran so high, that our countryman stood a fair chance, I was told, of a night's lodging in the guard-house, but at length the matter was adjusted by his being mulcted, ostensibly in default of having a license to carry arms, in a sum, which, of course, was spent in schnapps at the canteen. Moreover, he had an intimation that the damaged door would certainly appear amongst the items of his bill, and in Holland travellers' bills are anything but "easy beakers." * Finally, he had to endure from his fellow-tourists all the maledictions and reproaches to be expected from persons subjected to that severest of trials of temper, the being waked out of a first sleep, especially when having to start by an early steamer allows no time for a second one. As thunder turns small beer, the untimely explosions had soured the whole mass of the milk of human kindness—every word that fell was like an acidulated drop, and having literally clothed the devoted Cockney with curses, as with a garment, the mob of night-caps retired to their pillows, and

"We left him alone in his glory."

I was rather curious to observe what sort of countenance the author of the disturbance would wear the next morning ; but when he made his appearance amongst us on board the steamer, instead of looking chop-fallen or abashed, there was such an appearance of complacent self-satisfaction in his face, as convinced me, that on his return to London he would brag of his noisy exploit at Nimeguen, to his comrades of Walbrook or Lothbury, as "a famous rumpus." I am afraid such exhibitions are but too common with Cockney travellers, who persist in perverting the end of the old adage, "When

* In the "Orbis Pictus," a Dutch-built polyglott school-book, birds of the *soft-billed* kind are rendered into English as "*easy beakers*."

you are at Rome," &c., into "Do as you do at home." But remember I am far from intending to apply the term Cockney exclusively to the native of our own metropolis, who, if the whole horizon were canvas, would turn it into a panorama of London. Perhaps there are no more finished *badlands* extant than your French ones, of whatever rank, who fancy that the whole world is in France, and that all France is in Paris.

On reviewing the motley company on board, I was sorry to note the absence of the red and yellow faced men, the Mustard and Pepper that had hitherto served me for condiments. But, for the present, the amusement was to be furnished by a member of our own party. My aunt, as you ought to know, is a simple, gentle creature, timid and helpless even for a woman, but as strong in her affections as weak in her nerves. In a word she resembles Chaucer's Prioress, who was "all conscience and tender heart." To this character she owes most of her travelling adventures, one of which I must now describe,—but under the seal of secrecy, for it is as sore a subject, with her, as the victorious *phoca* to Hector M'Intyre in the "Antiquary." Next to her standing regret for "poor George," it is one of her stock troubles that she is not a mother, and like some hens in the same predicament, she is sure to cluck and cover the first chick that comes in her way. To her great delight, therefore, she discovered amongst the company a smart, dapper, brisk, well-favoured little fellow, with long flaxen ringlets, curling down his back, —a boy apparently about eight years old,—a great deal too young, in her opinion, to be sent travelling, and especially by water, under nobody's care but his own. Such a shameful neglect, as she called it, appealed directly to her pity, and made her resolve to be quite a parent to the forlorn little foreigner. Accordingly, she lavished on him a thousand motherly attentions, which at first seemed to amuse and

gratify her *protégé*, though he afterwards received them with an ill grace enough. Still she persevered, womanlike, in bestowing her tenderness on its object, however ungrateful the return—indulging, from time to time, in strictures on Dutch fathers and mothers, and their management of children, in a language which, fortunately, was not the current one of the place. At last, to raise her indignation to the climax, she saw her adopted urchin betake himself to practices which she scarcely tolerated in children of a larger growth. “It was quite folly enough,” she said, “to have dressed up a boy like a man, without teaching him or at least allowing him to imitate grown-up habits:—for instance, smoking tobacco—and, as I live,” she almost screamed, “the little wretch is going to drink a glass of Dutch gin!” Such a sight upset all her patience—

“To be precocious
In schnapps she reckoned was a sin atrocious.”

But as a temperance exhortation in an unknown tongue could be of no possible use, she appealed at once, like some of our Chartists, to physical force, and made a determined snatch at the devoted dram. This was a mortal affront to the long-haired manikin, who resisted with all his might and *mane*, and being wonderfully strong for his age, there ensued a protracted struggle, that afforded infinite amusement to the company on deck. My aunt tugged, and hauled, and scolded in hissing English—the little fellow scuffled and kicked, and spluttered abundance of guttural German, proving, amongst his other accomplishments, that he was not at all backward in his swearing. Temperance, however, gained her point, by spilling the obnoxious liquor; and in revenge, the manikin vented his spleen by throwing the empty glass into the Rhine. So far all was well. My aunt

had fought triumphantly for what she considered her duty, and a great principle ; but her satisfaction was doomed to be short-lived. My uncle, who had watched the fray with unequivocal signs and sounds of amazement, could not help congratulating the victorious party on such an unusual exertion of spirit, and its signal success, for the defeated urchin had rushed off to digest his discomfiture in the fore-cabin. "Not," said my uncle, "that I'm one of your wishy-washy tea-totallers ; but a colt's a colt, and what is fit drink for a strong man may be a bad draught for a boy." "I ax pardon, sare," interposed our conducteur, who had been one of the heartiest laughers, at the skirmish, "bot de leetle gentleman is not von boy—he is ein zwerg—vat you call von kleines mannchen."—"I suppose," cried my uncle, "you mean a dwarf?"—"Ja ! ja ! von dwarf," answered the conducteur, "he have nine-und-zwanzig jahrs of old." Imagine, dear Gerard, the effect of such an announcement on a shrinking delicate female, with sensitive feelings, nearly akin to prudishness, like my poor aunt ! I confess I felt some anxiety as to the direction of her first impulse. Providentially, however, instead of urging her to jump overboard, it only impelled her to rush down below, where we found her in the pavilion, struggling, by Martha's help, with the hysterics, and fervently wishing, between her sobs, that she had never—never—never left Woodlands. She had not only let herself down, she considered, but all her sex ; and especially her own countrywomen. "What could the foreigners think," she asked, "of an English lady, and above all, a widow, scuffling like a great masculine romp or hoyden with a strange man, no matter for his littleness—what can they say of me—oh ! what *can* they say ?"—"Why, as for that matter, Kate," answered my uncle, playing the comforter, "whatever they say of you will be said in a foreign lingo, so

you are sure to hear nothing disagreeable." "But it's what they will think," persisted the afflicted fair one. "Phoo ! phoo !" said my uncle, "they will only think that you fought very like a woman, or you would have chosen a fairer match." But the mourner was not to be soothed with words ; nor, indeed, by any thing short of engaging the pavilion for her, as a *locus penitentie*, where she could bewail her error, and her shame, under lock and key. "I'll tell you what it is, Frank," said my uncle, after we had enjoyed a hearty laugh together, out of my aunt's hearing, "it must never be named to poor Kate,—but from this time forward I shall think that little Gulliver and his nurse Glumdalstitch was not such an out-of-the-way story after all !"

I subsequently learned, that the little manikin in the steamer was a great man at Elberfeld, in the cotton line ; and our conducteur forewarned me, that I should probably meet with several copies of this pocket edition of the human species in the Rhenish provinces, and particularly two brothers, born at Coblenz. It is singular that the empire has been equally prolific in natural and supernatural dwarfs. To Germany our show caravans and Lilliputian exhibitions have been indebted for many of their most remarkable pigmies ; whilst imps, elfins, little gray men, "and such small deer," literally swarm in its romantic mythology ;—a coincidence I humbly submit to the speculations of our philosophers.

At Lobith we reached the frontier, and passed from the guardianship of the Triton, or John Dory, or Stock-fish, or whatever else is the Dutch tutelary Emblem, under the protecting wings of the Black Eagle, which we soon saw displayed, in the attitude of a bird of prey on a barn-door. Our passports were consequently in requisition at Emmerich, the first Prussian town, and led to a scene on the part of

our Hypochondriac, which he had already rehearsed at Nimeguen. Accordingly, to the request for the document, he quietly answered that there was no need. "But, sare, you shall go to Cologne," said the conducteur. "Sir, I shall do no such thing," retorted my uncle with some asperity, as if arguing the point with old Truby himself. "Sarc, as you please," returned the conducteur, with the national shrug and grimace; "but you must not go by de Preussich frontière wizzout de visé." "My good fellow," said my uncle, smiling gravely, "I am going beyond the great frontier of all, and where your King of Prussia can't stop me, with all his police, and his army to boot." "Teufel! vere is dat?" exclaimed the German, astounded by this apparent déniel of the power of an absolute monarch. "It's another and a better world," said my uncle, solemnly, and with a shake of the head that, like Lord Burleigh's, was a homily in itself: "and mark my words, sir, I shall be there before night." It was now time to interfere; and, by dint of expostulation, I obtained the paper. "Well, Frank, there it is,—but, mind, it's a dead letter. Do what you like with it, only don't let me be troubled with any such worldly formalities again."

Apropos de bottes—our conducteur, a shrewd fellow, with a taste for humour, told me he had seen a passport the day before, wherein the bearer described himself as a "man of property," and, by way of giving weight to the document, it was indorsed by the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London, and one or two of the Aldermen. What a characteristic trait of a moneyed Cit on his travels!

Whilst our papers were under the inspection of the police, the familiars of another inquisition boarded the vessel, and commenced their function. They conducted themselves very civilly; but it would be bad policy indeed, at the threshold

of a grand and profitable exhibition—and such is the Rhine—to allow visitors to be disgusted by any official rudeness at the threshold. The search, therefore, was politely strict, but nothing objectionable was discovered, except a certain bale of Dutch linen, at which the officers made a dead set. I was about to interpose on behalf of the owner, when her maid resolutely undertook the defence. The holland, she said, was honestly come by and paid for, and belonged to her mistress. “Bot it is goods for a tax,” said the officer. “It’s no such thing,” said Martha, positively, and becoming unconsciously an advocate for free trade; “the Dutch charged no taxes on it, and it stands to reason it can’t be taxed in Germany.” “You shall see de boke,” said the officer,—“you know vat is a tariff?” “It’s a fiddlestick,” retorted Martha, waxing angry. “It is de Yarman Commercial Leg,” said the douanier. “Leg or no leg,” replied the championess, “it’s not going to walk off with my missis’s property.” “Why for, den, you not declare it?” asked the officer; whereupon the maid declared she knew nothing about declarations. “If you seize the linen, you shall seize me,” said she, and suiting the action to the word, she seated herself on the bale with the dignity of a Lord Chancellor, the fountain of all equity, on his woolsack. The officers looked puzzled and undecided how to act, when they were fortunately relieved from the dilemma by a personage who had hitherto taken no more notice of the matter than if he had literally done with the things of this world. “Martha, ask my sister to step here.” Up jumped the unconscious maid to perform this errand; but her back was no sooner turned, than, pointing to the linen, my uncle addressed the douaniers; “Take it, gentlemen, and welcome. It is heartily at your service, to make into shirts or towelling, or whatever you or your wives think proper.” The officers stared and seemed to doubt the purport of this speech, till I

translated it into the best German I could muster. Then they stared still more, as if thinking, not without reason, that Englishmen are very droll people ; but suddenly recollecting themselves, they made a low bow, first to my uncle, then another to me, and then, without a word, handed the bale over the side, and took their departure. "I'll tell you what it is, Frank," said my uncle, "many persons in such a case would have stood out, but in the first place we have got rid of a great incumbrance, and in the second place, before it got to Woodlands, the Dutch linen would have cost more than double its worth. Above all, its being seized will be a comfort to your aunt. Yes, you may laugh, but there's nothing in life so good for a fretful person as a real vexation. That's my remark ; and take my word for it, for a week to come, Kate will be far more angry with the King of Prussia, than troubled about poor George."

But, however right in his theory, my uncle found himself mistaken as to the conductor that was to carry off the shock. The moment Martha returned, and discovered that she had been robbed, like a hen off her eggs, she set up a clamour that could only be silenced by her master's acknowledgment of his own share in the transaction. Big with this fact, she ran back to her mistress, and when we afterwards dined in the pavilion, for my aunt declined appearing at the *table-d'hôte*, she did not fail to bring her Dutch cloth on the table. "It was hard enough," she said, "to be disappointed, in what she did for the best, without the pain of owing it to her own brother's cruel connivance." Her own brother looked a little foolish at this remark, and had she been content with her advantage, would have probably been worsted, but when she went on to charge him with ingratitude, seeing that the beautiful Dutch linen was intended for a new set of shirts for himself, his constitutional infirmity supplied him with a

defence. "Well, well, Kate, let bygones be bygones. What is done is done, and it's no use taking it to heart. And besides, Kate," he added, quite seriously, "you have one comfort, and that is, if the Dutch linen was to be made into shirts for me, I should never, you know, have lived to wear 'em."

To borrow a phrase that fell from the Cockney, "the steam-boat passes a night on board" between Nimeguen and Cologne, and in the interim the passengers sleep as they may or can, without any accommodation for the purpose. In default of a berth, a *corner* is the best resting-place; but to obtain such a nook I had to dispossess a score of German pipes. Here I dozed, sitting, till towards morning, when methought a bell began to ring, the paddles stopped, and the vessel brought up with a jolt against something hard. Some dozen of outlandish figures, in fancy caps, immediately roused up, and, each selecting a pipe, groped their way out of the dingy atmosphere of the cabin, where as many other shapes, some still more foreign, and every one armed with a *meer-schaum*, as speedily filled their places. The bell rang a second time, the paddles revolved, the vibration recommenced, my eyes closed again, and when they opened to the daylight I was told that we had stopped and exchanged some of our live stock at Düsseldorf.

A few of the bipeds we had obtained by this transaction were, as to costume, extremely grotesque. One of them, a short, squat, vulgar-looking personage, particularly attracted my uncle's notice. "In the name of wonder, Frank, what can that long-haired fellow be?—the one yonder in the black velvet cap, with a notch cut out of the brim, like a barber's basin." "I suspect," said I, "he is a painter, or would-be painter, from Düsseldorf; that cap is an imitation of Raphael's, and the great hat near it is a copy of Rubens's."

My uncle received this intelligence with a "Humph." All kinds of foppery are his especial aversion, and he did not conceal his disgust. "Painters, indeed! Take my word for it, Frank, they are rank daubers. It's my notion that people who are so full of themselves are always empty of everything else. As for their Raffaele and Rubens hats, I'd back a common London house-painter agin them in his paper cap. No, no, Frank; a man that makes such an exhibition of himself will never cut a figure at Somerset House."

In the meantime, these young masters strutted about as complacently as if they had really rivalled the old ones by an "Assumption" and a "Transfiguration." The Raffael-esque hero, in particular, had arranged his *chevelure* so elaborately after that of Sanzio, as to prove that, if not otherwise skilful, he could handle a hair-brush. But the thing was a profanation; and I could not help favouring the brace of Burschen with a mental apostrophe.—"Gentlemen, instead of dressing after Rubens and Raffaele, you ought to have gone naked long before them—in the savage ages, gentlemen, when you might at once have exercised your art, and gratified your personal vanity, by painting your own bodies."

That vented me; and now, Gerard, for fear of mistakes, please to turn to the noble work on Modern German Art, by the Count Athanasius Raczyński, and there you will find that Düsseldorf can turn out painters, and good ones too, as well as lay figures.

Now, then, methinks you cry, for Cologne;—but my hand is tired, and my pen is worn out, and I must reserve that ancient city (it smells high, but it will keep) for another letter. All love to Emily, from, dear Gerard, yours very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

P.S.—You remember Grundy, not the celebrated old lady of that name, but our school-fellow at Harrow. He has just put up at our hotel on his way homewards, full of grumbling and grievances, and anathematising the Rhinelanders for having “extorted” him. Right or wrong, his indignation has turned his complaint into verse, and here follows a copy of what Mr. Grundy says of the natives :—

YE Tourists and Travellers, bound to the Rhine,
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,
First listen to one little whisper of mine—
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

Don't wash or be shaved—go like hairy wild men,
Play dominoes, smoke, wear a cap, and smock-frock it,
But if you speak English, or look it, why then—
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

You'll sleep at great inns, in the smallest of beds,
Find charges as apt to mount up as a rocket,
With thirty per cent. as a tax on your heads,—
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

You'll see old Cologne,—not the sweetest of towns,—
Wherever you follow your nose you will shock it ;
And you'll pay your three dollars to look at three crowns,—
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

You'll count seven Mountains, and see Roländ's Eck,
Hear legends veracious as any by Crockett ;
But oh ! to the tone of romance what a check,—
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

Old Castles you'll see on the vine-covered hill,—
 Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket—
 Once haunts of Baronial Banditti, and still—
 Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll stop at Coblenz, with its beautiful views,
 But make no long stay with your money to stock it,
 Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all Jews,—
 Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket?

A Fortress you'll see, which, as people report,
 Can never be captured, save famine should block it—
 Ascend Ehrenbreitstein—but *that's not their forte*,—
 Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see an old man who'll let off an old gun,
 And Lurley, with her hurly-burly, will mock it ;
 But think that the words of the echo thus run,—
 Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll gaze on the Rheingau, the soil of the Vine!
 Of course you will freely Moselle it and Hock it—
 P'raps purchase some pieces of Humbugheim wine—
 Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Perchance you will take a frisk off to the Baths—
 Where some to their heads hold a pistol and cock it ;
 But still mind the warning, wherever your paths—
 Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

And Friendships you'll swear, most eternal of pacts,
 Change rings, and give hair to be put in a locket ;
 But still, in the most sentimental of acts—
 Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

In short, if you visit that stream or its shore,
Still keep at your elbow one caution to knock it,
And where Schinderhannes was Robber of yome,—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

TO REBECCA PAGE, AT THE WOODLANDS, NEAR
BECKENHAM, KENT.

DEAR BECKY,

This is to say we ar all safe and well, tho' it's a wunder, for forrin traveling is like a deceatful luvver, witch don't improve on acquaintance. Wat haven't I gone thro since my last faver! Fust morbust by bad Dutch warter, and then frited to deth at Nim Again with a false alarm of the Frentch, besides a dredful could, ketched by leaving my warm bed, and no time to clap on a varsal thing, xcept my best cap. Well, I've give three warnins, and the next, as master says, will be for good, even if I have to advertize for a plaice, but ketch me sayin no objexshuns to go abroad. Not but Missis have had her own trials, but that's between our two selves, for she wouldn't like it to git about that she have had a pitcht battel with a dwarft for a glass of gin. Then there's the batterd brass pale, and the Holland—only think, Becky, of the bewtiful Dutch linnin being confiscated by the Custom-house Cæsars! It was took up for dutis at the Garman outskirts. But, as I tould the officers, the King of Garmany ortn't to think only of the dutis dew to himself, but of his dutis towards his nabers. The Prushian customs is very bad customs, that's certin. Everything that's xported into the country must pay by wait, witch naterally falls most heviest on the litest pussers. There's dress. Rich fokes can go in spidder nets and gossumers, and fine gorses, but pore

peple must ware thick stuffs and gingums, and all sorts of corse and doreable texters, and so the hard workin class eum to be more taxt than the upper orders, with their flimsy habbits. The same with other yuseful artikels. Wat's a silvur tooth-pick in wait compared with a kitching poker, or a filligre goold watch to an 8 day clock. Howsumever, the Dutch linnin was confistigated in spite of my teeth, for Master chose to giv up the pint, and he desarnes to go without a Shurt for his panes.

Amung other discomfits, there's no beds in the vessles up the Rind. So, for too hole days, we have been damp shifted as they call it, without taking off our close, and, as you may suppose, I am tired of steeming. Our present stop is at Colon. They say its a verry old citty, and bilt by the Romans, and sure enuff Roman noses didn't easily turn up. The natives must have verry strong oilfactories, that's certin. O, Becky, sich sniffs and guffs, in spite of my stuff hed ! This mornin it rained cats and dogs, but the heaviest showrs cant pourify the place. It's enuff to fumigate a pleg. Won thing is the bad smells obleege strangers to buy the O de Colon, and praps the stenchis is encouraged on that account. The wust is, wen you want a bottel of the rite sort, theres so menny Farinacious impostors, and Johns and Marias, you don't know witch is him or her.

Colon is full of Sites. The principle is the Cathedrul, and by rites theres a Crane pearcht on the tiptop, like the Storks in Holland ; but I was out of luck, or he was off a feeding, for he wasnt there. So we went into the Interium witch was performing Hi Mass, that's to say, me and one of the hottel waiters, who is playing the civel, and I can onely say its enuff to turn one's hed. Wat with the lofty pillers, and the picters and the gelding and the calving, I felt perfeckly dizzy, but wen the sushin came rainbowin thro the panted glass winders,

and the organ played up, and the Quire of singers with their heviny v'ices, and the Priest was insensed with the perfumery, down I went, willy nilly, on both nees, and was, amost controverted into a Cathlick afore I knowed were I was! Luckily, I rekollected Transmigration, witch I cant nor wont believe in, and that jump't me up agin on my legs. Next, we see a prodigus chest, all of sollid Goold, and when you look through a little grating, you see the empty skulls of the wise kings. They're as brown as mogany, with crowns on, and their christian names ritten in rubbies, if so be it ant red glass. For they do say, wen the Munks run away from the French they took the goold chest, and the three wunderful wise heds, along with them, and sackreligiously pickt out the best part of the volubles and jowls. As another piece of profannity, the hart of Mary de Medicine is left under a grave stone, in the church pavement—but where the rest of her boddy have been boddy snatcht to noboddy nose.

The next site was certinly an uncommon one—a church chock full of the relicks of morality. I over heard Mr. Frank say, its praps the chastist stile of arkitecter in the world. Howsomver, its full of the Skellitons of Saint Ursulus and Elevin Thowsend Old Maids. Their bones are stuck in the sealing, and into the walls, and under the flore, and into glass cases, — its nuthin but bones, bones, bones. But no wunder there was so menny spinsters afore time, considering that now-a-days they're tied down to won chance, namely, a Cathlick sweat-hart. Wat do you think, Becky, of three hundred yung wimmin, onely the tother day, binding their selves, by a solum act and deed, in black and wite, never to marry any yung man as is Reformed? Theres a pretty way to cause everlastin seperations, instead of mattermony, between the male and female sects! And as for the marrid alreddy, theyre to take an affidavid that every Babby they

have shall be brought up a Pappist ! Wat can cum of such a derangement but unlegitimit constructions and domestic squabblings. If anny thing can interdeuce discomfiture betwixt man and wife, its religus biggamy—I shuld have said Biggotry, but they boath sound the same. For my own parts, insted of objectin to a Cathlic, I should feel my Christian deuty to embrace him, as praps the happy Instru-ment under Grace of making him a convict. But enuff of Saints Ursulus and her Eleivin Thowsend Old Maids. Onely among other curositities, there was the identicle stone jarr as held the warter as was turned into wine at the marridge in Galilee—an odd thing, thinks I, to show up a Weddin Relict along with so menny marters to Single blessidness. But arter all, the real mirakle; praps, is to see so menny single peple in a mob.

Next to fine sites, Colon swarms with raggid miserable objects, but I'm sorry I can't stop to shock you with them, being wanted to pack up. You know what that is with a figitty Missis, who is never happy xcept she's corded up over night, and on a porter's back in the morning. To-morrow youl find us on the map of Coblense. I did hope we had dun with steeming, and were to go Dilligently by land ; but after seeing the Male cum in, Master declined. Sure enuff, the coatch is divided into three cages, and catch me travelin, says he, in a wild Beast carrivan. Besides, says he, if the leaders chuse to be misleaders, we are shure to be over a precipus, for its a deal esier, says he, for the horsis to pull us down, then for the Postyilion to pull 'em up, But sich is forrin traveling—as regards sarvants—if you an't drowned, yure broken neckt, without any advantage to yureself. But I've fully maid up my mind, that the fust axident shall be a thurow split and a rupter, and a break off of evry thing between me and Missis. Lord nose I'm willin

to live and die for her, but not to have a put out sholder or a fractious leg.

Give my love to Cook, and to Peggy, and to John Futman, not forgettin Mister Butler up at the Hall—and tell them my Hart is in its old place, in spite of a change of sitivation. With the same sentimint towards yureself, I remane, dear Becky, yure luvng Frend,

MARTHA PENNY.

Poscrip.—Don't go to supose any think partickler betwixt me and the Vally de Sham de place. To be shure, he did try to talk luv nonsinse in broken English, and asked me how I shud like a Germin man. Man means husband in their languidge. But as I tould him there was two grate objekshuns. Praps youre a Lutherin, says he. No, says I, I'm a Cristian, but it an't that—my scruples is irreligious. What's them, says he. Why, then, says I, its backer and garlick. And it ant pleasent to have a sweathart as can't come nigh won without yure being fumigatid. So my gentil-man took miff—but wheres the true luv if a luvr won't give up a nasty puffy habbit?

TO DOCTOR TRUBY, BECKENHAM, KENT.

DEAR DOCTOR,

As the post-mark will show, we are at Cologne, whereby you have won the Hock wine, and I think I see you on the broad grin, and cracking your finger joints. Well, let those laugh that win. It was a very near thing, and you all but lost ten times over. Not to name other warnings by land and sea, there was Nimeguen, so near a finish, that I

was dead and gone up to the knees. But that you won't believe, or at least you won't own to it. But I am no Methuselah for all that. It's my firm belief I shall never go out of Cologne alive. What signifies a man's eating, and drinking, and sleeping? All one's nourishment goes for nothing, if once sudden death has got insidiously into the system. My stamina is gone. My constitution broke up a matter of six years ago; and as for my organs and functions, they're not worth a straw. You know that as well as I do, but because I haven't exactly got apoplexy or epilepsy, or atrophy, or any of your regulation diseases, you won't allow me to have anything at all. Mayhap, it's a new case, or a complication of all the old ones, and beyond medical skill. That's my own impression, but I needn't repeat the symptoms, for you never could or would enter into my inward feelings. We shall see which is right. There was poor Bromley, with much such a complaint as mine—nobody believed *he* was going till he was gone, and it's my notion some people had their doubts even then.

Regarding our foreign travels, you will hear all about them from Bagster, excepting the night-bolt, which is at the bottom of the river Rhine. The very first time I tried it, there was a night alarm in the hotel, and between a new-fangled article and the dark, I might have been burnt or suffocated in my bed-chamber before I could unscrew myself out. So much for what, by your leave, I call your Infernal Machine.

As yet, I have not seen much of Cologne. I did try one or two strolls by myself, with one of the church-steeple for a guide; but what with the loftiness of the houses, and the narrowness and crookedness of the streets, I soon lost my landmark, and came to so many faults and checks, that I never went out but I lost myself like a Babe in the Wood,

and had to be showed home by a little boy. That has put an end to my rambles for the present, for I can't bring my mind to the foreign fashion of going about with a lacquey-de-place at my heels, like a mad gentleman and his keeper. But I learned from my walks that Cologne has no Paving Board, nor Commissioners of Sewers. Every yard you go is like winding a pole-cat, and the roads are paved with rough stones, where the horses skate and slip about, on shoes as high-heeled as Queen Bess's. I happened to see one going to be shod in the Beast Market, and it was a sight to draw old Joe Bradley's eyes out of his head. By what I've seen of the German cattle, they are far from remarkable for spirit or vice, though, to judge by the blacksmith's contrivances, you would suppose the whole breed was by Beelzebub, out of the Devil's Dam. There was the horse, what you or I should call a Quaker's nag, shut in a cage like a wild beast, with a wooden bar to keep his head up, and another to keep it down, and a bar over his back, in case of his rearing, and one under his belly, to prevent his lying down, and a bar or chain behind him, to hinder his lashing out. If all that ceremony is fit and proper, thought I, — for one of our English farriers to take a horse's hoof into his lap, mayhap a young spicy colt, without a bar, or a chain, or anything, can be nothing else but a tempting of Providence.

I have seen the famous Cathedral, which is a fine building, but not half finished, and as such, an uncomfortable sight, for it looks like a broken promise to God. But they do say the King of Prussia is very anxious to complete it, which, being a Protestant, is a liberal feeling on his part, and deserved a better return from the Catholic Archbishop of Cologne than flying in the face of his Majesty, who, by what I hear, gives fair play to both religions. The more pity he was led to act harshly by his Jewish subjects, and point them out by law for

mockery and ill-usage, even to forbidding them the use of Christian names; for, as I was told by a Jewish gentleman from Coblenz, they were obliged to call their children after the Heathens and Pagans—Diana, and Flora, and Cerberus, and so forth, just like so many hounds. The very worst way in the world to make a Jewish father or mother say as Agrippa did, “Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.”

From the Cathedral we went to St. Peter's Church, where I had a warning. But on that subject, as I said before, I shall hold hard, though it was a serious one for all that, and decidedly apoplectic. On my way home I looked in at several Catholic places of worship. In most of them service was going on, in which I joined, for although it was a foreign tongue, I felt it was in praise of the Almighty, just as well as I knew that the music was a psalm tune and not a jig. Thank God, Popery is none of my bugbears. I am not like old Mrs. Twisleton of Beckenham, who never closed her eyes for a week after Catholic Emancipation, for fear of being converted in her sleep. To my thinking, it's too late in the day for a Guy Faux or a Bloody Mary. If we ever see a bonfire in Smithfield, it will be to roast an ox whole, and not a martyr. On the contrary, it's my firm belief that an *auto da fê* now-a-days would be called a burning shame by the Papists themselves. Roasting martyrs has gone by, as well as drowning of witches; and when one fashion is expected to turn up again, it's time for our old women to quake in their shoes for fear of the other. However, some folks think otherwise, and are as panic-struck by their own fancies as old Farmer Phillpotts, who was well-nigh scared to death, one moonshiny night, by a scarecrow made out of his own old clothes. So in one of the churches here I met with a fellow-traveller who came over by the Lord Melville, a hot-tempered man, with a face as red all over as Carbuncle's nose, and a mighty broil he was in

when the priests and singing-boys came past us in procession, with their candle-sticks and banners—"There," said he ; "there's pomps and vanities, as we say in our Catechism ; there's mummary ! there's a gabble for you," when the priest began his Latin prayers. By-and-by a bell rang, and that sent him into a fresh tantrum. "What on earth has a little muffin-bell to do with religion ?" Next, the priest held up the glory, or whatever it is called, which set the red-face pulling as many wry mouths as if it had been a bottle of horse physic. At last I fairly expected to see him go into convulsions like a mad dog, for he got a sprinkle of the holy water on his coat sleeve, but he brushed it off in as great a hurry as if it had been drops of vitriol. "Renounce me," says he, "if I can put up with it !" and off he flounced into the aisle, which only made matters worse. "Here's more of their humbug," says he, pointing up at a black board that was hung to a pillar, and covered all over with little legs, and arms, and hands, and feet, in wax-work. "All miraculous cures, of course," says he ; "but mayhap, sir, you believe in miracles ? I don't, and no more did my father before me ; and what's more, sir, he wouldn't have knelt down with a Papist on the same pavement—he wouldn't to save his soul." As that was a lash out at me, I spoke up, and made bold to ask if he approved of family worship ? "I hope I do," said he, "we have it at home every night of our lives." "Because," said I, "it's my notion that all Christians are of one family, and as such, I can't understand how a friend to family worship can want to narrow the circle by shutting out any of his relations. To my mind Christianity was meant to be represented by our good old Christmas dinners, 'where we tried to assemble all that belonged to us round one hospitable board, down to our nineteenth cousins. Mayhap, I'm not quite orthodox," said I, "but I'm sincere, for they're the sentiments

of a dying man." Well, it will be a laugh against me down at Beckenham, but you must have the end of the story. At last, from one thing to another, we got to high words in a whisper, when up comes a beadle, or verger, or policeman, or somebody in authority, and, not understanding English, takes quite the wrong side of the case. It's my belief, that, finding the other party the warmest of the two in his looks, and the highest in his voice, he thought he was defending instead of attacking the Catholic religion,—whereby showing the red-faced fellow into a seat right in front of the altar, he civilly beckoned, and signed, and wheedled me down the aisle, and then fairly bowed and scraped me out of the church-door.

To tell the truth, Doctor, standing, as one may say, on the brink of the grave, and only comforted by a firm belief in my own persuasion, it shocks me to find men putting so little faith in the steadfastness and durability of their own church. It's surely a melancholy thing, but, as we see at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, those that most cry up Protestantism, and its truth, and beauty, and reasonableness, and excellence, and its being built of the solidest of all foundations, the rock of the Gospel itself, are the most down-hearted and desponding about its case. Instead of trusting to its own nature, or to Providence to support it, they go about crying that Protestantism is in danger, and, forsooth! give it over, just because, by their own accounts, it has the best constitution, namely, a divine one,—the best climate, namely, England,—the best diet, namely, the reading of the Bible,—the best exercise, namely, missionaries and itineranting,—the best physicians, namely, Archbishops and Bishops,—the best apothecaries, namely, poor curates,—the best nurses, namely, the speechifiers themselves,—and the blessing of God to boot. Now, in my humble opinion, a Christian man ought to put some confidence in the virtue of his religion, as well as in his wife's;

for it's paying but a sorry compliment to either to be always expecting them to be corrupted and seduced—and what's worse, corrupted and seduced by an ill-favoured, misbegotten monster, as the speechifiers themselves paint his portrait, as ugly as Buckhorse.

To return to ourselves, in my own state of health there is no amendment, but, as you know in your own heart, there was none to be looked for. I have only been sent up the river Rhine, as other patients in a desperate way are packed off to Madeira, that their funerals may not rise up against their Doctors. My sister Kate, as usual, talks of not surviving poor George ; but as yet, I am glad to say, shows no constitutional symptoms of going after him. As for my Nephew, he is well and hearty, and enjoys his foreign travelling so much, I am quite grieved for his sake, poor fellow, to reflect how soon and suddenly it may be brought to a close. But after all, our life below is only a tour that ends by returning to the earth from whence we came. As such, I have reached my own last resting place, and whenever you hear of the city of Cologne, I feel sure, dear Doctor, you will remember your old and very faithful friend,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

P.S.—The medicine-chest you took such a spite at was left behind in a hurry at Rotterdam, and never missed till last night, when I wanted a tea-spoonful of magnesia. I hope and trust I shall be able to get medicine in Germany ; but Frank says, if their physics are like their metaphysics, a horse oughn't to take them without good advice.

• TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,

To borrow the appropriate style of a bulletin of health, "our Hypochondriac has passed a bad night, but is free from fever, and hopes are entertained of his speedy convalescence."

The truth is, this morning we were rather alarmed by the prolonged absence of the head of the family. The breakfast appeared—the tea was made, and stood till it was cold—but no uncle. As he is naturally an early riser, this circumstance excited, first surprise, then anxiety, and then apprehension. My aunt looked astonished, serious, and at last terrified, lest her brother fulfilling his own prophecy, should have really departed in earnest. In the end, I became nervous myself, and took the liberty of entering the bed-chamber of the absentee, when a sight presented itself which I cannot now recall without laughing.

Imagine my worthy uncle lying broad awake, on his back, in a true German bedstead—a sort of wooden box or trough, so much too short for him, that his legs extended half-a-yard beyond it on either side of the foot-board. Above him, on his chest and stomach, from his chin to his knees, lay a huge squab or cushion, covered with a gay-patterned chintz, and ornamented at each corner with a fine tassel,—looking equally handsome, glossy, cold, and uncomfortable. For fear of deranging this article, he could only turn his eyes towards me as I entered, and when he spoke, it was with a voice that seemed weak and broken from exhaustion. "Frank, I've passed a miserable night," Not a doubt of it, thought I, with a glance at his accommodations. "I haven't—slept—a

wink." Of course not (mentally). "Did you ever see such a thing as that?" with a slight nod and roll of his eyes towards the cushion. I shook my head. "If I moved—it fell off; and if I didn't, I got—the cramp." Here a sort of suppressed groan. "Frank,—I've only turned once—all night long." I ventured to suggest that he would have done well to kick off the incumbrance on purpose, and the words had hardly left my lips when off flew the variegated cushion to the floor. The action seemed to relieve him, as if it had actually removed a weight from his bosom: he drew a long breath, and raised himself up on his elbow. "You're right, Frank; I've been a fool, sure enough—but that comes of foreign customs one never met with before; I suppose poor Kate was scared by my not coming down?" I nodded assent. "Yes—I shall go that way, some day, no doubt. Why, these beds are enough to kill one. It's impossible to sleep in 'em—but it's my suspicion the Germans sit up smoking all night. Anyhow, I'll stake my head there's not such a thing as a slug-a-bed in the whole country."

As he now showed an inclination to rise, I left him for the breakfast-table, where he soon joined us; and when he was seated, and had buttered his roll, he returned to the subject. "Frank, I've been thinking over the sleeping business, and my mind's made up. Take my word for it, the German beds are at the bottom of the German stories. They're all full of hobgoblin work and devilry, as if a man had written them after bad dreams. Since last night I think I could make up a German romancical story myself, like 'the Devil and Dr. Faustus.' I'm convinced I should have had the horrors, and no need to eat a raw-pork supper neither, like Mr. What's-his-name, the painter;—that's to say, provided I could only have gone to sleep. There's that outlandish cushion on your stomach—to my mind it's

a pillion—it's nothing but a pillion for the nightmare to sit upon." "And then," chimed in my aunt, "the foreign bedsteads are so very short—to stretch yourself is out of the question. Besides, mine was quite a new one, with a disagreeable smell I could never account for till this morning." "As how, Kate?" asked my uncle. "Why, it's an unpleasant thing to mention," said my aunt, "but when I awoke, I found myself sticking with both my soles to the foot-board, by the varnish."

So much for our sleeping accommodations at Cologne. Perhaps, Gerard, as you are of a speculative turn, you will think my uncle's theory of diablerie worth working out. To my own fancy, sundry passages of the "Faust,"—read aloud in the original language,—sound suspiciously like a certain noise produced by uneasy lying; indeed, I think it very possible to trace all the horrible phantasmagoria of the Walpurgis Night to the inspiration of a German bed, and its "nightmare's pillion."

The rest of the day was spent in seeing the Lions—and first, the Cathedral, the mere sight of which did me good, both morally and physically. Gerard, 'tis a miracle of art,—a splendid illustration of transcendentalism; never perhaps was there a better attempt, for it is but a fragment, to imitate a temple made without hands. I speak especially of the interior. Your first impression on entering the building is of its exquisite lightness; to speak after the style of the Apostle Paul, it seems not "of the earth earthy," but of heaven heavenly, as if it could take to itself wings and soar upwards. And surely if angelic porters ever undertake to carry Cathedrals instead of Chapels, (as we have seen a promise below of "messages carefully delivered,") the Dom Kirche of Cologne will be their first burden to Loretto. The name of its original architect is unknown in the civic archives, but

assuredly it is enrolled in letters of gold in some masonic record of Christian faith. If from impression ariseth expression, its glorious builder must have had a true sense of the holy nature of his task. The very materials seem to have lost their materialism in his hands, in conformity with the design of a great genius spiritualised by its fervent homage to the Divine Spirit. In looking upward along the tall slender columns which seem to have sprung spontaneously from the earth like so many reeds, and afterwards to have been petrified, for only nature herself seemed capable of combining so much lightness with durability, I almost felt, as the architect must have done, that I had cast off the burden of the flesh, and had a tendency to mount skywards. In this particular it presented a remarkable contrast to the feelings excited by any other Gothic edifice with which I am acquainted. In Westminster Abbey, for instance, whose more solid architecture is chiefly visible by a "dim religious light," I was always overcome with an awe amounting to gloom; whereas at Cologne, the state of my mind rose somewhat above serenity. Lofty, aspiring, cheerful, the light of heaven more abundantly admitted than excluded, and streaming through painted panes, with all the varied colours of the first promise, the distant roof seemed to re-echo with any other strains than those of that awful hymn the "Dies Iræ." In opposition to the Temple of Religious Fear, I should call it the Temple of Pious Hope. And now, Gerard, having described to you my own feelings, I will not give you the mere description of objects to be found in the guide-books. From my hints you will be, perhaps, able to pick out a suggestion that might prove valuable in the erection of our new churches. Under the Pagan mythology, a temple had its specific purpose; it was devoted to some particular worship, or dedicated to some peculiar attribute of

the Deity : as such, each had its proper character, and long since the votaries and the worship have passed away, travellers have been able to discriminate, even from the ruins, the destination of the original edifice. Do you think, Gerard, that such would be the case, were a future explorer to light on the relics of our Langham Place, or Regent Street temples ; would an antiquarian of 2838 be able to decide, think you, whether one of our modern temples was a Christian church, or a parochial school, or a factory ? Had men formerly more belief in wrong than they have now in right ? Was there more sincerity in ancient fanaticism than in modern faith ? But I will not moralise ; only as I took a last look at the Cathedral of Cologne, I could not help asking myself, “Will such an edifice ever be completed—shall we ever again build up even such a beginning ?” The cardinal Virtues must answer the question. Faith and Charity have been glorious masons in times past—does “Hope’s Architecture” hold out equal promise for the future ?

The fees demanded by the guardians of the Dom Kirche have been complained of by sundry travellers besides Grundy. For my own part I should not object to their being higher, provided they were devoted to the repairs of the building, or even towards a more appropriate altar. The present one is in such a style of pettiness and prettiness, that it looks like a stall at a religious fancy fair. But then, as a set off, there is a picture—the Adoration of the Virgin and Child—which is a lay miracle ! It is very old ; but only proves the more, that as Celestial Wisdom may come from the mouths of babes and sucklings, even so was Heavenly Beauty produced by Art in its very infancy.

Our next visit was to the Church of St. Peter, passing, by the way, the house of Rubens, with his well-known effigy painted over the door. The altar-piece, representing the

crucifixion of his patron-saint, is a wonderful picture—though it possibly derives a portion of its interest from the extraordinary position of the main figure. The face of the Martyr Saint is particularly fine ; and, in order to aid the effect, the exhibitor produces a wooden machine, through which you look at the picture, stooping so that your own head is nearly in the same position as that of the Apostle ;—and thereby hangs a tale. My uncle had scarcely adjusted himself in the required attitude, and taken a glimpse at the painting, when he abruptly rose upright, muttering, in an under-tone, “That’s done it at last—all my blood’s gone to my head !” and withal walked off, and seated himself on a chair in the aisle, where he remained for some minutes, with his eyes closed, perfectly motionless and silent. As usual in such cases, we allowed the circumstance to pass unnoticed ; and by and by, as I anticipated, two or three experimental hems, followed by a sonorous blowing of his nose, announced that our Hypochondriac had come, of his own accord, to himself. In fact, he soon stood again beside us, and pulling his hand from his pocket, presented a handsome gratuity to our attendant. “There, Mister ; it’s no doubt a very fine painting, though to my mind rather an uncomfortable object ; as for that wooden invention,” at the same time saluting it with a hearty kick to the utter astonishment of our little Sacristan, “it ought to be indicted ; it’s nothing more nor less, sir, than a trap for the apoplexy !”

After this characteristic exhibition we parted, my uncle preferring to return to the hotel, and leaving me to visit and report on the other sights of Cologne. Amongst the rest was the Masquerade Room, devoted to the Carnival balls. It is a fine room as to size, and supported in the middle by columns, intended to represent huge champagne glasses, whence the painted characters and groups which

cover the walls and ceiling are supposed to effervesce. The idea, however, is better than the execution—the intent surpasses the deed. The designs display a good deal of dull pantomime and trite allegory, such as a heart put up to auction, and the like. But the Germans, even of Cologne, on the strength of a Roman origin, ought not to attempt a Carnival. The Italian Genius and the Teutonic are widely asunder—as different as macaroni and sausage. Polichinello is quite another being to Hans Wurst—he is as puff paste to solid pudding. The national spirit is not sufficiently volatile, airy, or mercurial. The wit of the Germans is not feather-heeled; their humour is somewhat sedate. The serious fantastic, the grave grotesque, is their *forte*, rather than the comic. In short, their animal spirits, like their animal frames, are somewhat solid; and I could not help fancying that the frolics of their Saturnalia must resemble the ponderous fun described by Milton:—

“The unwieldy Elephant,
To make them mirth used all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis.”

In my way homeward I was struck by a voice that seemed familiar to my ear, and looking in at a shop-door I saw what would be a subject for a picture of domestic interest. On one side of the counter stood my aunt, looking wonderfully blank and discomposed; on the other, was a grave broad-faced German, with his shoulders up to his ears, his eyebrows up to his crown, and the corners of his mouth down to his chin. On the counter itself, nearest my aunt, lay a small parcel of her purchases, with a sovereign intended to pay for them, while, next to the opposite party, were arranged three or four Prussian dollars and some smaller coins; the difficulty, whatever it might be, had evidently come to a

dead-lock. My aunt cast her eyes upward, as if the case was beyond mortal arrangement. The shopkeeper gravely shook his head, and had recourse to his snuff-box. A glance towards your humble servant made my aunt look in the same direction, and in an instant I was clutched by the arm and hauled into the shop. "I'm so glad you're come, Frank ; I was never so served in my life." And hastily gathering up the Prussian dollars, she banged them singly down again, each after each, on the counter, with a vehemence little in keeping with her character. "There," said she, when the operation was finished, "one can't be deceived in that ; there's no more ring in them than in so many leaden dumps." Of course I guessed the matter at a glance, but having met with somebody that could understand her language, my aunt was more disposed to talk than to listen. "But my dear aunt, it's the case with all the currency." "I know it is. I have rung the small pieces too, and they're no better than brass farthings. Mr. Grundy was quite right, they all cheat the English if they can." "Pooh, pooh, it's the proper currency of the country." "Nonsense, Frank ! look here, they're only washed over like bad sixpences, anybody can see that ! ' The man must have taken me for a perfect fool." All this time the German had kept looking alternately in our faces as each happened to be talking, but now he inquired if I could speak his language, and without waiting my answer, began anxiously explaining his own share in the transaction. The change he said, was correct, he had counted it ten times over with the lady, but still she was dissatisfied ; and as for the money, it was the standard coin of the country. All of which I duly interpreted to my aunt, who, at last, was prevailed upon to exchange her good sovereign for the bad dollars ; and catching up her purchases she departed, compelled but unconvinced. Her secret opinion, indeed, tran-

spired as she stepped from the threshold :—"Well, I must say, Frank, it's the first time I ever heard of a King being a common coiner of bad money, and what's worse, obliging all his own subjects to pass it off!"

By a curious coincidence, on entering the Hotel, we found my uncle engaged in precisely similar speculations. "Here Frank," said he, holding out to me a small document, "look at that. Talk of rag-money! I wish old Cobbett was alive again, or that his ghost would come up the river Rhine, just to hear what he'd say on the subject. Why, here's Mercury, and the Royal Arms, and the Spread Eagle, and Hercules, and all sorts of engine-turning, and filagree-work, and crinkum-crankums, and the value in three different languages, French, English, and High Dutch, and after all it's nothing but a three-shilling note!" "It's about as good as their German silver," murmured my aunt, as if talking to herself. "At least the Prussian money," said I, "has one convenience?" "And what's that?" asked my aunt, rather tartly; "it's both bad and heavy, as I know by my bag." "I alluded," said I, "to its almost infinite sub-division: no small consideration to your amateurs of cheap charity. In England, for instance, there are plenty of professedly benevolent persons who would, no doubt, contribute their '*mite*,' as it is called, to any charitable object, provided there were any real coin of that denomination." "Cologne swarms with objects sure enough," said my good aunt, with a very sincere sigh for the multitudinous miseries she was unable to relieve. "You have the comfort," said I, "my dear aunt, that with twelve pfennings to a groschen, you may give to nine beggars out of the dozen at the cost of an English penny."

Of course this was only banter, but the subject set me thinking of the comparative misery of being poor in a rich

country. For example, to give a pauper in England a farthing, which in Germany would purchase *something*, is literally to give him nothing at all. I am not aware of any article to be obtained at the price ; what used to be, and is called a farthing candle, fetches a halfpenny. Still, I am not quite convinced but that the cheapest country may prove generally the dearest one ; the difficulty of spending money alone must not be taken into account, but also the difficulty of obtaining it. Hence, it seems to me that the real dear-ness or cheapness of a country can only be properly weighed by a native. But I am no political economist, and besides, I think it as well to defer my local conclusions till I have had some experience of the premises. So, lest you should think my letter as long as an Eau de Cologne bottle without its spirit, I shall here close. The verses are for Emily, the sketch for yourself, with all loving remembrances from, dear Gerard,

Yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO * * * * *

WITH A FLASK OF RHINE WATER.

The old Catholic City was still,
 In the Minster the vespers were sung,
 And, re-echoed in cadences shrill,
 The last call of the trumpet had rung ;
 While, across the broad stream of the Rhine,
 The full Moon cast a silvery zone ;
 And, methought, as I gazed on its shine,
 "Surely that is the Eau de Cologne."

I inquired not the place of its source,
If it ran to the east or the west ;
But my heart took a note of its course,
That it flow'd towards Her I love best—
That it flow'd towards Her I love best,
Like those wandering thoughts of my own,
And the fancy such sweetness possess'd,
That the Rhine seemed all Eau de Cologne !

TO MISS WILMOT.

MY DEAR MARGARET,

Since my last, we have passed from Holland into Prussia, but, alas ! a change of country has only brought a change of troubles. As I foretold, there was a plot against the Dutch linen, which, by my brother's and nephew's contrivance, was seized at the German frontier. I suspect they thought it would be an incumbrance ; but, if so, it would have fallen only on my unfortunate self. It's so different to poor George, who never cared, in travelling, how he was loaded. Heaven knows the packages, and boxes, and bundles, we have taken only on a thirty miles' journey, without a murmur on his part, or an objection. Indeed my course from Rotterdam to Cologne has been marked by a series of misfortunes : and, in particular, a most mortifying adventure on board the steam-boat, which I do not like to trust on paper, —but you shall hear it when we meet.

Only this very morning, I met with something that hurt me very much, not merely on my own account, but for the sake of human nature. It always shocks one to meet with ingratitude, selfishness, and hard-heartedness in any body, but especially

in one of our own sex, and above all, a lady of birth and breeding, who ought to possess more refined and delicate feelings. I allude to Lady de Farringdon, who came over with us in the *Lord Melville*, and was nearly washed away whilst sitting in her own carriage on the deck. Providentially she was released from her perilous situation, and carried down to the ladies' cabin, but in a most deplorable state. She was drenched from head to foot, and so terrified and sick, it made me forget my own distresses to see her, and particularly when one reflected on the delicate nature of her bringing up, and all the elegant comforts and luxuries, and the devoted attention she had been accustomed to from her infancy. Her own maid and the stewardess being quite incapable, from fright and sickness, I felt it my duty to try to alleviate the poor sufferer's afflictions, and can only say she could not have received more assistance from me had she been my own sister. To do her ladyship justice, she expressed herself in the most handsome and grateful terms—indeed, in such warm and affectionate language, and her manner was so winning and friendly, even to kissing me, that I felt as if we had known and loved each other for years instead of only a day's acquaintance. In short, I quite grieved at parting with her, on the quay at Rotterdam, perhaps never to meet again in this world. You may fancy my delight, then, at recognising the carriage and liveries at a milliner's door in Cologne; and seeing her ladyship in the shop, I went in, and endeavoured to recall myself to her remembrance. But, instead of the warm reception I expected, after taking what I must call a rude stare at me through her glass, all she said was, "O, I suppose you are one of the persons who came over in the *Lord Melville*?" I told her I was, and hoped she had recovered from the effects of that awful storm. "O, of course," she said, very

coolly ; “we soon get over those things on shore ;” and then, turning away from me to the shopwoman, went on bargaining for a piece of lace. I was so shocked and hurt, I hardly know how I got out of the shop, or if I even wished her ladyship a good morning. But it was really too much ;—to think that the same woman who had clung to me, and rested her head on my shoulder ; who had received my best assistance, even in undressing, for she was as helpless as a child ; who had begged me to hold her hands, to feel for her, and even to pray with her—could treat me in so cruel a manner ! I confess I could not help shedding tears, and almost made a vow never to attach myself to any one again. Indeed, my brother warned me from the beginning, and told me, in his style, that I was “hooking on to the wrong train.” But oh, Margaret ! what is this world worth, if we cannot trust to our first impressions ? But I must not repine ; for, at all events, I was not deceived in poor George. As for Frank, he only laughs, and reminds me of the saying of Mr. Grundy, which I took at that time for ill-nature, “When you are abroad,” said he, “you will meet with great folks, or would-be great folks, on their travels, who will suck all the information they can out of you, make use of you in every possible way, and then cut you dead in the street the next morning.”

To-day I dined, for the first time, after the foreign fashion, at a table-d'hôte ; it was entirely by Frank's persuasion, as I am not fond of eating in public, and to any one in spirits it would, no doubt, have been an amusing scene. The master of the Hotel took the head of the table, which accommodated about fifty persons. As I had stipulated beforehand, my brother sat on one side of me and my nephew on the other. Directly opposite was a Prussian officer in a blue and red uniform, and nearly a dozen little crosses and medals hanging

from the breast of his coat. Next to him was a fellow-traveller from London; Frank calls him a Cockney, who dreadfully alarmed us at Nimeguen by letting off pistols in the night; on the other side of the officer was an empty chair, with its back turned to the table to show that the place was bespoke. The rest of the company was made up of foreign ladies and gentlemen, and at the bottom of the table a person so very outlandish that I must try to describe him. Personally he was a large man, but from the breadth of his face and the size of his head, which looked all the bigger from a great quantity of hair that fell over his shoulders, he ought to have been a giant. His features were rather coarse and vulgar,—they could never have been handsome, and yet could never look ugly, with such an expression of good-humour. But to my fancy it was the good-humour of one who had never had anything to try it. He seemed always ready to smile at something or nothing,—but not as if from having cheerful thoughts, but from having no thoughts whatever to trouble him, good, bad, or indifferent. The only idea he seemed to entertain was of his dinner, in expectation of which he had hold of his fork rather awkwardly, with his third and fourth fingers over the handle, and the others under it, so that the prongs came out beyond his little finger. As for his dress, it set at defiance all rules as to colours that go well together. His coat was chocolate brown, with a pompadour velvet collar,—his waistcoat so gay with all the hues of the rainbow, that it resembled a bed of tulips—and then plum-coloured pantaloons. Across his bosom he wore several gold or gilt chains, to one of which hung a very large watch-key in the shape of a pistol; and his shirt was fastened with mosaic studs, besides a complicated sort of brooch, that looked like two hearts united together by little chains. Besides these ornaments, his hands were covered with rings,

his right forefinger always sticking straight out like that on a hand-post, as the joint could not bend for an immense ring, with an amethyst as big as a shilling. Frank whispered that he was travelling for Rundell and Bridge, but I suspect that was only a quiz.

In the meantime a dinner-bell kept ringing by way of invitation to all the town, but as no more guests appeared, the ceremony began. First came the soup, very like barley broth (supposing rice instead of barley) and then the beef which had been boiled in it, of course very insipid. It reminded me of the patent Pimlico bread I once tasted, when, as poor George said, they had extracted all the spirit and left nothing behind but the corpse of a loaf. I was obliged to leave it on my plate, where, as it got cold, it turned almost as white as a piece of wood. But you would have admired the dexterity of the waiters. One of them brought a large pile of clean plates, holding one between each finger, and dealt them out to us as if they had been cards. The worst is, the plates and dishes are all stone cold, and as, instead of a bill of fare, every course is put on the table to show you what you are to expect, and is then taken off again to be carved, the hottest of their hot dinners is only like a hasty attempt in warm weather at a cold collation. But what most surprised me was the order of the eatables, so different to any established by Mrs. Glasse or Mrs. Rundell. After the soup, &c., came in a monstrous dish of asparagus, with a sauce made of oiled butter and hard-boiled eggs. Next appeared a capon and salad, then a very sweet pudding, and then some very sour kROUT. The next dish that went its rounds, like a novel in a circulating library, was of very small, very waxy, kidney potatoes (Frank called them "Murphy's thumbs"), and then followed some unknown vegetable, with a very unpleasant smell, in a brown sauce, looking, according

to Frank, like "sailors' fingers stewed in tar." Next we had salmon and perch, in jelly, and cold, and last, and certainly not least, a great solid piece of roast veal. My brother, who partook of everything, was amused at this putting the cart before the horse. "Egad! Kate," he whispered, "I have eaten the wrong end of my dinner first, and suppose, to digest it properly, I must stand on my head." Indeed, I came in for my own share of novelties, for what seemed a pickled walnut was so sweet, that the mere surprise made me return it rather hastily to my plate. I was provoked enough, and especially as the Londoner thought proper to notice it, "Just like them Germans, ma'am," said he, "they arn't even up to pickled walnuts!" But what followed was worse, for after helping himself to what looked like preserved plums, but proved to be sour, he spluttered one out again without any ceremony, calling out loud enough for the whole room to hear him, "Pickled bullises, by jingo!" As you may suppose, I made up my mind to dine no more at a table-d'hôte, and especially as I did not know in what tavern doings it might end, for, on asking Frank the meaning of something painted up in large letters on the wall at one end of the room, he told me it was that gentlemen were requested not to smoke during dinner! In fact, when dinner was nearly over, who should walk in, and seat himself in the vacant chair just opposite me but, *a common soldier!* Of course such an occurrence is usual, for no one objected to his company; on the contrary, the officer conversed, and even hobnobbed with the new-comer. But as trifles serve to show low breeding, I was not surprised to observe the private helping himself first to the wine: it was only after partly filling his own glass that he recollected himself and helped his superior. Every moment I grew more uncomfortable, for this young fellow showed a great inclination to address me, and the Londoner

got still more vulgar and fault-finding ; in short, I had just resolved to rise and make my retreat, when all at once,—pity me, my dear Margaret,—the door flew wide open, and there stood Lady de Farringdon, with her horrid glass up to her eye ! I could have dropped off my chair ! Instead of coming in, however, her Ladyship contented herself with a haughty stare round the table, and then departed, with a last glance at myself, and a scornful sneer on her face, that seemed plainly to say—“Yes, there you are, at an Inn-keeper’s ordinary, with all kinds of low company, and a common soldier for your *vis-à-vis*.” Without waiting for the dessert I——

* * * * *

MY DEAR MARGARET,—The above was written last night. The occasion of my breaking off so suddenly was rather an odd one, and has raised a pretty laugh at my expense. Imagine me writing up in my own bed-room, by the light of a single wax candle, but which was not above half burned down, when all at once out it went, and left me in utter darkness. I instantly rang the bell, but the hour was so late, or the Germans were so early, or both, that I found I could make nobody hear without disturbing the whole hotel ; so I undressed and groped into bed. This morning has explained the mystery. The wax-ends, it appears, are somebody’s perquisites, and in order to make sure of handsome ones, the candles are fabricated on purpose with only a certain length of wick. Frank says he was forewarned of this German trick upon travellers by Mr. Grundy.

Besides the secret of the wax-candles, I have learned some particulars that make me a little ashamed of my precipitation at the ordinary dinner. The German hotel-keepers, I understand, are respectable persons, who always take the head of

the table ; and as for the common soldier, he was a young Prussian Baron, who, as every native must be a soldier, had volunteered into the line. The helping himself first, to a little wine, and then the officer, was only a customary politeness, in case there should be any dust or cork in the neck of the bottle. It will be a warning to me for the future not to be so rash in my judgment of foreigners, and foreign customs.

I have said nothing of Cologne Cathedral, and the Sepulchre of the Three Kings ; but to *me* tombs only bring painful reflections ; and instead of the Cathedral, I would rather have seen a certain village spire, rising above the trees, like a poplar turned into a steeple. But a broken spirit always yearns towards home. As to health, we are in our usual way ; except Martha, who has low crying fits that I cannot, and she will not, account for. Adieu. My Brother and Nephew unite in love to you, with, dear Margaret, your affectionate Sister,

CATHARINE WILMOT.

P.S.—There is a great stir here about a religious agreement that some hundreds of young Catholic females have signed, binding themselves not to marry unless to one of their own persuasion. A very tragical affair has happened in consequence, which Frank has made into a poem. I enclose a copy. To my taste it is rather pretty ; but my Brother says it is not good poetry, for it does not sing well to any tune that he knows.

● THE ROMANCE OF COLOGNE.

'Tis even—on the pleasant banks of Rhine
The thrush is singing, and the dove is cooing,
A youth and maiden on the turf recline
Alone—And he is wooing.

Yet woos in vain, for to the voice of love
No kindly sympathy the Maid discovers,
Though round them both, and in the air above,
The tender Spirit hovers !

Untouch'd by lovely Nature and her laws,
The more he pleads, more coyly she represses ;—
Her lips denies, and now her hand withdraws,
Rejecting his caresses.

Fair is she as the dreams young poets weave,
Bright eyes, and dainty lips, and tresses curly ;
In outward loveliness a child of Eve,
But cold as Nymph of Lurley !

The more Love tries her pity to engross,
The more she chills him with a strange behaviour ;
Now tells her beads, now gazes on the Cross
And Image of the Saviour.

Forth goes the Lover with a farewell moan,
As from the presence of a thing inhuman ;—
Oh ! what unholy spell hath turn'd to stone
The young warm heart of Woman !

* * * * *

'Tis midnight—and the moonbeam, cold and wan,
On bower and river quietly is sleeping,
And o'er the corse of a self-murdered man
The Maiden fair is weeping.

In vain she looks into his glassy eyes,
No pressure answers to her hand so pressing ;
In her fond arms impassively he lies,
Clay-cold to her caressing.

Despairing, stunn'd by her eternal loss,
She flies to succour that may best beseem her ;
But, lo ! a frowning Figure veils the Cross,
And hides the blest Redeemer !

With stern right hand it stretches forth a scroll,
Wherein she reads in melancholy letters,
The cruel fatal pact that placed her soul
And her young heart in fetters.

“Wretch ! Sinner ! Renegade ! to truth and God,
Thy holy faith for human love to barter !”
No more she hears, but on the bloody sod
Sinks, Bigotry's last Martyr !

And side by side the hapless Lovers lie :
Tell me, harsh priest ! by yonder tragic token,
What part hath God in such a Bond, whereby
Or hearts or vows are broken ?

• TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,

Yesterday at an early hour, we bade adieu to the old Roman colony, and embarked in the Princess Marianne. Instead of any improvement, however, in the scenery, we soon found ourselves between low banks and willows ; as if, by some “stop her” and “back her” manœuvre, her Highness, with reversed paddles, had carried us into Holland. But I am none of those fastidious travellers, who, in the absence of the picturesque, throw themselves back in the carriage, and go to sleep. Although for some distance there was nothing alongside but a flat plain, yet lark after lark, “weary of rest,” kept springing up from the dewy grass, and soared aloft on twinkling wings, that seemed, like its song, all in a quiver with delight. The air was breezy, and bright, and balmy, and floated visibly against the horizon ; the sky was beautifully blue, and the feathery white clouds fluttered across it like summer butterflies. The grass waved, the flowers nodded, the leaves danced,—the very water sparkled, as if it felt a living joy. Even our Hypochondriac owed the genial influence of the time, and his sister resumed some of the spirits for which she was noted in her girlhood. The truth is, there was a charm in these humble ruralities, of which even the Cockney, of Nimeguen renown, was aware. “Tame scenery, sir,” remarked a saturnine-looking man, at the same time turning his back on the bank we were gliding past. “Yes,” answered the Londoner, with a cheerful smile ; “Yes—but it’s natur.”

Amongst other peculiarities, nothing strikes a stranger more, in his course up the Rhine, than the German fondness for bowing. Whenever the steamer passes, or stops at, a little

town, you see a great part of the population collected on the shore, ready to perform this courtesy. One or two, like fuglemen, go through the manœuvre by anticipation, as if saluting the figure-head ; then the vessel ranges alongside, and off goes the covering of every head—hats and caps of all shapes and colours, are flourishing in the air. Wet, or dry, or scorching sun, every male, from six years old to sixty, is uncovered. Some seize their caps by the top, others by the spout in front ; this gives his hat a wave to and fro, that saws with it up and down ; the very baker plucks off his white night-cap, and holds it shaking at arm's length. Meanwhile, their countrymen on board vigorously return the salute ; the town is passed, and the ceremony is over. But, no !—a man comes running at full speed down a gateway, or round the corner of a street, looks eagerly for the boat, now 100 yards distant, gives a wave with his hat or cap, and then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, returns deliberately up the street, or gateway, as if he had acquitted himself of an indispensable moral duty.

Remarking on this subject to an English gentleman on board, he told me the following anecdote in point :—"During a temporary residence," said he, "at Mayence, I made a slight acquaintance with one of the inhabitants, of the name of Klopp. He had much of the honesty and conscientiousness attributed to his countrymen, and though in practice a plain, straightforward, matter-of-fact person, was nevertheless addicted, like Germans in general, to abstruse studies. Subsequently, for the sake of the baths, I shifted my quarters to Ems, and was one morning sitting at breakfast, when a rapping at the door announced a visitor, and in walked Herr Klopp. After the usual compliments, I inquired whether he had come to Ems for pleasure merely, or on account of his health ? 'For neither,' replied the honest German ; 'my

errand is to you, and I shall return home directly I have paid off a little debt.' I was not aware, I told him, that we had had any pecuniary transactions whatever. 'No,' replied Herr Klopp, 'not in money; but if you remember, on such a day (giving me the day and date) we passed each other on the Mayence Bridge. I had recently been reading Fichte, and my head was full of speculations; so that, though conscious of your bowing to me, I omitted to return your salute. It is true that I recollected myself in the cattle-market, and indeed pulled off my hat, but that hardly satisfied my conscience. So the end is, I have come to acquit myself of the debt; and here it is'—And, will you believe it, sir? with all the gravity of a Prussian sentry presenting arms, the scrupulous German paid me up the salute in arrear!"

To reward our patience, the blue crests of the Siebengebirge at length loomed over the low land, to the left, and assured us that our Pilgrim's Progress had brought us in sight of the Delectable Mountains. We had been advised to stop at Bonn, for the sake of some excursions in the neighbourhood, and that ancient and learned city soon made its appearance. Its aspect was quaint and inviting. As we neared the shore it was crowded with spectators, amongst whom those *Bonny Laddies*, the students, were gaily conspicuous. A great many were dressed as Tyrolese, with ribbons and flowers in their high-crowned hats; and whatever a Quaker might have thought of such vanities, a painter would assuredly have been grateful for such very picturesque accessories to the foreground. You may form some notion of their appearance from the remark of my uncle—"Frank, they must have made a long night at the masquerade, to be in their fancy dresses so late in the morning." When I told him they were the students, he made one of his wry faces. "Students! What do they study?—Private theatricals! Yes—there's a youngster

dressed up like Macready in William Tell ; and yonder's another with a parasol straw hat, a nankeen jacket, and a long pipe in his mouth, like the Planter in Paul and Virginia ! ”

The moment the “Princess” came abreast of the pier, a party of the Burschen sprang on board, of course with an equal number of pipes, and formed a group on the deck. Most of them were in costume “marvellously imaginative ;” some seemed to have sought their Journal des Modes, or Mirror of Fashion, in the pictures of Vandyke or Salvator Rosa ; others appeared to have been clothed, in a fit of enthusiasm, by a romantic tailor. Indeed one of them presented so very *outré* a figure, that I was not at all surprised to hear the Cockney's exclamation of “What a Guy !” No small portion of care and culture had been bestowed upon their hair, moustaches, and beards, which strongly reminded me of the Dutch hedges, that are trained and trimmed into all sorts of grotesque and fanciful shapes. But in the midst of these speculations the bell warned us to provide for our own departure ; and winding in Indian file through the motley crowd, we made the best of our way to the hotel.

After establishing ourselves in comfortable quarters we strolled about the town, first taking a long gaze from the Altezoll, across the broad Rhine, at the grand group of Seven Mountains. We then scanned the façade of the University, took a peep in at a church or two, and discussed a flask of Ahrbleichart in the Vinea Domini. During this ramble, we saw, of course, a number of the students, and it was amusing to hear Nuncle guessing at the historical personages they had selected for their models ;—for instance, Peter the Wild Boy—Van Butchell—Don Quixote—Samson—Absalom—Esau—Blackbeard the Pirate—Confucius—Henri Quatre—and Bampfylde Moore Carew. One very dissimilar pair he chris-

tened Valentine and Orson ! another "Junker," remarkably unkempt and unshorn, he compared to Baron Trenck ; and "Egad !" he cried, as we passed a square-set figure in an antique dress, and fiercely moustached, "Egad ! there's Pam." Perhaps the most whimsical of these fancies was that of a tall fellow, who, with sleekly-combed hair, a huge white collar thrown back over his shoulders, and trousers that buttoned to his jacket, stalked along like a Brobdingnagian schoolboy ; I was anxious to know my uncle's opinion of these oddities, and contrived to extract it. "All theatrical mummary, Frank ; all theatrical mummary ! But mayhap," said he, after a pause, "it's like a breaking out on the skin, and serves to carry off fantastical humours that are better out than in."

I am inclined to think this is nearly the truth of the case ; for it is notorious that these Burschen come in, according to the proverb, as Lions, and go out as Lambs—some of the wildest of them settling down in life as very civil civilians, sedate burgomasters, and the like. Indeed, were it otherwise—were there as much real as mock enthusiasm under these formidable exteriors, should we not hear more often than we do of University riots and outbreaks—of Middle-Age forays—with an occasional attempt to set fire to the Rhine ? The worst is, as a great portion of these students affect the uncouth and savage, mere Tybalts and Fire-eaters, if they at all act up to their characters, they must be public nuisances ; and if they do not, they hardly allow themselves fair play. Many of them, doubtless, are good-hearted lads and industrious scholars, and as such, sure it would better become them to appear like what they are, ambitious of a place in the political, literary, artistic, or scientific annals of their country, rather than as candidates for a niche in its Eccentric Mirror or Wonderful Magazine.

These vagaries in dress form, by the bye, a curious anomaly

in Prussia ; where, in conformity with the military pendant of the King, all public bodies, excepting the learned ones, are put into uniform. Thus, there are the Post officials with their orange collars, the Police with their pink ones, the Douane with their blue ones, the Bridge-men with their red ones : — postilions, prisoners, road-makers, all have their liveries and their badges. But there is no *regulation* academical costume, and the students, by indulging in such eccentric *habits*, are possibly only making the most of their unique independence.

At one o'clock, we dined at the table-d'hôte, and then rode off in a carriage to the Kreutzberg. At the top of the hill we found a party of French travellers, three gentlemen and a lady, enjoying the fine prospect. Had they been country-folk, it is probable that we should never have exchanged a word—for, as Marshal * * * said, “the advanced guard of an Englishman is his reserve,”—but with foreigners it is otherwise ; the strangers saluted us most courteously, and one of them addressing my Uncle, we all fell into talk. After commenting on the beauty of the view, we went *en masse* into the church, which formerly belonged to a Servite Convent. This edifice is considered as peculiarly sanctified, by possessing the steps which led up to the judgment-seat of Pontius Pilate, and which are said to be still stained by the blood-drops drawn from the brow of our Saviour by the crown of thorns. These sacred stairs, as you are perhaps aware, have the faculty, like Sir Boyle Roche's famous bird, of “being in two places at once.” I ventured to hint this to the lively Frenchwoman, but instead of expressing doubt or vexation, she only answered with a “Vraiment ?” I then described the Scala Santa at Rome, but with as little effect. “Vraiment ?” she replied. “Quel miracle ! mais tout est possible au bon Dieu !”

Just at this moment we were startled by a loud exclamation in German from the attendant, followed by a slight scream, and, to my astonishment, I saw my Aunt precipitately scampering down the marble stairs! It seems she had unconsciously stepped on the *tabooed* precincts, which was no sooner perceived by the guardian of the place, than, with a loud outcry that the stairs were sacred, he made a snatch to draw her back by the arm. The abrupt voice, the unknown tongue, the threatening gesture, and the angry expression of a countenance by no means prepossessing, took full effect on her weak nerves, and impelled her to escape as from a madman. And now arose a serious difficulty. The trespasser had stopped exactly half-way down the flight, to set foot on which is sacrilege, but as she could not be expected, nor indeed allowed, to stand there for ever, the point was how to get her off. By going up them on her knees, like a Catholic pilgrim, she would have gained a plenary indulgence for a year; but this, as a staunch Protestant, she declined, and as a modest female she refused to clamber over the double balustrade that separated her from a common staircase on either side. Which would then occasion the least sacrilege, to ascend by the way she came, or to descend and be let out at the great folding-doors, the number of stairs to be profaned in either case being the same? It was a question to pose the whole college of St. Omer? The attendant was at his wits' ends how to act, and referred the point to the French party, as Catholics and competent advisers, but for want of a precedent they were as much abroad as himself. The first gentleman he appealed to shrugged his shoulders, the lady did the same; the second gentleman shrugged his shoulders and made a grimace, and the third shrugged his shoulders, made a grimace, and shook his head. In the meantime, the trespasser looked alarmed

and distressed ; she had gained some obscure notion of the case, and possibly thought, in her vague idea of the powers of popery, that she had subjected herself to the pains and penalties of the Inquisition. It was an awkward dilemma, particularly as the attendant protested most vehemently whenever the culprit attempted to stir. Luckily, however, he turned his back during his consultation, when, at a beckon and a wink from my Uncle, my Aunt, not without trembling, quietly slipped up the sacred stairs on the points of her toes !

This termination of so intricate a dilemma was a relief to us all, and to none more than Martha, who now ventured to draw out the handkerchief she had stuffed into her mouth, by way of stopper to a scream. But the affair had so cowed the unlucky transgressor, that when we visited the vault underneath the church, to inspect the Mummies, she preferred to "sit out." And it was well she escaped a sight which could not have failed to remind her of "poor George." Imagine about two dozen of dead monks laid out, in their habits as they lived, in open coffins, all in various stages of decay, some almost as fresh and fleshy as might be expected of an anchorite, after a long course of fasting and mortification ; others partly dropping, and dropped into dust ; and here and there a mere skull, grinning like one of Monk Lewis's spectres, from under its cowl. The cause of their extraordinary preservation has given rise to much conjecture. My own opinion is, that by way of pendants to the holy stairs, and heaping "voonders upon voonders," the bodies have been *Kyanized* by some secret process which was afterwards partially lost, as the more recent corpses scarcely promise to keep so well as the more ancient ones. It was impossible to stand amongst so many venerable relics of humanity, some of them from three to four centuries old, without entering into very Hamlet-like reflections. What

had become, during that long interval, of the disembodied spirits? Had they slept in utter darkness and blank oblivion; or had they a twilight existence, in dreams reflective of the past? Did they still, perhaps, hover round their earthly haunts and fleshy tenements; or were they totally entranced, only to wake at the sound of the last trumpet? But these are themes too awful for a gossiping letter. Suffice it, we all felt the influence of the place and scene. In the neighbourhood of such objects, a strange mysterious feeling lays us under a spell. By a sort of process of transfusion, the vital principle that departed from the concrete form, seems to have passed into an abstract figure:—Life is dead, but DEATH is alive! and we breathe, and look, and tread, and whisper, as if we were in his actual though invisible presence. Few words, therefore, were uttered as we stood in that dreary avenue.—I remember but one exclamation from the Frenchwoman, as she gazed on one of the most perfect and placid of the faces—a wish, that the figure and features of those we hold most dear, could always be thus preserved to us. It sounded like a natural sentiment, at the time,—but it was little shared in by one of the spectators, who, as we quitted the vault, drew me aside, with an air of great solemnity. “Frank,—make me one promise. If I die in these parts, don’t let me be embalmed. It’s all nonsense and profanity. We’re ordained to decay by nature, and religion bids us try not to preserve our bodies, but to save our souls. Besides, as to keeping one’s face and person for one’s friends to look at, it’s my notion they would soon give over coming to see us, unless we could return the visits. No, no! as Abraham said, ‘let us bury our dead out of our sight.’” “At least,” said I, “the Mummies are a natural curiosity.” “Why, yes,” he replied, with a smile, as we stepped into the bright, brisk, open air, “and a political one,

too, Frank, to see so many of our representatives beyond corruption."

At the church-door we parted with the pleasant French people, who were going further inland ;—and then returned to our carriage. In our way home we halted at Poppelsdorf, to see the Botanical Garden, and the Museum, which contains abundant specimens of the mineralogy and geology of the Rhenish mountains, the Eifel, and the brown coal of Friesdorf. Amongst the fossils is a complete series of frogs, from the full-grown froggy that might a wooing go, down to that minute frogling—a tadpole. My uncle's remark on them was an original one, and deserves the consideration of our chemists. "Frank, if we could but find out a way of petrifying our great men, what a deal of money would be saved, in chipping statues !"

But now, Gerard, good night. Fatigued and drowsy from our breezy rambles, a resolution has been moved and seconded, for retiring early, that I am too heavy-headed to oppose. "God bless the man who invented sleep !" cries honest Sancho Panza, and Heaven be praised that he did not take out a patent, and keep the discovery to himself. My best love to Emily.

I am, my dear Gerard, yours very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

P.S.—Past one o'clock, and here I am, not couchant but rampant ! Yet have I been between sheets, and all but into the soft arms of Mr. Morpheus,—but oh ! Gerard, a night at Bonn is anything but a *bonne nuit* !

Never did I throw myself with such sweet abandonment into that blessed luxury, a bed. Sleep, the dear Eiderduck, was beginning to brood me with her downy breast and shadowy wings,—I was already swooning away into the

delicious semi-oblivion that precedes the total forgetfulness, when crash ! I was startled broad awake by the compound rattle of a vehicle that seemed to have twelve wheels, with four-and-twenty loose spokes in each, and a cast-iron horse ! Students, of course, from their revels at Godesberg ! Another and another followed—then a street squabble—and then “Am Rhein ! Am Rhein !” arranged for any number of voices. Doze again—but no—another scrambling shandry-dan,—and then a duo—no, a trio,—no, a quart—no, a quint—no, a sext—zounds ! a dozen were chiming in at the topmost pitch of their lungs ! Partial as I am to music, I could not relish these outbreaks, nor did it comfort me a whit, that all who met, or overtook these wassailers joined most skilfully and scientifically in the tune !

“I like your German singers well,
But hate them too, and for this reason,
Although they always sing in time,
They often sing quite out of season.”

In short, finding that it was impossible to sleep, I got up—rang for candles—cigars—and brandy and water, and then amused myself with the tale of *diablerie* I inclose. Meanwhile the students have subsided—the streets are quiet—and once more, good night.

THE FATAL WORD.

A ROMANCE OF BONN.

THANKS to the merry company, and the good Ahrbleichart wine, at his Cousin Rudolph's, it was midnight ere Peter Krauss, the little tailor of Bonn, set out on his road home. Now Peter was a pious and a tender-hearted man, who would not hurt a dog, much less a fellow-creature ; but he had one

master-failing, which at last brought him into a horrible scrape, and that was curiosity. Such was his itch for meddling and prying, that whatever business went forward, he was sure to look and listen with all his might. Let a word or two be pronounced in a corner, and you could fancy his ears pricking towards the sound, like the ears of a horse. Perhaps, if he had ever perused the tragical story of Blue Beard, he would have learned more prudence ; but, unhappily, he never read Fairy Tales, nor indeed anything of the kind except some of the old Legends of the Saints.

Thus Peter Krauss, pipe in mouth, was trudging silently homeward, through the pleasant valley between Rœttchen and Poppelsdorf, when all at once he heard something that brought him to a full stop. Yes,—there certainly was a talking on the other side of the bushes ; so giving loose to his propensity, he drew near, and listened the more eagerly as he recognised one of the voices as that of Ferdinand Wenzel, the wildest and wickedest of all the students at Bonn. The other voice he did not know, nor indeed had he ever heard one at all like it ; its tone was deep and metallic like the tolling of a great bell.

“ Ask, and it shall be granted, if within my compass.”

Peter, trembling, peeped through the thick foliage at the last speaker, and to his unutterable horror, descried a dreadful figure, which could only belong to one fearful personage—the Enemy of Mankind. Krauss could nearly see his full face, which was ten thousand times uglier than that of Judas in the old paintings. The Fiend was grinning, and dismally the moonlight gleamed on his huge hard cheek-bones, and thence downward to his mouth, where it gleamed awfully on his set teeth, which shone not with the bright bony whiteness of ivory, but with the flash of polished steel. Opposite to the Evil One, and as much at his ease as if he had only

been in company with a bosom crony, sat the reckless, daring, Ferdinand Wenzel, considering intently what infernal boon he had best demand. At last he seemed to have made up his mind ;—Krauss pricked up his ears.

“Give me,” said the Wild Student, “the power of life and death over others.”

“I can grant thee only the half,” said the Fiend. “I have power to shorten human life, but there is only one who may prolong it.”

“Be it so,” said the Student ; “only let those whom I may doom die suddenly before my face.”

“All the blessed saints and martyrs forbid !” prayed Krauss in his soul, at the same time crossing himself as fast as he could. “In that case, I’m a dead man to a certainty ! He will make away with all that is Philister—namely, with all that is good, or religious, or sober, or peaceable, or decent, in the whole city of Bonn !”

In the meantime the Evil One seemed to deliberate, and at length told the Wild Student that he should have his wish. “Listen, Ferdinand Wenzel. I will teach thee a mortal word, which if thou pronounce aloud to any human being, man, woman, or child, they shall drop down, stone-dead, as by a stroke of apoplexy, at thy very feet.”

“Enough,” said the Wild Student. “Bravo !” and he waved his arms exultingly above his head. “I am now one of the Fates. I hold the lives of my enemies in my hand. I am no more Ferdinand Wenzel, but Azrael, the Angel of Death. Come, the word—the mighty word !”

We have said that the topmost failing of Peter Krauss was curiosity,—it was rather his besetting sin, and was now about to meet with its due punishment. Where other men would have shut their eyes, he opened them ; where they would have stopped their ears, he put up a trumpet. O

Peter, Peter ! better hadst thou been born deaf as the adder than have heard the three dreadful syllables that made up that tremendous WORD. But Peter was wilful, and stretched out his neck like a crane's towards the sound, and as the Fiend, at Wenzel's request, repeated the fatal spell nine times over, it was impressed on the listener's memory, never to be forgotten.

"I have got it by heart," said the Wild Student, "and I know right well who shall hear it the first."

"Bravo !" said the voice that sounded like the toll of a death-bell.

The hair, long as it was, rose erect on Krauss's devoted head ; every lock felt alive, and crawling and writhing like a serpent. He considered himself the doomed man. Wenzel owed him money, and debtors are apt to get weary of their creditors. Yes ; his days were numbered, like those of the pig at the butcher's door. Full of these terrible thoughts, he got away as hastily as he could, without making an alarm, and as soon as he dared, set off at a run towards his home. On he scampered, wishing that his very arms were legs, to help him go at a double rate. On, on, on, he galloped through Poppelsdorf, but without seeing it, like a blind horse that knows its way by instinct,—on, on ; but at last he was compelled to halt, not for want of breath, for his lungs seemed locked up in his bosom ; nor yet from fatigue, for his feet never felt the hard ground they bounded from ; but because a party of students, linked arm in arm, occupied the whole breadth of the road. As soon as they heard footsteps behind them they stopped, and recognising the little tailor, began to jeer and banter him, and at length proceeded to push and hustle him about rather roughly. For some time he bore this rude treatment with patience, but in the end, even his good-humour gave way, and turned to bitterness.

"Ay, young and strong as ye be," thought he, "I know that, my masters, which could stiffen your limbs and still your saucy tongues in a moment." And why not pronounce the word then?" said something so like a whisper, that Krauss started, expecting to see the Fiend himself at his elbow. But it was only the evil suggestion of his own mind, which, with some difficulty, he subdued, till the Burschen, tired of the present amusement, let go of their victim, and joining in a jovial chorus, allowed the tormented tailor to resume his race. "St. Remi be with me," murmured the frightened man, "and help me to restrain my tongue! Oh that awful word, how nearly it slipped from me in my rage! I shall do a murder, I know I shall—I shall be cursed and branded like bloody Cain!" and he groaned and smote his forehead as he ran. In this mood he arrived at his own door, where he let himself in with his private key. It was late; his good wife Trudchen had retired to rest, and was in so sound a sleep that he forebore to awaken her. But that very sight, as she lay so still and so calm, only excited the most distressing fancies. "One word," thought he, "three little syllables, would make that sleep eternal!" Shuddering throughout his frame, he undressed and crept into his own bed, which was beside the other—but, alas! not to rest. He dared not close his eyes, even for a wink. "If I sleep," thought he, "I shall dream, and as people always dream of what is uppermost in their minds, and moreover, as I am apt to talk in my sleep"—the mere idea of what might follow threw him into such an agony, that no opiate short of a fatal dose could have induced him to slumber for an instant. A miserable night he passed, now looking forward with terror, and then backward with self-reproach. A thousand times he cursed his fatal curiosity that had brought him to such a pass. "Fool, dolt, idiot, ass, long-

eared ass that I was, to listen to what did not concern me, and to turn eaves-dropper to the Devil! I am lost, body and soul! Oh that I had been born deaf and dumb!—Oh that my dear mother, now in heaven,—Oh that my good nurse, now in Munich,—had never taught me to speak! Oh that I had died in cutting my first teeth! That detestable word—if I could only get rid of it, but it is ever present, in my mind and in my mind's eye! in the dark it seemed written on the wall in letters of fire; and now the daylight comes, they have turned into letters of pitch black!” Thus he tossed and tumbled all night in his bed, with suppressed moans, and groans, and sighings, and inward prayers, till it was time to rise. Then he got up and opened his shop, and afterwards sat down to breakfast; but he could not eat. If he tried to swallow, the accursed word seemed sticking at the bottom of his throat—sometimes it rose to the very tip of his tongue, and then to taste anything was quite out of the question. Life itself had lost its relish, like food with a diseased palate. Conjugal and parental love, which had been his greatest comforts, were now his uttermost torments. When he looked at his good Trudchen, it was with a shudder; and he dared not play with his own little Peterkin. “If I open my lips to him,” thought the father, “my child is dead—in the midst of some nursery nonsense the WORD will slip out, for it keeps ringing in my ears like a bell.” In the meantime his wife did not fail to notice his altered appearance, but it gave her little concern. The good Trudchen was very fat and very philosophic, which some people call phlegmatic, and she took the most violent troubles rather softly and quietly, as feather-beds receive cannon-balls. “Tush,” said she, in her own full bosom, “he looks as if he had not rested well, but he will sleep all the better to-night; and as for his appetite, *that* will come-to in time.” But the

contrast only served to aggravate the sufferings of poor Krauss. To see his wife, the partner of his fortune, the sharer of his heart, his other self, so calm, so cool, so placid, grated on his very soul. There was something even offensive in it, like a fine sunny day to the mourners when there is a funeral in the house. His first impulse was to seek for sympathy, which generally implies making somebody else as miserable and unhappy as yourself; in fact, he was on the point of beginning the story to his wife, when one of those second thoughts, which are always the best, clapped a seal upon his lips. "No, no," he reflected, "tell a woman a secret? why, she'll blab it to the very first of her leaky gossips that drops in." In sheer despair, he resolved to bury himself over head and ears in his business, and accordingly hurried into his shop. But do whatever he would, his trouble still haunted him—he dreaded to see a customer walk in. "I am liable," said he, "as all the world knows, to fits of absence, and if I do not say the awful Word to somebody to his face, I shall perchance write it at the head of his bill." In the midst of this soliloquy, the little door-bell rang, as the door was thrown violently open, and in stalked the abominable Wenzel!

The devoted tailor turned as pale as marble, his teeth chattered, his knees knocked together till the kneepans clattered like a pair of castanets, whilst his hair again rose erect, like the corn after the wind has passed over it. But for once his fears were mistaken; his unwelcome patron only came to order some new garments. "Heaven help me," thought the afflicted tradesman, "he is too deep already in my books, and yet if I make the least shadow of an objection, I am a dead man."

After turning over all the goods in the shop, the Wild Student selected a mulberry-coloured cloth, and then for the

first time addressed himself to the proprietor. "Harkye, Peter Krauss, they tell me thou art a most notable listener."

The tailor's blood ran cold in his veins, and he gasped for breath ; beyond doubt his eaves-dropping the night before had been discovered, if not known at the time by the Evil One himself. He was on the point of dropping on his knees to beg his life, when the next speech reassured him.

"You will please, therefore, to listen most attentively to my instructions."

The trembling Peter breathed again, whilst his customer went into a minute description of the frogs, and lace, and embroidery, with which the new garment was to be most elaborately and expensively trimmed. To all of which poor Krauss answered submissively, "Yes," and "Yes, certainly," in the plaintive tone of a well-whipped child. In the midst of this scene, two more students, inferior only to the first in bad repute, came swaggering into the shop, who, on the matter being referred to them, approved so highly of the mulberry-coloured cloth, that Wenzel at once bespoke the whole piece. "And now, Krauss," said the Wild Student, drawing his victim a little aside, "I have *one word* to say in your ear." At so ominous a speech, the little tailor broke out all over in a cold dew ; that "one word" he guessed was his death-warrant ; the ground he stood upon seemed opening under his feet like a grave. By a natural instinct he clapped both his hands to his ears ; but they were almost instantly removed by the more vigorous arms of his enemy ; he then, as a last resource, set up a sort of bull-like bellowing in order to drown the dreaded sounds, but the noise was as promptly stifled by the thrusting of his own nightcap into his open mouth. "Hist, thou listener," said the Wild Student, in an angry whisper, "those two gentlemen yonder are my most intimate friends ; you will give them

credit for whatever they may choose to order, and I, Ferdinand Wenzel, will be answerable for the amount."

This was bad enough, but it might have been worse ; and the little tailor was glad to assent, though he was now past speaking, and could only bow and bow again, with the tears in his eyes. Accordingly, his two new customers, thus powerfully recommended, began to select such articles as they thought proper, and gave ample directions for their making up. They then departed, Wenzel the last. "Remember," said he, significantly, holding up a warning finger, "remember—or else"—"I know, I know," murmured the terrified tailor, who felt as if relieved from an incubus, as the back of the Wild Student disappeared behind the closing door. But his grief soon returned. "I'm lost," he cried, in a doleful voice, "the more I'm patronised, the more I'm undone ! They never will, they never can, pay me for it all. I'm a bankrupt—I must needs be a bankrupt—I'm a ruined man !" "Who is ruined ?" inquired the comfortable Trudchen, just entering in time to catch the last words. "It's me," said the sorrowful tailor. "As how, Peter ?" "How ? Trudchen !—here has been that dare-devil, Ferdinand Wenzel, and brought two other scape-graces almost as bad as himself ; and, besides heaven knows what else, he has ordered the whole piece of mulberry cloth." "He shall as soon have the mulberry-tree out of the garden," said the quiet Trudchen. "But he must have it," said the husband, with great agitation. "But he shan't," said the wife, quite collected. "I tell thee, Trudchen, he *must*," said the little tailor. "Well, we shall see," said the great tailoress, with the composed tone of a woman who felt sure of her own way.

Here was a new dilemma. Poor Peter Krauss plainly foresaw his own catastrophe ; but to be pushed on to it, post haste, by the wife of his bosom, the mother of his sole

child, was more than he could bear. "I tell thee, Trudchen, he *must* have it," repeated the doomed man. "You always try," said the phlegmatic Trudchen, "to have the last word." "And if I chose, I could make sure of it," retorted the now angry Peter. "Say the WORD to her at once," said the old whisper, which the affrighted husband no longer doubted was a suggestion from Satan in person. He was cool—nay, cold—in a moment; and not daring to trust himself in his wife's presence, ran up to the little bed-chamber. The fat Trudchen stared awhile at this manœuvre, but as she reflected that persons, who go up stairs will, some time or other, come down again, she placidly resumed her knitting.

"Wretch! miserable wretch that I am!" sighed the disconsolate tailor, throwing himself on the bed with his face downwards. "I have been within an ace of murdering my own dear wife, the mother of my precious Peterkin! Oh! St. Mark! St. Remi! what mortal sin have I committed, to draw upon me such a visitation? Me, too, who could never keep a secret in my life! Then, again, if I take a glass extra of good wine, it is sure to set my tongue running. O what hundreds, thousands, of deaths will lie at my door! I shall be a Monster,—a Vampyre! Oh! I shall run mad—and then my head will wander—and I shall pronounce *it* in my ravings! It is sure to come out! Cursed be the year, and the day, and the hour, and the minute, oh Peter Krauss! that thou wast born!"

"Alas!" (thus he continued) "the misfortune of a strong memory! The harder I try to forget it, the more it comes into my mind. If it had only been a long sentence—but a single word, that drops out like a loose tooth before one is aware. Ah! there is no being on my guard!" Having thus lamented, with many tears, by degrees he became more composed, and resolved to refresh his spirits by a walk in the

open air. But the tyrannical idea still pursued him with its diabolical suggestions. For instance, he could not help saying to himself, as a passenger passed by—"There's a tall swaggering fellow, but I could strike him stone dead in an instant. One word from me, and that flaunting maiden is a corse." Moreover, the very demon, Curiosity, that first led him to his guilty knowledge, now began to tempt him to its abuse. "I wonder," thought he, "if it be true, or only a juggle. Suppose I were to try it,—just one syllable,—on that soldier, or that miller, or on his dog!" But remorse soon followed. "Woe is me! I must fly the faces of my kind! I must turn hermit,—or live like Roland on a bleak rock, beyond speech with man, woman, or child!" As he said this, he was run against by some one, blind with haste, whom he caught by the arm. It was the maid-servant of his old friend and neighbour, Hermann Liederbach. "Let me go," cried the breathless female, struggling to get free. "I am running to fetch the doctor to my poor master, who has dropped down in a fit, if he is not dead."—"That's very sudden," said Peter, as if musing. "Oh, like a gun!" answered the maiden; "he was quite well and merry only the minute before, talking and laughing with that Wild Student, Ferdinand Wenzel."

Poor Krauss was ready to drop down himself. However, he contrived to get home, where he threw himself on his knees behind the counter, and hid his face amongst the bales of cloth. The horrid work was begun—but where would it end? Nor were his fears in vain. On a sudden his attention was excited by the trampling of numerous feet, and going to the shop door, he saw a crowd following four men, who carried a dead body on a board. "Hollo! what have you there?" shouted an opposite neighbour from his upper window. "It's poor Stephen Asbeck," answered several

voices ; “ he dropped down dead in the Market-place whilst squabbling with one of the students.” Krauss stood rooted to the spot, till the whole procession had passed by. “ It’s dreadful work,” said Mrs. Krauss, just entering from the back-parlour. “ What is ? ” asked the startled tailor, with all the tremor of a guilty man. “ To be cut off so suddenly in the prime of youth and beauty.” “ Beauty ! ” repeated Krauss, with a bewildered look, for in truth neither Liederbach nor Asbeck had any pretence to good looks. “ Yes, beauty,” replied Mrs. Krauss ; “ but I forgot that the news came while you were absent. Poor Dorothy has died suddenly—the handsome girl who rejected that good-for-nothing Ferdinand Wenzel.” Krauss dropped into a chair as if shot. His fat wife wondered a little at such excessive emotion, but remembering that her husband was very tender-hearted, went quietly on with her knitting.

Poor Peter’s brain was spinning round. He who would not willingly hurt a dog, to be privy to, if not accomplice in three such atrocious and deliberate murders ! His first impulse was to discover the whole affair to the Police : but who would believe so extraordinary a story ? Where were his witnesses ? Wenzel, of course, would confess nothing ; and it would be difficult to call the Devil into court. Still his knowledge invested him with a very awful responsibility, and called upon him to put an end to the diabolical system. But how ? Perhaps—and he shuddered at the thought—it was his dreadful duty to avert this wholesale assassination by the death of the assassin. As if to sanction the suggestion, even as it passed through the tailor’s mind, the detestable Wenzel came into the shop to add some new item to his instructions. “ Have you heard the news ? ” asked the Wild Student carelessly ; “ Death is wondrous busy in Bonn.” Krauss only answered with a mournful shake of the head. “ Poor dear

Dorothy!" sighed Mrs. Krauss; "so young, and so beautiful." The Wild Student burst into a sneering laugh—"There ~~will~~ be more yet," said he; "they will keep drop, drop, dropping, like over-ripe plums from the tree?"

So fiendish an announcement was too much for even the milky nature of Peter Krauss. His resolution was taken on the spot. "Wretch! Monster! Were-Wolf!" he said to himself, "thou wert never of woman born. It can be no more sin to slay thee than the savage tiger! Yes,—thou shalt hear the WORD of doom thyself!" But the moment he attempted to utter it, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; his throat seemed to collapse; and when he had regained the power of speech, the fatal word, that hitherto had never ceased ringing in his inward ear, had vanished completely from his memory! However, such an oblivion was in itself a blessing, as it removed any temptation to actual guilt; but alas! no sooner had the Wild Student departed, than back came the hateful syllables, clear and distinct on the tablets of Krauss's mind, like a writing in sympathetic ink.

As the vile Wenzel had predicted, the number of sudden deaths rapidly increased. One after another, the most respectable of the inhabitants fell down in the street, and were carried home. All Bonn was filled with lamentations and dismay. "It's the plague," said one. "It's the Black Death," cried another. Some advised a consultation of physicians; others proposed a penitential procession to the Kreutzberg.

In the meantime the unfortunate tailor again took refuge in the bed-room, desperately closing his eyes and stopping his ears, against the melancholy sights and sounds that were constantly occurring in the street. But the mortality had become too frightful for even the apathetic temper of the stout Trudchen, who for once, thrown into a state of violent

agitation, felt the necessity of comfort and companionship. Accordingly she sought eagerly for her husband, who, sitting, as we have said, with closed eyes and ears, was of course unconscious of her entrance. Besides, he was grieving aloud, and his wife bent over him to catch the words.—“Miserable mortals,” he groaned, “miserable frail mortals that we are!—wretched candles,—blown out at a breath! Who would have thought that such a cause could produce such a calamity?—Who could have dreamed it?—to think that such a hearty man as poor Liederbach, or poor Asbeck, could be destroyed by a sound—nay, that half a town should perish through simply saying ——” and the unconscious Peter pronounced the fatal Word. It had scarcely passed his lips when something fell so heavily as to shake the whole house, and hastily opening his eyes, he beheld the comely Trudchen, the wife of his bosom, the mother of his darling Peterkin, in the last death-quiver at his feet!

The horrified Peter Krauss was stunned—stupified—bewildered! With his eyes fixed on the victim of his fatal curiosity, he sat motionless in his chair. It was the shock of a moral earthquake, that shook his very soul to its foundations. He could neither think nor feel. His brain was burning hot, but his heart seemed turned to solid ice. It was long before he was even sensible of outward impressions; but at last he became aware of a continued tugging at the tail of his coat. A glance sufficed—it was little Peterkin. “He will be the next!” shrieked the frantic father; and tossing his arms aloft, he threw himself down the stairs and rushed out of the house. At the top of his speed, as if pursued by the unrelenting Fiend, he raced through the streets and out of the gates, into the open country, where he kept running to and fro like a mad creature, tormented by the stings of conscience. Over rocks, amongst thickets,

through water, he leaped and crashed, and struggled ; his flesh was torn and bleeding, but he cared not—he wanted to die. At one time his course lay towards the Eifel, as if to end his misery in that scene of volcanic desolation, so similar to his own ; but suddenly turning round, he scoured back to his native town, through the gates, along the streets, and dashing into the church of St. Remi, threw himself on his knees beside the confessional. The venerable Father Ambrose was in the chair, and with infinite difficulty extracted the horrible story from the distracted man. When it was ended, the priest desired to know the awful Word which acted with such tremendous energy. “But, your reverence,” sobbed Krauss, with a thrill of natural horror, “it kills those who but hear it pronounced.”

“True, my son,” replied the aged priest, “but all unholy spells will lose their power within these sacred walls.”

“But your reverence ——”

“Peter Krauss !” said the priest, in a loud angry tone, “I insist on it, if you hope for absolution.”

“Then, if I must ——”

“Speak, my son, speak.”

“I will.”

“Now !”

“Yes !”

“Come.”

“Ah ! ——”

“What is it ?”

“Sancta Maria !”

“The word ! the word !”

“POTZTAUSEND !” murmured Krauss, in a low tremulous voice, with a shudder throughout his frame, and a terrified look all round him. And lo ! the ghostly father was a ghost indeed—the church of St. Remi had tumbled

into fragments, and instead of the holy tapers, a few strange lights were gleaming mysteriously in the distance. "Potztausend!" repeated Peter Krauss, giving himself a shake, and rubbing his eyes, "it's all the fault of the good Ahrbleichart; but I've certainly been sleeping and dreaming on the wrong side of the town-gate!"

TO REBECCA PAGE.

DEAR BECKY,

Missis being gone off to bed betimes, I take the opportunity to set up to rite to you how we get on. At this present we are at Bon, an old town with very good prospex, but dredful uproarus by reason of its Collidge, and so menny Schollards, witch as I've experenst at Oxford, always make more desturbans and hubbub then the ignorent and unlarned. To be sure wen the Germin ones are not making a noys, they sing bewtiful, witch is sum amends. Its been like a vocle consort all the evening in the streets. But then such figgers! It seems every won's studdy by dressing up and transmogrifying, to make himself as partickler as he can. Sum have square beerds, sum have triangle ones, sum have two mustaches, and sum contrive to have three, by sticking another on their chins. Thinks I, wen the hollydis cum, it must be a wise Father as nose his hone son!

But its the same in Garmany with the brute beastasses witch are no more left to natur than the human creturs. I mean the canine specious. One fine day, all at once, as if by command of the Lord Mare, lo and behold there was every Dog little or big, as had any hare, long or short on the scruff of his neck, mettimorfust into a Lion!

This artemoon we made a carridge incursion to a place called the Krook's Burge. After passing seven crosses, before hand, you cum to a very holy Church on the top of a hill, with the identicle flite of stares as led up to Ponshus Pilot's seat, and the drops of blud that fell from our Savior. As such its the hite of wickedness to walk up them xcept on your nees. And oh Becky what do you think—I wouldn't have had it happen to me, for pounds upon pounds, but Missis was so thoghtless as stand upon the top stare, whereby the parish clark called out quite horrifide, witch scard her so, she scuttled a full half-way down. Howsumever, it was husht up, and she got over it—but if so be it had been *my* case, I think my feet would often fly in my face. Besides, I have sinse heard a story that made my verry blud run could. One day an English lady stood on purpus on the top stare to show her unbeleaf. But a judgment fell upon her. Afore she could get back to Bon, her feet begun to ake and swell as big as elifants, and partickly the soles as had sinned the wust turned cole black and begun to mortify. All the Dockters in the place couldn't stop it, and she must have died in tormints here and hereafter wen sumbody advized to go up the holy stares on her bendid nees. Accordingly witch she did, and no sooner got to the tip-top wen lo and behold her feet in a moment was as well and as sound as ever! In course she turnd Cathlick direckly, and in the gratefulness of her hart she offered up too littel moddles of feet in ivery, with the toe nails of goold. Thats wat I call a mirakel, tho sum pepel may chuse to dout. But as a Party you dont know says, what's faith? As for beleavin whats only plain and probberble, and nateral, says he, its no beleaf at all. But wen you beleave in things totally impossible and inconsistent and uncomprensible, and direct contrary to natur, that is real true down-rite faith, and to be sure so it is.

And now, Becky, it must never go further, but be kep a religus secret betwixt our two selves, but ever sinse Colon Cathedrul I have been dredful unsettled in my mind with spirituous pints. It seemed as if I had a call to turn into a Roman. Besides the voice in my hone inward parts, I've been prodigusly urged and advised by the Party you don't know, to becum a prostelyte, and decant all my errors, and throw meself into the buzzum of Rome. Cander compels to say, its a very cumfittable religun, and then such splendid Churchis and alters and grand cerimonis, and such a bewtiful musicle 'service, and so many mirakles and wunderful relicts besides, plain Church of England going, partickly in the country parts, do look pore and mean and pokey after it, that's the truth. To be sure theres transmigration, but even that I might get over in time, for we can beleave anything if we really wish to. Its a grate temptation, and provided I felt quite certin of bettering meself, I would convert meself at once. But Lord nose, praps its all the work of Satan at bottom awanting me to deny my Catkism and throw off the Minester I've set under so menmy years. Oh, Becky, its terribel hard wurk to argufy yureself out of yure own persuasion ! You may supose with such contrary scrupples and inward feelings pulling two ways at once, what trubbles and tribbleation I go thro ! The wust is, my low fits and cryings cant be hid from Missis, who have questioned me very closely, but if she once thoght I was agoing to turn and alter my religun, it wood soon be, Martha, sute yureself, witch to be throne out of place in a forrin land would be very awkwurd ; and as such praps would be most advizable to put off my beleaving in anything at all, till our return to Kent. Besides, Becky, you may feel inclind, on propper talking to, to give up yure own convixions too, and in that case we can both embrace the Pope at the same time. As yet no sole suspex

xcept Mr. Frank, who ketched me crossing meself by way of practis before the glass. Goodness nose what he ment, but ho, ho, Martha, says he, so you've got into the clutchis of the Proper Gander.

Besides the holy stares, theres another mirakel in the Volt under the Krooks burge Church, namely, abuv a skore of ded Munks, sum of them as old as fore hundred sentries, yet perfickly fresh and sweet. They say its the sanktimoniousness of the place that has preserved them so long, witch is like enuff. But oh, Becky, its an awful site, and will set me dreeming of Ghostesses and Could Munks for a munth to cum. Our next stop was at Poplar's Dorf, where there is a British Museum full of all sorts of curiosities, such as oars from the Minors, wooden timber trees made of cole, and partickly sum peterfried frogs, witch I was told had been pelted till they turned into stone. The poor frogs do get sadly pelted that's certin.

After the museum we driv home, and a rare frito and narro escape we had by the way as you may judg. It was getting rather duskish, wen all of a sudden out jumpt a very ill lookin yung man from behind a tree, and begun running behind the carridge. He was drest xactly like a Banditty, such as you see in a play in Drewry Lane or Common Garden; but besides, I overherd yung Master say he suposed he was one of Shiller's gang of Robbers. A pretty hearing for us females! Howsumever as Missis didn't screech no more did I—but you may be shure I set and quacked all the way till we got safe into Bon.

The family is all in their ordnary way. Master as yushal talks of dying tho without goin off—but human natur will cling to this wurd like a pudden when you haven't butterd the dish. If anything, Missis takes on less than she used to about her poor dear late: and as for Mr. Frank, he's so

harty he's quite a picter. Wishing you the same, and with
luv to all enquiring frends, I remane, dear Becky, your
luing frend till deth,

MARTHA PENNY.

P.S.—The fair sects have a hard place in Garmany. I forgot
to say in our incursion we saw plenty of wimmin, a toilin
and moilin at mens labers in the roads and fields. But thats
not the wust, theyre made beasts of. Wat do you think,
Becky, of a grate hulkin feller, a lolluping and smoking in his
boat on the Rind, with his pore Wife a pullyhawling him
along by a rope, like a towin horse on the banks of the Tems !

END OF VOL. IV.



